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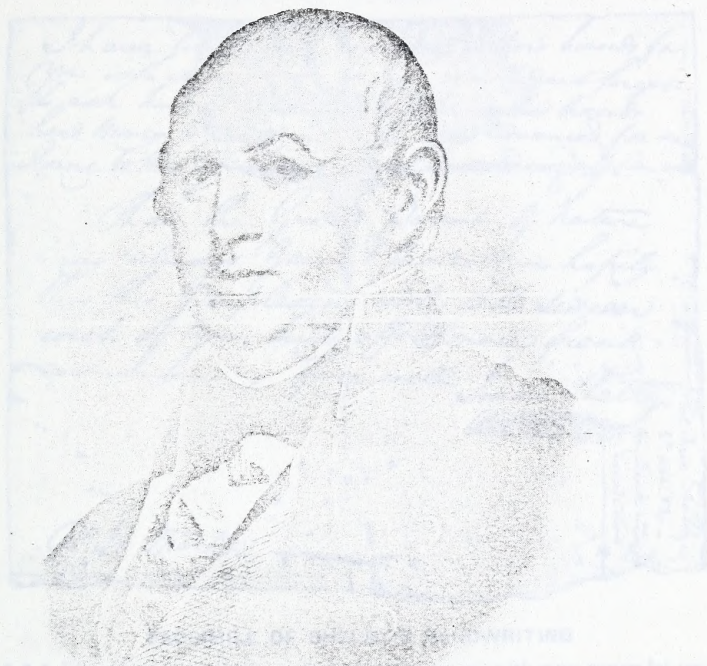
With best wishes

Jed Preston

Oct 14th 1931



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ISAAC SHELBY

I have lodged a letter in my father's hands for you with some papers for you,
 which don't forget to ask him for. I have also left in his hands hard money to pay
 you what you advanced for me going to the Assembly.
 That the Great Parent of Nature may always Guard & Protect you happily thro
 this perplexing world, is the sincere wish of Your Truly affectionate friend
 Isaac Shelby
 Col. Jos. Martin

FACSIMILE OF SHELBY'S HANDWRITING

* * * I have lodged a letter in my father's hands for you with some papers for you,
 which don't forget to ask him for. I have also left in his hands hard money to pay
 you what you advanced for me going to the Assembly
 That the Great Parent of Nature may always Guard & Protect you happily thro
 this perplexing world, is the sincere wish of Your Truly affectionate friend

fare well

Isaac Shelby

Col. Jos. Martin



HISTORIC SULLIVAN

A History of Sullivan County, Tennessee
with brief Biographies of the
Makers of History

BY

OLIVER TAYLOR

BRISTOL, TENN.
THE KING PRINTING CO.
(Le Roy Press)
1909



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by

OLIVER TAYLOR

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DEDICATED TO THE
MEMORY OF
THE FRONTIERWOMEN OF TENNESSEE
AND
TO A DESCENDANT OF THOSE WOMEN
MY MOTHER



*"Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
nor set down aught in malice ———."*

Othello—Act V, Scene 2.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The author here acknowledges his gratitude for the many courtesies extended him during the preparation of this history. Below is a list of some of those, from whom has been received valuable assistance, in the way of suggestions and data: B. L. Dulaney, J. Fain Anderson, E. A. Warren, L. H. Denny, Wm. St. John, C. H. Slack, John B. Brownlow, W. G. Rutledge, George T. Hammer, J. McK. Phipps, J. M. Salts, N. J. Phillips, Robert Pile, J. E. Arrants, Guy DeVault and the Wisconsin Historical Society.

A grateful recognition is also extended to the many others who have furnished bits of information, making this work possible.

The original painting of the Battle of King's Mountain hangs in the lobby of the Imperial hotel, Knoxville, Tennessee, and I am greatly indebted to the artist, James Wallace, and to the owner, R. W. Farr, for permission to use a copy of same.

Special acknowledgment is due Col. Sam L. King and Claude R. Taylor for reviewing manuscript.



INTRODUCTION.

For a long time an impelling influence hung about me that finally pulsed into an idea that something should be done to preserve the history of Sullivan County. It was a rich mine of undeveloped memories. In my talks with our old people I found those memories falling into deplorable and pathetic decay. The written records of the county had been burned during the battle of Blountville in 1863.

With a limited experience and other limited essentials I dared not permit myself to give existence to an effort so rash as the writing of a history, for well I knew it meant the tyranny of merciless truths.

The beginning was a store of boyhood recollections—a green spot in all our lives—of the traditions and legends and stories told in front of back-log fires. I thought by linking these with the accepted and more substantial facts I might be able to furnish a chain strong enough to carry us to another generation where some one better equipped could bring our chronicles to a more fruitful completion. Encouraged by this I decided to call whatever my pen should bring forth, "Folk-lore of Sullivan County." But when I submitted this title with my intentions to a consulting friend, rather expecting approval, he looked at the floor for a while and then passively inquired: "let me see, now, which one of the Lores is that?" This provocation is my apology for giving you a history of Sullivan County.

It will be seen I have devoted more space to Isaac Shelby than to any of his compatriots. This, of course, is because he made his home in Sullivan, was identified

with its interests and his followers were Sullivan County men. The names and fame of Sevier and Campbell and their associates are secure and I would in no way detract from them. But confined as I am to the limits of one county my entries cannot cover the ground of a general history.

I have not allowed myself to enter into the regretful controversy which took place in regard to Col. Campbell's position during the battle of King's Mountain. Posterity has accorded him the place he so valiantly won during his brief but thrilling career and is not in sympathy with the censure visited upon any of the men who followed him.

The secret of the affair, I believe, is that none of the men who went through that campaign ever dreamed their exploits would go sounding down the centuries or even beyond the mountains that encircled them like a barrier from the world without.

They did not look for the glory of arms nor booty after the battle, but made an aggressive defense of their homes and firesides. When, in after years, the survivors saw that this battle would be included in the list of decisive battles of the world's great wars, a species of envy crept into their bosoms and some felt they had not been dealt with fairly in the bestowal of praise. Col. Shelby's feelings in the affair were no doubt aggravated by his traducers in Kentucky. He had removed there and in 1792 was a candidate for Governor. His opponents tried to defeat him with reports discrediting his valiant services in behalf of his country, even going so far as to create a doubt that he commanded a regiment at King's Mountain.

This resulted in a breezy correspondence between Shelby and his old time friend and companion, John Sevier. And, while the revival of Campbell's tardiness was one of the topics, it has never occurred to me that the origin of Shelby's attack upon him was to question

Campbell's bravery, but rather to sustain his own claims that he was one of the commanders and at the fore when the fighting was hottest.

But whatever the faults of these men may have been, and no one denies that they had faults, this generation will allow no censure now and should those old warriors of the wood come forth in line review a grateful nation would grant them any wish—every man of them.

For space devoted to a review of the life of "Raccoon" John Smith apologies will hardly be necessary. While little heard of at the present time, still I regard him as the rarest human product that ever sprung from the soil of Sullivan County. Born in a log cabin in Holston Valley—a poor boy and one of a large family he lived a knock-about life in his early days and had but five months school training during his entire career. He was tried by the severest tests of time; he was scourged by a living death, but with a masterful courage and unwavering devotion to the call of duty he arose to a rank that made him a power throughout great portions of Kentucky, Tennessee and the Middle West. He was a full measure man and you will be glad to know more about him.

At the close of my work, when I reviewed what I had written, there came sounding back to me one ringing regret—that I could not devote more space to the many worthy families of Sullivan County. I have dwelt in their midst all my life. Their ancestors were good people; they lived peaceful lives; they broke no laws; they bade their neighbors good night and good morning and God-speed. But there are no deeds of extreme self-denial to their credit; they dared nothing; they dreamed their lives away.

History is for posterity and that posterity prefers the valor of war to the virtues of peace; it clamors for those scenes of conflict where battle shreds make burial shrouds.

It has always seemed to me an unkind decree of fate that what is best in life is often deepest buried in forgetfulness,

while some cruel act that jangles us rolls on down the years, gathering a little moss of sympathy here and there to soften the harsh places. By and by it reaches a people who, wanting to remember and ready to forgive, exalt the deed as one of heroic daring until it finally puts on the burnished armor of the ages. And so our "village Hampdens" and our "mute inglorious Miltons" must rest in one long silent sepulcher. They pass from view like a shadow on the dial of a day.

In the preparation of this work I had much assistance in the way of suggestion and advice—some caustic it is true, but all evidently kindly intended, certainly in such a spirit received—and, what was available, appropriated. But had I attempted to reconcile all the various opinions advanced as to how this book should be written I might still be struggling over the mastery of any kind of construction. And this I have learned and this I am prepared to say: it is much easier to sit down in a circle of friends and talk history than to sit down by one's self and try to record history.

I rejoice that it has been my privilege to give this work, with whatever merit it may have, to posterity as an expression of the love I have for my native county and state, the sentiments and traditions of whose people have been such an inspiration and the deeds of whose heroes I have always adored.

OLIVER TAYLOR.

TRINKLE'S VALLEY, SULLIVAN COUNTY, TENNESSEE,
August, 1909.

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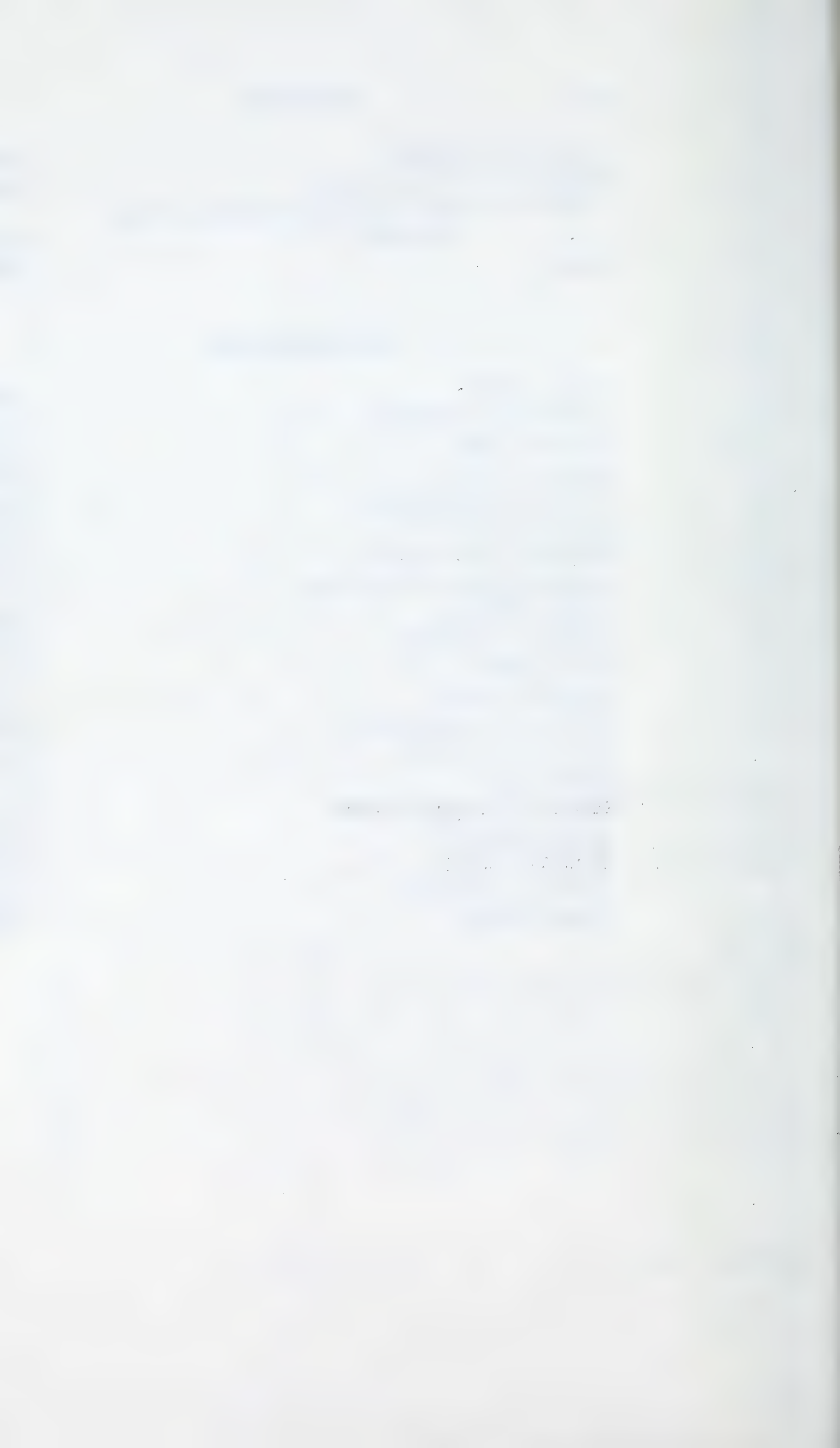
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CHAPTER I.

BEFORE THE PIONEER.

The South is a land of sentiment. Our forefathers leaned upon it and were guided by it and we are not so far removed from the frontier as to make us forget them.

Sullivan is still a young county. The father of today will tell you—"I have heard my father say that his father"—and there the story ends. Our white life is but four generations old.

There are two eras in the life of any country—one looking forward, the other looking backward. There was a time in the history of Sullivan County when our forefathers yearned for the day when they would be free from the ever-present dangers, the surprise attack, the fire-brand, the massacre—all kept them in a state of alarm and they longed for the peace that would bring safety and happiness. They rarely recorded the stirring tragedies of those days. They did not even try to remember them—they tried to forget them. What made history for us meant horror for them. They blinded their eyes and deafened their ears to scenes and sounds and kept many sorrowful experiences from their children, thus cheering them on their way.

They did not know they were making history—they came here to make a quiet living. They preferred the wild freedom of the forest to the political and religious persecutions of their old homes. The spirit of independence led them here.

The uberous years came on.

Today the descendants of those people are prosperous nothing disturbs their happiness, all are safe. But, in the midst of thrift and luxury, they are looking backward. They feel they owe a debt to some one somewhere in the long ago and reaching back through the stretch of the fast

receding century they are trying to restore scraps of records that tell of those people and of those times. Now and then the faded and musty fragments of an old manuscript is recovered and the owner treasures it as would a prodigal that bit of parchment bequeathing him a rich legacy, unexpected and undeserved.

There are those who go beyond the one hundred and thirty-five years of our settlement's life and seek to learn something of the people who antedate the pioneer. Concerning this, two theories are advanced. One, that this section was an unbroken forest, containing no villages or permanent habitations; that it was held in reserve by Indians as a hunting ground.¹ The other, that in the midst of this forest were sun-places, plains along the river and creek bottoms covered with cane brakes that needed only the torch to transform them into fertile farm lands; that the wigwam and hut were here and the spiral smoke of campfires ascended throughout the valleys.

The latter is more plausible on account of the various relics that have been found throughout the county.

This book was printed over an Indian grave. On an adjacent lot have been found, not only perfect arrow heads, but others in various stages of the making, and an abundance of flint chips indicating they were made upon the spot. There have also been found, in various excavations for buildings in this vicinity, pieces of Indian pottery, beads and bones that were in a sufficient state of preservation to be recognized as belonging to a pre-historic race; mussel and periwinkle shells that showed contact with fire, and it is known the Indians esteemed these for food, as coast tribes did the oyster and the crab.

OTHER RELIC DISCOVERIES.

On the Rutledge farm, one and a half miles east of Blountville, are two excavations that have always been

¹It is a common but mistaken notion that Indians had regular battle grounds. Indians fought by stealth and surprise.

considered flint mines out of which the local tribes secured material for their arrow-heads and other weapons.

A representative of the Department of Ethnology² in his researches throughout the county, among other things, found at Beidleman's mill on the Holston a mound containing copper implements of Indian make. The various tribes, on their hunting and trading³ expeditions, were in the habit of exchanging wares, which accounts for copper being in this section.

At Benjamin Wexler's, on the top of a near-by knob, the representative found two graves containing the same kind of material as that found at Beidleman's.

Cyrus Thomas,⁴ one of the chiefs of the Department, that pertaining to Indian mounds, instructed the agent to go to the Shipley farm, near Cawood ford on the Holston and examine a large mound reported found there. Upon opening it twelve skeletons were found. These skeletons were in a sitting posture. One sat in the center while the eleven others were in a circle around it—all facing the center as if in council. Over each skeleton had been erected a crude vault of large river boulders. The mound had the usual accompaniment of charcoal and ashes and corn found in all Indian graves. Lying beside the center skeleton were two large steatite pipes, such fine specimens of the kind as to attract much inquiry. They are now on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution, the fifth annual report giving an illustration and description.

At the John Morrell farm, in the adjoining county of Carter, is a field of ashes, in such evident quantity that

2J. W. Emmert.

3It was customary, and still is, to a limited extent in the West, for large parties, sometimes a whole band or a village, to make long visits to other tribes, dancing, feasting and trading. Regular trade routes crossed the continent and inter-tribal commerce was as constant and well organized a part of Indian life as is our own railroad traffic today.—Mooney's *Myths of the Cherokee*, p. 235.

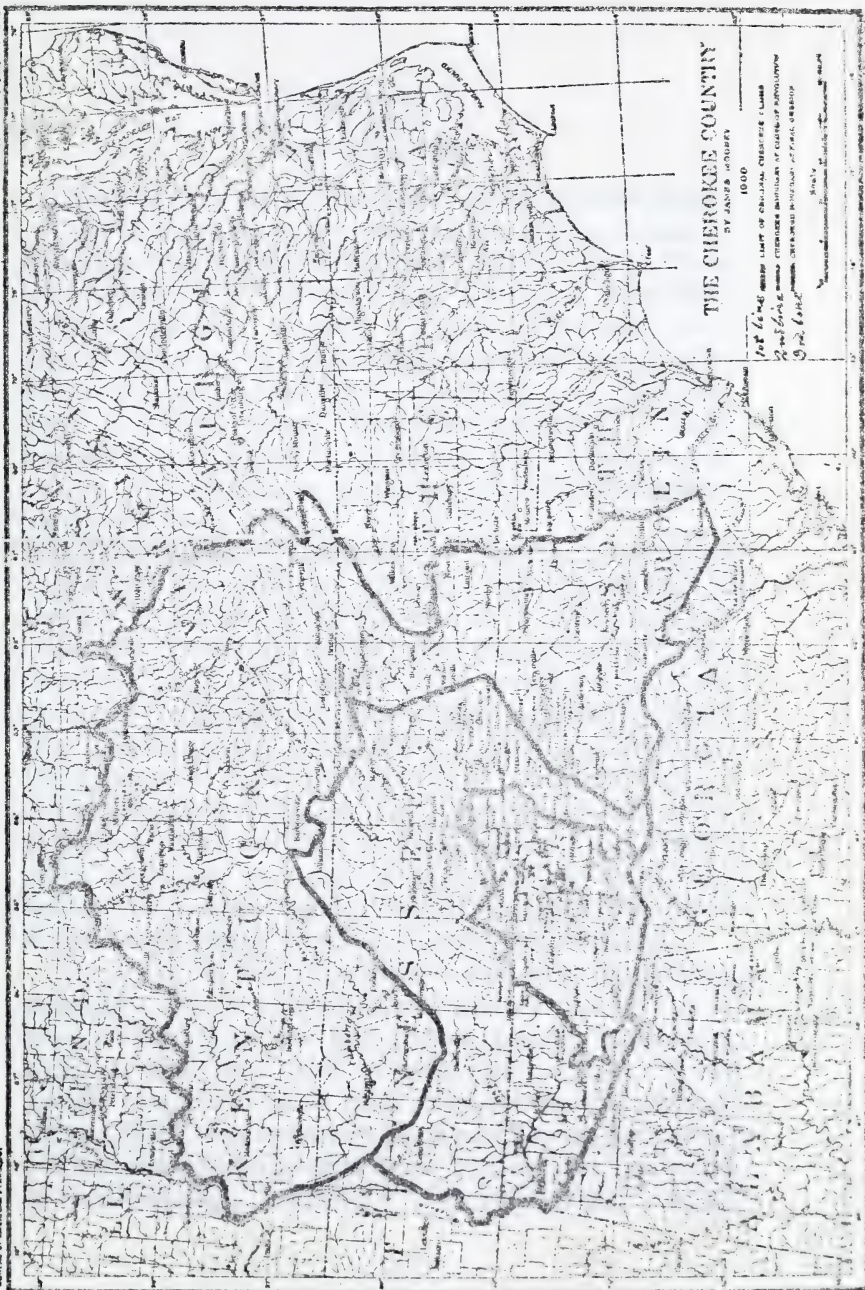
4Cyrus Thomas is a Sullivan County man and formerly lived at Kingsport. In his youth he clerked in the Netherland store; later he taught school near the Ross place. In his young manhood he went to Illinois and there married the sister of Gen. John A. Logan. He became connected with his present work many years ago and is today (1908), although about eighty years of age, still in the service.

would require all the timber in the neighborhood to make an equal sized heap. This indicates a permanent village or a camp of long and constant use.

Dr. Thomas Walker, in his journal, says he found unoccupied Indian cabins of substantial structure when exploring this country in 1748.'

The Cherokees were the aborigines of Tennessee, or perhaps should be described as the tribe of Indians in possession of this land when the first white people came here.

Their warlike deeds, their fierce, revengeful spirit, the massacres they perpetrated have been described by many historians. This work will, therefore, describe the interior of their nation--explaining their religion, superstitions, their myths, their games and hunts; how they loved and how they worshipped, how they were influenced, how they lived in peaceful times.



THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY

BY JAMES H. COOPER

1880

1st 16-1/2 MILE LANE OF CHEROKEE COUNTRY

2nd 16-1/2 MILE CHEROKEE COUNTRY OF CHEROKEE COUNTRY

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CHAPTER II.

THE CHEROKEES.

The Cherokees are the mountain red men of the South.

Their original boundary included the northern parts of Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Western North Carolina, nearly all of Tennessee and Kentucky, Southwest Virginia and part of West Virginia. They were considered the most important and most intellectual tribe and, excepting perhaps the Iroquois, the most powerful. They numbered about twenty-five thousand. Their boundary line, which to an Indian was seldom plainly defined, was always in dispute and tribal aggressions occasioned many wars.

In Virginia the Powhatans and Monaccans contended against the Cherokees for territory. They were held in check in North and South Carolina by the Tuscarora and Catawba. The Creeks would have none of them in North Georgia. To the west, the Chicasaw and Shawano, along the lower Tennessee and Cumberland, repeatedly hurled their forces against them, and the bold and ferocious Iroquois denied them any pass way to the North.

The Cherokees were the first to feel the onward march of the white man and little by little, either by war, treaty, or by purchase, were pushed back until, by their final cession, they were huddled together in small portions of Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

The Cherokees, though generally supposed to be, were not migratory, except on hunting and trading voyages and in wars. They were an agricultural people, cultivating orchards and large fields of corn and potatoes. Their nation comprised more than fifty towns, the capital, Echota, being situated near what is now Tellico, Tennessee.

The name which this tribe knew itself by was Yun-wi-ya or Ani-yun-wiya, meaning "principal people," which

they considered themselves. The name Cherokee has no meaning in the tribe's language¹ and is either a corrupted name or a nickname. A dialect name in the tribe is Tsar-i-ga, meaning "cave people," because they were mountain dwellers among the cave regions. The English corrupted this name into Cherokee and the Spanish into Chalogue.

Linguists declare the dialect of the East Tennessee Cherokee is the softest and most musical of this tribe's musical language

RELIGION OF THE CHEROKEES.

There is a general impression the Indians worshipped one god called the "Great Spirit." This impression is supported by discoveries among the contents of graves where, along with the dead, are deposited evidences of a belief in the immortality of the soul. The dead pony and the broken bow are lain upon the departed warrior's grave—mute testimony of the service they will render him in the "happy hunting ground."

According, however, to A-yun-ini or "Swimmer,"² the keeper of the traditions of his race, many gods were worshipped by the Cherokees—they had no idea of heaven or hell or the hereafter—all their invocations were made for temporal use and addressed to tangible gods. The most important of their animal gods are the rabbit, squirrel, dog, hawk, terrapin and rattlesnake.

The "Long Person," meaning river, is addressed on all occasions, no ceremony being complete without it.

In plant life the chief god, ginseng or "sang," is called

¹Mooney.

²Mooney is the most convincing authority on Indian history I have examined. He appears to have been satisfied to hide behind a salary. "Swimmer" is a discovery of his and from whom most of the myth material was secured. The author mourned the Indian's death, declaring "he was buried like a true Cherokee on the slope of a forest-clad mountain. Peace to his ashes and sorrow to his going, for with him perished half the traditions of a people." During the Civil War, "Swimmer" was second sergeant in a company with Thomas' Legion. He was born in 1835 and was sixty-five years old at his death. James Keelan, known as the "hero of the Strawberry Plains bridge," was rescued by this company after he had been left for dead.

"Little Man" on account of its appearance. Digging it, the Indian passed by the first three plants selecting the fourth.³

One form of prayer is addressed to the "Red-headed woman with hair hanging to the ground," but it is not clear just what the entreaty is or what the response. The rattlesnake, deer and ginseng form a weird trinity. To kill the first would cause the other two to disappear from the wood. The deer is the most prized of animal food.

The Cherokee regarded the snake with reverential fear and, unless compelled, would never kill one. If he did kill one in self-defense he immediately sought the service of a priest to appease the spirit of the snake lest the relatives of the deceased should come and avenge the death. If an Indian dreamed of being bitten by a snake he is treated in the same manner as if he had been bitten. When an Indian is bitten by a snake, in addition to singing a formula, tobacco juice is rubbed on the wound, the patient going round four times and always turning toward the left because the snake, in coiling, turns toward the right. The reversal of movement means uncoiling it.

When a snake is killed the head is chopped off and buried an arm's length underground and the body is placed in a hollow log to hide it from the view of other snakes and to prevent a long wet spell.⁴

The Indians also spared a wolf, venerating it as the hunter and watch dog.

In the animal myths the rabbit figures most prominently and is called the mischief maker, being also considered malicious. A broth made of him and sprinkled along a path where a runner is to make a race confuses him and causes him to become timid.

The aid of the beaver, on account of his well-known

³The numbers 4 and 7 are talismanic in the Indian lore. 4 is especially sacred in ceremonial observances and in medicine.

⁴Probably the origin of the habit, among superstitious whites, of hanging a dead snake on a fence or tree to bring rain during a drouth.

gnawing capacity, is invoked in behalf of teething children.

Animals are represented as speaking and have their councils and meeting-houses. At one of their councils the discussion arose as to what should be done with Man, the arch enemy. All favored destroying him except the little ground squirrel who, being so small, unnoticed and therefore unharmed by man, now took occasion to defend him. This act so enraged the polar bear, who was presiding, that he reached over and scratched the little squirrel on the back, leaving the claw marks to this day. In this lore other marks and peculiarities of appearance are accounted for.

BIRD MYTHS.

The eagle is the sacred bird of the Indian and is featured in their religious observances. Its beautiful tail feathers, much prized for head ornaments, often brought as much as a horse. None but a professional eagle-killer dared to kill an eagle. There were ceremonials to go through. The eagle-killer prayed four days then killed a deer, exposing the fresh meat, while he hid himself, awaiting the eagle. On killing one he allowed it to remain four days to permit the parasites to leave it. The feathers were then secured and a dance arranged in honor.

In reporting the capture of an eagle to the tribe the eagle-killer would not, out of fear, speak the name of the eagle but would say "a snow bird has died."⁵

The buzzard is the doctor. On account of feasting upon the dead it is supposed to be immune from disease. A small quantity of its flesh eaten or a broth of it used as a wash is believed to be a sure cure for small pox and was used among the eastern Cherokees during the epidemic of 1866. A buzzard feather hung on the door will keep

⁵There is a similar superstition on the stage. At the rehearsal of a new play the last line is often not spoken until the night of the first performance, other words being substituted. A spectator, at a rehearsal once, not knowing this, was startled, when at the close of a thrilling curtain climax, the star shouted "Three beers, please."—N. O. Pacayne.

out witches, they believe, and in the application of medicine to wounds the quill of a buzzard feather is employed, medicine being blown through it.

The owl and all night calling birds are believed to be ghosts or witches and their cry is considered a sign of coming danger. A child's eye bathed with water in which an owl feather has been dipped will cause the child to stay awake all night.

The wren is the stork of the Indian tribe because he is always slipping in and around homes and hears what is going on. He carries the news of a birth. When an Indian wishes to know the sex of a child he inquires, "is it a bow or (meal) sifter?"

INSECT MYTHS.

The Cherokees anticipated the germ or microbe theory long before its scientific discovery. They claimed all human ailments of a lurking, insidious nature were caused by insects and because thousands of them were constantly being killed by man they entered slyly, destroying the human system out of revenge.

The Cherokees believe all cruelties are punished in this life, if not upon the one doing the deed, upon some relative or upon a future generation of his kindred.

The cricket is the barber and also on account of its singing qualities plays an important part in various ways. Children slow of speech have their tongues scratched with the claw of a cricket to make them sing and even eloquent. Older persons are treated likewise, but with less effect.

The moth that flutters around the light, the Cherokee says, "is going to bed." It is invoked by the healer in "fire diseases, including sore eyes and frost bite."

The spring lizzard is the rain-maker.

The large crawfish is used to scratch the hand of a child to give it a strong grip.

When a jarfly sings, they say "the jarfly has brought the beans," his song being taken as a sign that beans are ripe.

During an eclipse they believe a great frog swallows the sun and at such times fire guns, beat drums and make other loud noises to frighten the frog away.

MEDICAL HERBS.

The Indian's idea of medicine is very crude. Their reputed knowledge of the medicinal value of herbs has been exploded by scientific test. Out of twenty plants tested only five had the curative virtue Indians attributed to them, while the remainder were of questionable value or even injurious.

A decoction of cockleburs is recommended for forgetfulness because nothing sticks like a bur.

In rheumatism a patient is forbidden to eat or even touch a squirrel, a buffalo, a cat or any animal that "humps" because the one suffering often assumes the attitude described.

The ball player, in like manner, is not allowed to eat frog legs because the bones of the frog are brittle and easily broken.

CHEROKEE COURTSHIP.

In courtship, like death, all people are brought to a common level. Although the way of making love may be clothed, by different nations, in different forms of speech—all mean the same. The Cherokees have a regular formula for making love as they have for making medicine. How near like the love-making of civilized nations may be seen. White to an Indian is the symbol of happiness as blue is the symbol of sorrow.⁶ When, in the following formula, the lover speaks of "white woman" he means "happy woman."

⁶Perhaps the origin of "the blues."

The Indian lover tried to make the one he loved appear as lonely and miserable without him as he could, at the same time extolling his own merits and debasing those of all rivals. She should never be lonely with him—the term loneliness being the most abject state a person could get into, according to the Indian view of it. Loneliness to a dusky maiden meant about the same as poverty to a white maiden contemplating marriage.⁷

“Ku! Listen! In Alahiya you repose, O, Terrible Woman, O you have drawn near to hearken. There in Elahiya you are at rest, O White Woman. No one is lonely when with you. You are most beautiful. Instantly and at once you have rendered me a white man. No one is ever lonely when with me. Now you have made the path white for me. It shall never be dreary. Now you have put me into it. It shall never become blue. You have brought down to me from above the white road. There in mid-earth (mid-surface) you have placed me. I shall stand erect upon the earth. No one is ever lonely when with me. I am very handsome. You have put me into the white house. I shall be in it as it moves about and no one with me shall ever be lonely. Verily, I shall never become blue. Instantly you have caused it to be so with me.

“And now there in Elahiya you have rendered the woman blue. Now you have made the path blue for her. Let her be completely veiled in loneliness. Put her into the blue road. And now bring her down. Place her standing upon the earth. Where her feet are now and wherever she may go, let loneliness leave its mark upon her. Let her be marked out for loneliness where she stands.

“Ha! I belong to the (Wolf) (+ +) clan, that one alone which was allotted into for you. No one is ever lonely with me. I am handsome. Let her put her soul

⁷Poverty does not seem to have played any part among the earlier Indians—all had an equal chance and there was considerable thrift among them.

the very center of my soul, never to turn away. Grant that in the midst of men she shall never think of them. I belong to the one clan alone which was allotted for you when the seven clans were established.

"Where (other) men live it is lonely. They are very loathsome. The common polecat has made them so like himself that they are fit only for his company. The common opossum has made them so like himself that they are fit only to be with him. They are very loathsome. Even the crow has made him so like himself that they are fit only for his company. They are very loathsome. The miserable rain-crow has made them so like himself that they are fit only to be with him.

"The seven clans all alike make one feel very lonely in their company. They are not even good looking. They go about clothed with mere refuse. But I—I was ordained to be a white man. I stand with my face toward the Sun Land. No one is ever lonely with me. I am very handsome. I shall certainly never become blue. I am covered by the everlasting white house wherever I go. No one is ever lonely with me. Your soul has come into the very center of my soul, never to turn away. I—(Gatigwanasti,) (0 0)—I take your soul. Sge!"

The reader of history is inclined to regard the Indian merely as a warrior, a hunter of scalps, a cruel slayer of women and children, but Indian literature has a charm of simplicity peculiar. Their legends, stories and folklore are not surpassed in any language and have been borrowed from, many times.⁸

In relating a story, the one telling it always begins by saying, "and this is what the old man told me when I was a boy."

⁸Joel Chandler Harris is supposed to have created his "Uncle Remus" out of the Southern negro; in reality he simply supplied the Indian lore with the more familiar dialect. "Brer Rabbit" is the same mischievous fellow the Indian story tellers delighted their children with during the long winter days around their wigwam fires. There are instances where writers have paraphrased the original text.

THE RABBIT AND THE TAR WOLF.

"Once there was such a long spell of dry weather that there was no more water in the creeks and springs, and the animals held a council to see what to do about it. They decided to dig a well, and all agreed to help except the Rabbit, who was a lazy fellow, and said, 'I don't need to dig for water. The dew on the grass is enough for me.' The others did not like this, but they went to work together and dug the well.

"They noticed that the Rabbit kept slick and lively, although it was still dry weather and the water was getting low in the well. They said, 'That tricky Rabbit steals our water at night,' so they made a wolf of pine gum and tar and set it up by the well to scare the thief. That night the Rabbit came, as he had been coming every night, to drink enough to last him all the next day. He saw the queer black thing by the well and said, 'Who's there?' but the tar wolf said nothing. He came nearer, but the wolf never moved, so he grew braver and said, 'Get out of my way or I'll strike you.' Still the wolf never moved and the Rabbit came up and struck it with his paw, but the gum held his foot and he stuck fast. Now he was angry and said, 'Let me go or I'll kick you.' Still the wolf said nothing. Then the Rabbit struck again with his hind foot, so hard that it was caught in the gum and he could not move, and there he stuck until the animals came for water in the morning. When they found who the thief was they had great sport over him for a while and then got ready to kill him, but as soon as he was unfastened from the tar wolf he managed to get away."

WHY THE MOLE LIVES UNDERGROUND.

"A man was in love with a woman who disliked him and would have nothing to do with him. He tried every way to win her favor, but to no purpose, until at last he grew discouraged and made himself sick thinking over it. The Mole came along, and finding him in such low condi-

tion asked what was the trouble. The man told him the whole story, and when he had finished the Mole said: 'I can help you, so that she will not only like you, but will come to you of her own will.' So that night the Mole burrowed his way underground to where the girl was in bed asleep and took out her heart. He came back by the same way and gave the heart to the man, who could not see it even when it was put into his hand. 'There,' said the Mole, 'swallow it, and she will be drawn to come and can not keep away.' The man swallowed the heart, and when the girl woke up she somehow thought at once of him, and felt a strange desire to be with him, as though she must go to him at once. She wondered and could not understand it, because she had always disliked him before, but at last the feeling grew so strong that she was compelled to go herself to the man and tell him she loved him and wanted to be his wife. And so they were married, but all the magicians who had known them both were surprised and wondered how it had come about. When they found that it was the work of the Mole, whom they had always before thought too insignificant for their notice, they were very jealous and threatened to kill him, so that he hid himself under the ground and has never since dared to come up to the surface."

HOW THE PARTRIDGE GOT HIS WHISTLE.

"In the old days the Terrapin had a fine whistle, but the Partridge had none. The Terrapin was constantly going about whistling and showing his whistle to the other animals until the Partridge became jealous, so one day, when they met the Partridge asked leave to try it. The Terrapin was afraid to risk it at first, suspecting some trick, but the Partridge said, 'I'll give it back right away, and if you are afraid you can stay with me while I practice.' So the terrapin let him have the whistle and the Partridge walked around blowing on it

in fine fashion. 'How does it sound with me?' asked the Partridge. 'O, you do very well,' said the Terrapin, walking along. 'Now, how do you like it,' said the Partridge, running ahead and whistling a little faster. 'That's fine,' answered the Terrapin, hurrying to keep up, 'but don't run so fast.' 'And now, how do you like this?' called the Partridge, and with that he spread his wings, gave one long whistle, and flew to the top of a tree, leaving the poor Terrapin to look after him from the ground. The Terrapin never recovered his whistle, and from that, and the loss of his scalp, which the Turkey stole from him, he grew ashamed to be seen, and ever since he shuts himself up in his box when any one comes near him."

THE BRIDE FROM THE SOUTH.

"The North went traveling, and after going far and meeting many different tribes he finally fell in love with the daughter of the South and wanted to marry her. The girl was willing, but her parents objected and said, 'Ever since you came the weather has been cold, and if you stay here we may all freeze to death.' The North pleaded hard, and said that if they would let him have their daughter he would take her back to his own country, so at last they consented. They were married and he took his bride to his own country, and when she arrived there she found the people all living in ice houses.

"The next day, when the sun rose, the houses began to leak, and as it began to climb higher they began to melt, and it grew warmer and warmer, until finally the people came to the young husband and told him he must send his young wife home again, or the weather would get so warm that the whole settlement would be melted. He loved his wife and held out as long as he could, but as the sun grew hotter the people were more urgent, and at last he had to send her home to her parents.

"The people said that she had been born in the South and nourished all her life upon food that grew in the same climate, her whole nature was warm and unfit for the North."

There is a popular idea that the Indians had no humor.

[THE TWO OLD MEN.

"Two old men went hunting. One had an eye drawn down and was called Uk-kwunagita, 'Eye-drawn-down.' The other had an arm twisted out of shape and was called Uk-kusuntsuti, 'Bent-bow-shape.' They killed a deer and cooked the meat in a pot. The second old man dipped a piece of bread into the soup and smacked his lips as he ate. 'Is it good?' said the first old man. Said the other, '*Hayu! uk-kwunagi'sti*—Yes, sir! It will draw down one's eye.'

"Thought the first old man to himself, 'He means me.' So he dipped a piece of bread into the pot, and smacked his lips as he tasted it. 'Do you find it good?' said the other old man. Said his comrade, '*Hayu! uk-ku'suntsuteti*—Yes, sir! It will twist up one's arm.' Thought the second old man, 'He means me;' so he got very angry and struck the first old man, and then they fought until each killed the other."

JOSEPH MARTIN

A BIOGRAPHY

Joseph Martin was one of the leading frontiersmen of Sullivan County, and was one of the county's most useful men when it was in the greatest need. He was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, in 1740. His early schooling was neglected through his own incorrigible nature, that would bear no restraint. Among his early associates were Gen. Thomas Sumter and Col. Benjamin Cleveland, the latter a hero of King's Mountain.

Martin, when a boy of sixteen, ran away from home and joined the army. He led a roving, hunter's life for many years, as did so many who afterwards became border heroes. It was the school of experience in which they trained. He became associated with Dr. Thomas Walker in his explorations and in one of these expeditions visited Powell's Valley, where he decided to locate. Here he raised a large crop of corn in 1769.

During the Indian raids of 1774 he commanded a fort on the frontier and was also a leader of scouts.

When Henderson and his Transylvania Company purchased the immense tracts of land from the Cherokees, Martin was made their agent in Powell's Valley. He was captain of a company, with Christian, against the Cherokees in 1776.

In 1777 he was appointed, by Gov. Patrick Henry, Indian agent and took up his residence on Long Island. Here he lived until 1789.

Martin was a man physically well proportioned, being six feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds. On one occasion he was returning with two companions to the Holston settlement when the party was waylaid by two Indians who suddenly emerged from a cave. One of the men was shot and the Indian who committed the murder retreated into the cave. Martin crawled into the cave,

killed the Indian and dragged him out.¹

While Martin was a brave and almost reckless Indian fighter he was also an Indian pacifier. It was as a diplomat he rendered his most brilliant service to the country. His treaties were lasting, for the Cherokees had great confidence in him. At one time, while visiting the Cherokee country, he came into contact with the British agent and so powerful was his sway that he had the agent expelled.

His influence with the Cherokees was largely due to his having been adopted by that tribe—he had married Betsy Ward, the beautiful daughter of Nancy Ward, although at the time he had a lawful wife. This act he always tried to explain to his children, who were chagrined by it, by saying it was to further his influences in bringing about treaties. His white wife, although a woman of refinement, would never let her children speak disrespectfully about their father on account of the morganatic alliance. And although Gen. Martin, after the death of his first wife, married a woman of some distinction, he still lived with his Indian wife, the second wife also countenancing the union.

He was associated with Isaac Shelby and John Donelson in formulating the treaty of 1783 at Long Island and was also one of the leading figures in the treaty of Hopewell (S. C.) in 1785.

He came near being the territorial governor of the Territory South of the Ohio, and Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and others used their influence with Washington, who was then President (1790), to have him appointed, but the office falling to a North Carolina man, William Blount was appointed. These two men worked together harmoniously. It was through such diplomatic influence that the Indians were kept inactive and the Kings Mountain campaign was made possible.

¹Draper MSS. Notes 32.

In a military way Martin rose to the rank of Brigadier-General.

He retired from service in 1789, returned to Virginia and resided in Henry County.² Here he engaged in politics, was elected to the legislature and became Madison's right hand man.

His last public service, of interest, was to run the boundary line between Tennessee and Virginia in 1800.

He died at his home in Henry County, December 18, 1808.

²Martinsville is now the county seat of Henry County.

CHAPTER III.

THE PIONEERS—EXPLORERS—FIRST SETTLERS.

In 1759 Col. William Byrd was ordered by the Governor of Virginia to collect a number of men and proceed to the relief of Fort Loudon. This fort, the first built on Tennessee soil, was erected in 1756 by Gen. Andrew Lewis, about thirty miles below Knoxville. For a long time it enjoyed the undisturbed friendship of the Indians, by whose permission it was built, but in 1760 it was suffering the terrors of an Indian siege.

A weaker race is always suspicious and jealous of a superior race. This is nowhere better illustrated than among the red and white races of America. The latter were never guarded enough in their treatment of the Indians nor careful enough with their pledges of peace, often violating treaties which had been made, in consequence of which they suffered much from the reckless barbarity of their own irresponsible men. Some of the Indians had been murdered on their return from the North and their kinsmen now sought to avenge these deeds and, as was unfortunately, but often the case, their vengeance was visited upon the most defenseless and innocent. A life for a life, they cared not whom, was their religion and law.

On his way to relieve the fort Byrd built another one at New River and called it Fort Chiswell, in honor of his friend, John Chiswell, who was operating the lead mines of that vicinity. His men became dissatisfied with the conduct of the campaign and on arriving at Stalnaker's¹ Byrd resigned and Col. Stephen was put

¹Near Marion, Va.

in charge, with a young and ambitious sub-officer, Henry Timberlake, who was also an expert surveyor.

From Stalnaker's they proceeded to Long Island and there erected a large and substantial fort, naming it Fort Robinson.²

On August 8th, 1760, Fort Loudon's fate was sealed by surrender and then treacherous massacre.

When Fort Robinson was completed the Indians, four hundred in number, headed by Chief Oconostota, arrived and sued for peace—no doubt fearing punishment for their crime at Fort Loudon. A treaty was entered into November 16, 1761,³ on the completion of which the chief requested that one of the garrison accompany him to his nation as a pledge of good faith. Timberlake agreed to go.

Not long after Fort Robinson was completed the country began to be settled. The first pioneers, however, did not come with the purpose of settling here. Those who ventured this far came in straggling bands, as hunters or, as in the case of Daniel Boone and his party, bound for a section beyond this. But all who happened along the fertile valleys of the Holston went back with glowing tales of the country and what there was here for those who had the courage to make it a home.

Stephen Holston paddled his canoe down far enough to give the river its name.⁴

²Summers' Southwest Virginia.

³This I believe is the first treaty made in Sullivan—historians, generally seemed to have overlooked it. Timberlake in his memoirs describes his reception in the Cherokee nation in a very dramatic manner. Several hundred savages painted in a picturesque manner met him on his entrance into their towns and among other friendly acts to show how welcome he was, an expert knife-thrower hurled a sabre which buried itself in the ground within two inches of his foot. They then escorted him into the council chamber where his reception was concluded in the presence of a large number of warriors. He staid in the nation several months, then took several chiefs on a visit to England but, having no credentials to show who he was or what there for, was treated rather coolly, at which he returned disgusted.

⁴The Indians called this river Cherokee and Coot-cla as far down as the mouth of French Broad. Then it took the name of Hoghohege.

COMING OF BOONE.

The Boone trail struck Sullivan County at George's Gap, named for James George,⁵ one of the Boone party, thence down through Shady valley, near what is now called Fish Dam. Here a skirmish took place with the Indians and a log fort was erected, James George remaining in charge. This spot is still known, by some, as "fort hill."

Boone evidently followed the course of the Holston river. On a farm near Emmett Station on the Virginia and Southwestern railroad, two workmen, Ben Webb and Ed Scalf, who were clearing a tract of new ground in 1893, dug up a copper kettle in which a sapling about three inches in diameter was growing. The men paid little attention to the vessel beyond a few speculations as to how it came to be buried there.

Afterwards some one discovered the inscription "D. Boone 1760" carved under the rim. This at once placed a premium upon its value, in their eyes, and it is still held at a high price.⁶

Boone spent but little time in Sullivan on his first trip to Cumberland Gap.

The first account of permanent settlers was of those

⁵James George was a man of great physical strength. Tests of strength were common in the early days and challenges frequent. Those old warriors that were fearless in battle were almost desperate in brawls. One day George sent for the old pioneer doctor, Elkanah Dulaney, and told him he had sent for him to pull all his teeth. The doctor protested, saying, George's teeth were too sound to be pulled, whereupon the latter replied: "If you don't pull 'em I'll bite Blevins' ear or nose off the very next fight we get into." The law against biting and mauling was more strictly enforced then than now and meant a penitentiary term. The doctor humored the inevitable and extracted all his teeth. The George family keep these teeth in a pearl case as heirlooms and molar evidence of a mighty strength. The family is also remarkable for its longevity as were many of the families whose ancestors lived out-door lives. Dr. John George, now in his eighty-fifth year, is a son of James George and says the latter died in his ninety-sixth year, when the former was but a few months old. These two lives reach back one hundred and eighty-one years, making the elder twenty-three years of age when accompanying Boone.

⁶I have seen this kettle and while all such evidences, like it and the famous beech tree, are more or less apocryphal and, while I am not so moved by the emotional surprises of relic discoveries as to accept everything as absolute proof, at the same time I do not belong to the ultra-sceptic class who will accept nothing circumstantial. I am ready to believe the carving on the tree and also on the kettle is genuine and the work of the same man. These evidences are along the line of the trail and deserve some consideration and may have some providential value.

who came here in 1765. In the spring of this year John Sharp, Thomas Sharp and Thomas Henderson came from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, cleared some land and raised a crop of corn on the farm once owned by D. O. King in Holston Valley. In the fall at harvest time they improvised cribs of poles and put up their corn.

They then returned to their homes in Pennsylvania, and in the spring of 1766, came back with their families only to find their previous season's crop almost totally destroyed by the wild animals that roamed at will during their absence. They settled upon three different tracts of land—the one later owned by King, another once owned by Gen. John R. Delaney, and the third, formerly the property of Ireson Longacre. These farms were about five miles apart and were all bordering upon the Holston river.

In the spring of 1767, two years after the first settlers made their homes in the county, Jacob Womack built a fort two miles east of Bluff City on the land once owned by Sam Miller.

Andrew Crockett brought his family from Ireland in 1769 and fortified at Womack's during Indian raids. It was here Margaret Crockett was born November 20, 1770, and is supposed to be the first white child born in Sullivan County. These Crocketts were the ancestors of Davy Crockett.⁷⁻⁸

Following these people came a large number of others of wider experience and wealth—men whose names were destined to illumine the pages of history, give strength to the community, and to make possible lasting peace upon the border.

⁷Deery MSS.

⁸Limestone, the reputed birth place of Davy Crockett, has no absolute proof of this birth claim. His first biographer stated it and those following fell in line with the idea. Sullivan was the home of his ancestors and while there is no record, so far known, of his birth in this county, it is more than probable he was born here.

Among the county records at Abingdon, Va., is a will of David Crockett's and this is witnessed by Sullivan County men—among them Congressman McClellan. This Crockett was an ancestor of Davy Crockett.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAVALCADE.

It is a wise yet sometimes strange provision that what is most needed and most beneficial is most plentiful. The stage coach with all of its attendant grandeur is gone, but the old wagon that carried our forefathers over the mountains and along the little rough trail remains. There is less change in the make of this vehicle than of any mode of conveyance yet introduced. The man who first designed this wagon's bed evidently gave it to the world complete, for there seems to have been no change in it for a century.

It is built after the manner of an ancient battle ship, galley shape—a dip in the middle and the rear built much higher than the front.

The high back was evidently intended as a precaution against robbers as well as protection against a lurking foe. These beds,¹ with their contents placed against the sides, have often been laid siege to and big battles have been fought from within their reinforced sides and rear. When going into camp travelers would place their wagons in a circle for protection.

The tar bucket and one dog were tied to the rear axle while the remainder of the pack followed. Early in the day the dogs following would give chase to wild game, much to the discomfiture of the dog that was tied to the axle, but toward the close of the day's march all of them were content to follow close, being fagged out.

The lead horse, and sometimes others, had bells on them. These seemed to add cheer to all the caravan. When the horses were hitched and the bells began to tinkle the dogs leaped in delight that the day's journey was to begin again.

¹Wagons with these beds are still known as "North Carolina wagons"—the first travelers from that state used them, and the name clings to this day.

Check lines were unknown in the early days and were not introduced until the eighteenth century was far advanced. The team was guided by the rider who rode the lead horse.

The cattle were nearly always driven behind the wagons. Bells were tied to them too and, unless in case of men outriders, the horses with the packs followed the wagons also. Very often young children were placed upon the horses and carried, one on either side, in large baskets—papoose style.

The pack saddle was made out of limbs of trees that forked at the proper angle, much in shape like the wish-bone of a chicken. Two of these having been cut the proper length and the prongs being rounded to fit the animal's back, short boards were placed across, fastened with wooden pegs and the saddle was complete. A good fork was not always to be found and any tree that had one was carefully noted.²

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

Should the cavalcade meet a traveler going in the opposite direction—which, however, did not often occur—after the surprise greetings they plied him with questions: "Can we reach ——— by night?" or "how far is it to ——— meadows?" and like interrogatories, their aim being always to reach a suitable camping spot before sundown, one near a spring and grazing. The pioneers had a peculiar knowledge of the country just as in some unaccountable way they had of events. News traveled with almost incredible swiftness, considering their means of transmission. Stopping for the night, the horses were unhitched, the bell-horse and bell-cow being tethered, while the remainder of the herd was allowed to forage at will. Then the men of the party built a fire and the

²So highly prized were these saddle forks that on one occasion an old minister, preaching to his flock in a grove and seeing one of the coveted limbs in a nearby tree, without stopping his sermon, said, in a sing-song tone, "brethren I see a fork in yonder tree."—Williams.

women began the cooking. A skillet or frying pan, coffee pot, minus the coffee and a kettle in most cases completed the vessel list. Meat was very often cooked upon the coals, while the corn meal was either boiled as mush or made into "johnny-cake."³ Sometimes when baked in the ashes it was called "ash-cake."

When a stampede of stock occurred during the night, generally caused by prowling wild animals or Indians, they were with difficulty corralled the next day.⁴ It often took hours to do this, and in some instances the Indians stole the horses and made away with them. When the cavalcade found a suitable place to settle down for a home there was great relief that the journey was over and a new life begun.

While the log cabin was being erected, temporary shelters were made by standing poles slant-wise and thatching them thickly with pine boughs.

The bed and other furniture of the home was simple and crude. A dogwood sapling, with a strong fork at the proper height from the floor, was used as a post for a bedstead. One end was fastened to the joist and the other end let into the floor by an auger hole. Hickory withes laid across were used as slats, while elm bark held them in place. Other household effects were made in the same crude fashion. Their hand-made baskets and other wickerwork, however, excelled the manufactured article.

Thus did the borderers make their first appearance to people the solitary places and continue, in a settled way, the half gypsy life of these wanderers in the wilderness.

³"Johnny-cake" is a corruption of "journey cake," this name being given because it was baked in a hurry.—Phelan.

⁴"Over night we are now at the trouble of hobbling them out and often of leading them a mile or two to a convenient place for forage, and then in the morning we are some hours in finding them again because they are apt to stray a great way from the place where they were turned out. Now and then, too, they are lost for a whole day together, and are frequently so weak and jaded that the company must be still several days, near some meadow or highland pond to recruit them."—Col. William Byrd's Journal, 1733, page 71.

Thus those determined men, rough handed and hopeful, slowly transformed the wild life into a self-sustaining State. In the train of these forerunners came others. The white covers of the wagons went over the undulating surface of the country like sails over heavy seas—now up—now down. Scarcely had one turned the hill when far in the distance could be seen another coming. The echo of the advance trumpeter was caught by those following and an unbroken chain of sound reached from the new settlement far back into the midst of the old—back to Londonderry and the Boyne! and heralded the creation of a new civilization in the far wilds of the frontier.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRONTIER WOMAN.

In the annals of all countries there is no age nor race that has given to the world more sterling valor than that displayed by the frontier woman of Tennessee. She shared with the men all the dangers of the wilderness, with all its toils. She came with the first settlers and bore with fortitude the privations of a forest cabin.

No other border life of recent times, in our territories, presents such a wonderful growth and change from wild backwoods to the dignity of a state in twenty six-years. To her presence more than any one influence, to her moral worth and example is due the high rank attained and the end achieved in so short a time. She did not wait for the clearing and the building of the cabin and the planting of the crops—she went along and helped do these things.

She rocked the cradle in the home—she swung the cradle in the field. She spun the flax and carded the wool and made the clothing for the family.

She has gone to the aid of a sick neighbor and returned to find her own home in ashes.

When rumors of Indian raids reached the settlements she went into the fort prepared to do a man's part should the exigency of the hour demand. In such a test of courage she stood, gun in hand, beside the dead body of the man who had fallen, the victim of a besieger's bullet.

And still the mother's thoughtful care over her children never left her. She trained them at her knee.

The frontier woman of Sullivan never lacked for courage nor opportunities to prove it.

There was a peculiar trait which seemed to be born in the children of that day, or which mothers had taught



TYPE OF TENNESSEE FRONTIERWOMAN

"Aunt" BETSY CARLTON (right)
Her daughter, "Aunt" POLLY HAWK (left)

them—to make no show of fear nor make alarm—much like the young of birds, which, at a call, seek the cover of the wing. It was a “hush” of caution rather than of fear.

TESTS OF COURAGE.

Once the men of Holston settlement were called to Shelby's station, an Indian raid being expected. Should the Indians come from an unexpected quarter, as they often did and as was the case in this instance, it left unprotected a large number of families.

A Mrs. Roberts living at King's Mill, on Reedy creek, whose husband had responded to the call, heard the Indians were coming by their home. Gathering up her three children, a bundle and a weapon, whose service would ill avail, she started for the station and had gone but a short distance when she was made aware of the approach of the savages. Stepping aside from the path and crouching beneath the undergrowth, the Indians came by within a few feet of her and even stopped as if suspicious of a presence. The children at once understood the meaning of her cautious warning, nestling close and keeping very still.

After the savages had passed on she gathered up her little family and trudged along, arriving at the fort the next day.

About this time there was a still more remarkable example of the “hush” habit, in the Snodgrass settlement near Blountville. The Indians made their appearance in the neighborhood during the absence of the men of the homes. The women, being warned in time, took their children and sought refuge by digging out a place under a large haystack. Small babes were among them yet no sound disclosed their whereabouts. They instinctively fell into the hush that had previously marked the behavior of the others. On coming out they found moccasin tracks all about the place.

The lofty regard and admiration for these women was almost idolatrous and is best told in the tributes paid them by the men of their times.

The country's esteem was no more sought by these fearless and rugged frontier men than were the approval and praise of their own women. When the term of enlistment in their country's service was over, the men would hasten to their homes and lay what laurels they had won at the feet of those women, craving no richer reward than their approbation.

Thus, in part, wrote Col. Fleming, to his wife, from the battlefield.¹

My Dearest Nancy:

* * * * that you & Lenny are daily in my thoughts you need not doubt but as much as I love & Regard you both I can not Allow myself to wish me with you till the expedition is finished knowing it would sink me in your esteem & that you would despise a wretch that could desert an honorable Cause, a Cause undertaken for the good of his Country in general, and more immediately for the Protection of his Family as included amongst the Frontier settlers let thoughts like these Animate you and support your Spirits and remember my Dr Girl that the Divine Being is Omnipresent as well as Omnipotent. * * * I have heard of sympathizing thoughts possessing the breasts of Two Distant Lovers if there is anything in this fond Opinion you must know what passess in my breast at present and not accuse this letter of coldness. * * More I need not say nor would it be prudent to commit more to paper.

Nor did this admiring fealty confine itself to any one age—youth and maturity alike paid her the tribute of their tenderest solicitude. In the days when the scalping knife and the tomahawk showed no respect for sex or age regular reports were sent in of the condition of each settlement.

From one of these comes this pathetic example of youthful courage and maternal love: " * * * The boy that was scalped is dead² he was an extraordi-

¹September, 1774, Kanahwa Expedition.

²Manuscript letter. Col. Arthur Campbell to Col. Wm. Preston, Oct. 6, 1774.

nary example of patience and resolution to his last, frequently lamenting 'he was not able to fight enough for to save his mammy'."³

From such women came the men who won for Tennessee the name of "Volunteer." She left them the heritage of a rugged simplicity, integrity and valor, and an unswerving loyalty and love for any place she called her home. For her these men have gone down through the untraveled ways and wrested a place for civilization from a savage hold; for her they have stood in the open and faced the charge, through the long stretch of desert sands and under suns that had no shade; for her they fill icy sepulchers in the far North country; for her they lie beneath unmarked mounds all over the waste plains of the West; for her they have crossed the deep and in strange climes met death with a dauntless courage that told of their fidelity in foreign lands; and for her they stand ready today to answer to the call of their country, remembering what she taught them at her knee—the sacredness of duty.

In the homes throughout Sullivan County are old pictures hanging upon the walls and under the folds of old albums are faded types of a time that is gone. Once those pictures were looked upon and laughed at—the old lace cap and the tie and the strangely made dress were so quaint, so far away from custom, so out of fashion

³Colonel Arthur Campbell accustomed to the cruelties and hardships of frontier life, happening in the neighborhood, went to see this boy and wrote to Col. Preston, a portion, only, of his letter being preserved.

"Upon whose first appearance, my little hero ran off, his Uncle called, he knew his voice and turned and ran to him rejoiced: his Uncle questioned him and he returned sensible answers. Showed his murdered parents and sisters, his Brother is not found, and I suppose is captivated. He received but one Blow with a Tomhake on the back of the Head, which cut thro his skull, but it is generally believed his brains is safe, as he continues to talk sensibly and being an active wise Boy, what he relates is Credited. For my part I don't know as I ever had tenderer feelings of compassion, for anyone of the human species. I have sent for him, and employed an Old Man that has some Skill to attend him. I wish I could get Doctr Loyd to him. If he cannot come please try if the Doctor could not send me up some medicines with directions.

I have been to tedious and circumstantial in relating the little hero's story, but as it seems to be a singular instance I am persuaded you won't be displeased [with it]." (Draper MSS.)

Letter quoted in note 3 was written previous to excerpt of letter referred to in note 2.

with the times. But as the years went by they became the shrine to which the eyes of homage turned, and now no possession is more cherished or more revered.

"Let them take my furniture and all my household goods, but leave me my pictures—I love them best of all," said an old gray haired woman when threatened with a foreclosure on her home. They were her deeds of inheritance from out of the dead past—more treasured than lands or herds or princely dwelling places. They were the ties that bound her to those vanishing years when martyrdom made possible the civilization of today.

"Times are not what they used to be," they tell us, and the alarmist deploras the lack of chivalry in our men and the decadence of old fashioned virtues in our women. But time's pendulum never swung so far out that it did not come back again. Those old pictures are still hanging upon the walls—those old faces are still peering out of the past. In our direst need of them, and when the time most calls for them, their kindly old eyes will rekindle the knightly bearing of our men and restore to the hearthstone, that old abandoned altar, around which hovered the holiest womanhood.

CHAPTER VI.

COMING OF THE SHELBYs.

The energetic, enthusiasitic and safety life in the lower Holston settlements began with the arrival of the Shelby's.

Evan Shelby's father, who also was Evan Shelby, came from Wales and located in Frederick county, Maryland, at a place called North Mountain. Evan, Jr., was then a small boy. Here he grew up and married Letitia Cox, by whom he had five sons and one daughter. His wife died in 1777 and is buried at Charlottesville, Virginia.

Isaac Shelby, the most eminent of the name, was born in Maryland.

Evan, the father of Isaac, had seen considerable military service before coming to Holston, having fought in many Indian battles. He had the title of Captain.

How he was regarded at his old home may be seen by the following letter from Gen. William Thompson, bearing the address, "Carlisle, 6th July, 1775." It was written to Capt. Shelby and the manuscript bears many mutilations.

"Had General Washington been certain that you could have joined the army at Boston without first seeing your family [you] would have been appointed Lieut. Colo. [of the] Rifle Battalion and an express sent. * * * but you being so----- the general concluded it [not—] ble for you to take the field before seeing your family.

* * * I leave for Boston on Monday night."

In 1771 Shelby brought his family to the Holston country, settling at Sapling Grove, or what is now Bristol, Tennessee.

Here he built a fort which was known as "Shelby's

Station." It was quite commodious, many hundreds being fortified there at times during Indian raids.¹

This fort or station was located on what is now Seventh street, on the hill overlooking Beaver creek, between Anderson and Locust streets.

Shelby's military services will be reviewed in another chapter and the same statement applies to his sons. Their lives in peaceful times, domestic and political, will be disposed of in this chapter.

The Shelys kept a store at their fort. On the facsimile of a leaf from the store ledger will be seen the names of some of their distinguished customers—the Seviers, James Robertson and Daniel Boone. It is also interesting on account of the price of different commodities at that time.

Evan Shelby has been described as a man of commanding appearance, stout and stern. A scrap of an old ledger, dated Staunton, Va. Nov. 22, 1773, has some amusing entries to the account of Shelby, made no doubt on a trading visit:

	£	s	d
Nov. 22 To 1 Bowl tody.....		1	3
To 3 gal oats.....		1	3
Nov. 23.....			
brk.			
To 1 Mug Cider.....			14
To 1 Bowl Bumbo.....		2	6
To 6 diets.....		6	0
To Club in Wine.....		1	10½

The Seviers had been induced by Shelby to locate in the Holston settlements. John Sevier was out here on a trading expedition in 1772 and attended a horse race at the Watauga Old Field. While there he witnessed the

¹"I find four hundred fortified at Shelby's Station."—Col. Wm. Preston letter, 1776.

Jan 27 th 1773	James Brinkley to Evan Shelby	Dr
	To 2 Blanket 2 1/2 yds	\$ 10 6 0
	To 1/2 doz of Flannel 1/2 doz yds	0 11 16 0
	To 15 yards of Lining 1/2 doz yds	2 00 0
	To 20 yards of Lining 1/2 doz yds	1 11 10 0
	by Cash Paid	5 00 0
	To Balance Due	0 14 00
Jan 22 nd 1773	Daniels Boone to Evan Shelby	Dr
	To 17 pounds and one half of Soap 1/2 doz yds	2 00 0
	To 1/10 per lb	0 06 0
	To 2 quarts of Ham	0 06 0

Jan 27 th 1773	Valentine Sarvagist to Evan Shelby	Dr
	To 50 yds of Lining 1/2 doz yds	\$ 4 11 8
	To one pound of Lining 1/2 doz yds	0 11 6
	To 15 yards of Lining 1/2 doz yds	0 00 0
	To 15 lbs of Flannel 1/2 doz yds	0 11 15 2
	To 10 1/2 yards of Cotton 1/2 doz yds	0 11 13 1 1/2
	To 5 lbs of Soap 1/2 doz yds	0 08 6
	To 1/2 pound of Tea	0 06 0
	To 2 yards of Lining 1/2 doz yds	0 03 8
	To one woman's hat of White cloth	0 16 0
		\$ 11 11 10 1/2

WHEN SHELBY KEPT STORE AT SAPLING GROVE

theft of a horse by a burly fellow named Shoate.² The horse belonged to a stranger, but the thief pretended he won the animal in a bet. Sevier was about to leave, disgusted, when the senior Shelby said to him, "Never mind these rascals, they'll soon take poplar,"—meaning take a canoe and get out of the country. The Seviers came out next year and located at Keywood, about six miles from the Shelbys', but afterwards removed to Washington county.

In 1779 this part of Virginia was found to be in North Carolina and the division threw Evan Shelby's estate into what was, the following year, Sullivan County. Gov. Caswell at once appointed him Brigadier-General—the first to receive such military rank on the Western waters.

Late in life he married Isabella Elliot, the records showing that she required one-third of his estate to be deeded to her before marriage. She survived him and married again—one Dromgoole, who later tried to satisfy a spite of some sort by desecrating Shelby's grave, for which he was severely punished.

The Shelbys gave the name "Travelers Rest" to their home, indicating a hospitable people.

Evan Shelby was seventy-four years of age when he died in 1794. He was buried in Bristol, Tennessee, on the lot now occupied by the Lutheran church, (1908) on the corner of Fifth and Shelby streets. At the time of his burial seven massive oaks grew there—a fit resting place for this pioneer and soldier. Commerce, with little sympathy or sentiment, decreed the oaks must be cut down to make way for a street. Apparently not satisfied with the old general's restless career, the caretakers carted his remains about from place to place. They were first removed in 1872 and for a while lay in the Tennessee calaboose for safe keeping—preparatory to put-

²Shoate became notorious as a horse-thief and was killed about 1779. -- Draper MSS.

ting them away in the cemetery.³ Some one, probably realizing the unfitness of this repository, transferred them to the postoffice. Then for a while they lay in the cemetery, the tomb being at the entrance, but later they were taken up again and given, it is hoped, their final resting place. Shelby's bones have been moved five times. There was some protest on the part of Tennessee in regard to the last removal as it placed him in Virginia, but this transfer was made, perhaps, with no intention to State claims as the section where he now lies is devoted principally to old soldiers.

Isaac Shelby, whose career in a military way will be fully described in other chapters, was a herder of cattle for a few years after his arrival at Sapling Grove. He also became a surveyor, which seemed to be the leading profession on the frontier because, no doubt, the most needed. Nearly all the leading military men were surveyors and the state showed her appreciation of their services by allotting them certain tracts of land.

Isaac Shelby, after the battle of King's Mountain, married Susanna Hart, daughter of Nathaniel Hart, who was one of the principal stockholders in the Richard Henderson Transylvania purchase. He was married in

³This delay was no doubt occasioned by the preparations that were being made to re-inter, with civic ceremonies. Judge A. S. Deaderick, a lineal descendant was present and presided. The re-interment took place in May, 1896.

In 1899, the Evan Shelby Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at Owensboro, Kentucky, sent four shrubs with the request that they be planted at the four corners of Shelby's grave. Accordingly the Ladies' Memorial Association, on Memorial Day, June 1st, planted them with the following sentiments:

Tree No. 1.—Mrs. J. F. Hicks. "He who meets death for his country thus buys immortality."

Tree No. 2.—Mrs. E. T. Jones. "Here rests a hero. The idols of to-day push the heroes of yesterday out of recollection and will in turn be supplanted by his successors to-morrow."

Tree No. 3.—Mrs. J. C. Anderson. "Strong and great a hero sleeps here."

Tree No. 4.—Mrs. W. C. Carrington. "Here sleeps, until awakened at the grand reveille of God, a link between two centuries—a soldier, a veteran and a hero."

Members of the D. A. R. have been zealous in their efforts to secure a monument for Evan Shelby. They have written many letters and have contributed largely to the press of this section and Kentucky. It seems the recognition is about to come in a suitable monument from the Government—Congressman Brownlow having introduced a bill including such a provision.

At present his remains lie beneath a simple iron, coffin-shaped slab with the inscription:

"General Evan Shelby
Born 1720
Age 74"

Kentucky, the Harts having removed there from North Carolina to take charge of their vast estate. This may have had something to do with Shelby adopting the state as his home. It is said, however, that when Miss Hart and he parted, at the time she left for her new home in Kentucky, they parted in a tiff, he declaring he would not follow her. Afterwards he began to pay court to another young lady not far from his own home, but she, knowing of his former attachment, promptly told him it was his duty to go to Kentucky and he went. His married life was a happy one.

He was honored many times during his rugged career, both in a military and political way. He was Kentucky's first governor, in 1792, and was called to fill the same position in 1812, during the second war with England.

He distinguished himself at the battle of the Thames, with Gen. Harrison, in recognition of which Congress awarded him a medal.

Monroe offered him a seat in his cabinet, as Secretary of War, but he declined on account of old age.

DEATH OF ISAAC SHELBY

He died in 1826. The morning before his death he rode over to see his son Isaac, returning before dinner. He ate a hearty meal, then walked up to the gate in front of his house, came back, sat down with his wife and entered into a cheerful conversation with her. There was a lull in the talk—she heard him draw a long breath, his head falling back—he was dead. The old man had frequently expressed a wish that, when he died, no one but his wife should be present. His singular wish was gratified. He was buried upon the spot where he pitched his first tent in Kentucky. This also was his wish and for fear it might be forgotten he marked the place himself.⁴

⁴Niles, Ky., Register Sept. 9, 1826. Draper Collection.

SHELBY AND SEVIER

Both men were ambitious and both desired to control, yet each arrived at conclusions or results in different ways. If a campaign was on Shelby might be found bending over a rough-sketch map, planning and scheming with his associates, while Sevier, all unmindful of any impending crisis, might be found at a barbecue or horse race. Yet in the execution of military maneuvers there was little difference—both were brilliant and dashing for men of any time. Sevier's strategy was as impromptu as his personality was impulsive. Shelby was slow to plan, but once his plan was formed he was quick of execution and determined. Sevier's rapid movements and quick decisions could not have been more accurate had they been more closely studied.

In religion Shelby was prayerful and formally devout, while Sevier allied himself with no church during his life and it might be said his religion was: "write me as one who loves his fellow man."

Arriving in opposite ways at the same results and each anxious to achieve distinction of the same kind, no state was big enough for both men. While the friendship between the two had never been tried in the gross test of controversy, Shelby clearly saw that to submit their claims to the people at large Sevier with his winning ways could out-class him. So he determined not to chance a possible defeat, preferring to risk his prospects in another field. He left the state of his adoption to found a new one in the Kentucky country, where he was able to satisfy his aspirations for leadership.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW DAYS FULL OF TROUBLE.

The muster-master, when ordered to enlist men for urgent military duty, did not always find it an easy task. This was especially true on the extreme border where families were most exposed to the incursions of the roving bands of Indians and renegades. It was not always from lack of courage they were difficult to enroll for distant campaigns, but because self protection was their first consideration. In localities where the inhabitants had better means of defense and were not so apt to be the victims of a surprise, the men were usually anxious to go. The following is one of the best examples of the difficulties sometimes encountered in the formation of a company.

They are excerpts from letters of Maj. James Robertson¹ who had charge of the erection of stockades in Culbertson Valley and are selected because they deal directly and describe in a consecutive way, covering but a brief period from the issuance of the order till the men were in motion.

Besides there is a sincerity of purpose and a oneness of interest and intention so serious as to be amusing. The Major's despair at the outset is an extreme contrast to his exultation over the completion of his company. His gratitude is expressed in such language as might, with little change, be mistaken for a testimonial to the efficacy of some wonder-working remedy, the use of which resulted in recovery from a dire affliction.

This correspondence passed between Maj. James Robertson and Col. William Preston:²

¹Not the Tennessee pioneer.

²Selected from the Draper collection.

Tuesday night July 19th 1774

SIR—Since I received. your Letter I have been Continually on Horse Back amongst the People. I will get 18 or 20 men ready to Start Thursday Evening or Friday morning, for My Soul I Could not get them to March Sooner and to Leave them Behind I never Expected to See them untill the new Draft again and Scare then. I am in Hopes there will be no Great Danger untill we get there.

I am Sir Your Servant

JAMES ROBERTSON

There is always an unsettled commotion about a stockade. The uncertain stay of the men kept the commandant uneasy and on the lookout for new recruits and provisions—a labor then full of disappointment and provoking.

Wednesday morning 20th July 1774

SIR—Since I Recd. your letter I have not had an Hours Rest I am Sure. I have with A Great Deal of Both Good words and Bad ones Prevail'd on the following Persons to march with me Thursday. * * I thought to Got them marched to day but it was not in my power Some had Grain to put up and to leave them would [n] ot do for I would Scarcely Ever See Them again. I am your Servant.

JAMES ROBERTSON

N. B. This last news I Expect is no more than Some of the Usual Alarms. But if they are about I am in hopes we will be there time Enough for them. Pray Sir if Possible Procure me a Quire of Paper as I cannot get one Sheet.

He announces signs of Indians—and foreshadows his troubles in collecting a company for the Kanawha expedition.

FORT DUNMORE 26th July 1774

* * * Unless you Send Some men down the Case will be Bad So that I must stay with not more than Six men unless I kill part and tye the Other I Expect we will have a war amongst our Selves without that of the Indians. these men tells me there are fresh signs of Indians Seen Every Morning about the plantation of Forbes, Sir Both men and Aramunition will be much wanted about this place verry Soon as I Expect a Large Body of Indians Emedately. I Shall Stand by

the Place Agreeable to my Orders if Death Should be my Fate I am Sir
yours

JAMES ROBERTSON

N. B. the men I got to day I Station Here as the Setlers here
was under the Necessity of moving I have made them up Ten Soldiers
and they Seem Satisfy'd

A diversity of news—Indian forays—completion of
fort—the lack of provisions and ammunition. There
was a constant call for "more powder and lead" in those
days.

FORT BYRD 28th July 1774

Dr. Sir—we will have our Fort Genteely finished this week. we
have 25 private at this Place I have ten at old Billey wood's. I
would be glad to have Some more men and Ammun[i]tion if it was not
So good, it would do to keep the fort. there is signs of the Indians here
Every morning and I Expect they will give us a Salute when they
Assemble their party altogether if I had Some more men I Could
turn out with a party which I would be Extreemly fond of. I have
sent out the Scouts this morning and to Continue out three days unless
they See much signs of Indians.

I am Dr. Sir your Hbl. Servant

JAMES ROBERTSON

N. B. there is a good many of the men in this place will go with
me to the Shany's [Shawnee] towns Tom Masdin is Sick and wants to
go home. Harry Thomson Set off yesterday with Some men. I could
not Prevail on him to Stay a few days, untill the men would Come out,
as he Said his Business was So Urgent at Court. Sir as I [am] on Duty
here and has no Chance to Raise A Company for the present Expdn.
Please to give my Comlmts. to Old Will In[g] les & with a Litle of your
own assistance I hope you Can Engage us Some men

I am yrs. J. R.

More rumors of Indian outrages—call for men and
ammunition.

CULBERSONS 1st August 1774

SIR—About three hours agoe John Draper Came here with thirteen
men, which makes our Number 33 or thereabouts this minet I got
flying news of the Indians Shooting at one of Arbuckles Centery's on
mudy Creek. they say Likewise that they Atacted one of Kelley's
Yesterday about half a mile from that Fort where they Tomhak'd

Kelley and Cut him Vastly, but the men from the fort heard the noise and Ran to their Assistance and drove the Indans off before they Either Kill'd or Sculp'd Kelley they took his Daughter Prisoner it is Said; but the Certainty of any of the news I Canot Assert * * * as to my Going in Sir its Impossible Unless we give up this place Intirely for the men Swairs the minet I set off they Will Start Likewise. and Indeed I cannot leave the Compy. as I See, for there is no one that Can keep any Accts. or do any thing towards Geting Provisions for the Compy. Which is Realy Vastly hard to get I was in hopes there would be some flower fr[om] M. Thomsons for us before now the Place must Undoubtedly Bre[ak] up Unless we Get Some Amunition. * * we have finished our fort and I think not a dispiseable one. I have been out Raiseing a House for to hold Provisions and Amunition but I am Afraid the Place wont be Over Stocked with Either, in haste, as the one Cant be Possibly got, and the Other People Seems Easey About furnishing us with. * * *

JAMES ROBERTSON

N. B. I am afraid Ill be far behinn about my Comy. for the Shany Expdn. as I am confined here

Saturday 6th August 1774 CULBERSONS

SIR—I suppose you heard of the Indians Killing Kelley on muddy Creek, we heard Some Flying accts of it, but not the particulars, * * * Sir you must know the Great Necessity I have to be in, to try to make up my Compy. and make Ready as well as these men that goes with me. I would been in Sooner but by no means Could Leave the men for several reasons, and the Day I set off I Am Sure they will be Along, and Against we get in it will be three weeks and Some A month, as Long as one party I believe Can Well Stay. Sir I am Your Hble. Servant

JAMES ROBERTSON

N. B. we have not Seen the Signs of any Indians Since I Came here. Pray Sir Send down Some Flower and Powder and Lead if Possible, Let it be Good or Bad.

☞ Announces the offer of gruesome reward.

CULBERSONS 11th August 1774

SIR—I was Expecting Orders to Gone Home to Seen Some What About my Affairs. I have a good deal to do before I Can Start to the Expedition Which I would by no means miss if I can Possibly make out to go. * * * the men Seems Resolute for a Sculp or two, and I have Offered £5 for the first Indians hand that will be brought in

to the fort by any of the Compy * * * they left a War Club at one of the wasted Plantations well made and mark'd with two Letters I G (well made) * * * Sir I dare say you have a Good Deal of Trouble Geting hands to us, and I am Sure I have a Vaste Deal of Trouble in Keeping them in Tune as they are a Distracted Enough party I assure you my Complmts. to your famly and Sir I Heartyly wish you Luck from your most Obd S.

JAMES ROBERTSON

N. B. I have a Severe Spell of a Great Cold and the worst tooth Ache that ever was

JAS. ROBERTSON

More trouble in enlistments—lets out the secret cause of dissatisfaction among the men—the “Gent” who makes mutiny.

CULBERSONS 12th August 1774

SIR—This morning Our Scouts met with a Couple of Poor Little Boys between this and Blue Stone one A Son of John McGruis the Other a Son of Widow Snyder at Burks fort, that made their Escapes from the Indians Last Tuesday night about midnight away * * *

Sir Unless you keep your own Side of the mountains well Guarded there them Stragling little partys will do Abundance of Damage where People is Gathered in forts there Ought to be men under Pay Just Ready on any Occasion these Small partys passes Scouts and Companys with out Possibly being Discovered if my Life and Honour and the Lives of all my Relations & the Lives of all my well wishers was at Stake I Can do no more then I have, or is Ever Willing to do. * * * * * I had A thought of Seting home next monday but I wont Attempt it untill I See if we Can Rub up these Yalow Dogs A Little I suppose my helpless famly is in Great fear, and Indeed not-with out Reason. Perhaps I look on you to be in a Dangerouser Station there than we are here and would advise you to keep a party constantly on their Watch, as there is white men amongst them they Undoubtedly know men of the Best Circumstance and that is what they Generaly Aim at

Dea Sir I am Your most Hbl. Servant

JAMES ROBERTSON

N. B. Sir I have been in the Greatest misery Ever any felow was in, Since Last monday with A pain in my Jaw one of my Eyes Has been Shut up Ever Since and has hardly Either Eat or Slept I Declare.

J. R.

SIR—I thought to been at your House friday or saturday but Cannot be there untill Sunday night or monday. I have been through the whole Company and meets with poor Success though picked up Some. I Gather them Altogether Saturday and Pretends to make A Draft by your Orders I tell them, and dont want to Concern with any that has famylys, but Only these Hulking younge dogs that Can be well Spar'd. if you please give me a Line or two to Back me I would be glad you would desire the Officers in Capt. Cloyd's and Capt. Taylers Compy. to Stir up Some Backward Scoundr[els] in their Companys to turn Out or Else force them for no Honour nor Intreateys will move them. I Could Stay untill the midle of next week and Overtake the Army before they go to the falls. Perhaps you have Seen Some what of Capt. Woods, or heard what number he has to Joyn us

I am Sir Your Obedt. Servant

JAMES ROBERTSON

1st of Sepbr. 1774

N. B. I have had more uneasyness this Eight days Amongst these Deels Buckeys then I have had this three years there is some procarius Gent. amongst us who makes some mutiny amongst the men as they want Compus.

Completion of company—"off for the levels."

RICH CREEK 15th Septbr 1774

SIR—we are Stop'd a day to Get what Beeves and Cattles We Can Pick up. Capt. woods and his Party is Joynd me Which makes our number of the Whole 55 the Soldiers I had at Mr. Woods Desird Discharges from me which I have given them, though they are willing to Inlist again, if you See Cause.

I have sent you an Acct. of their time Likewise finding their Provisions for the time

Mitchel Clay	51 days on Duty	found his own Provisions
Zekil Clay	51 days	found his Provisions
David Clay	51 days	found Do
Richd. Blankenship	44 days	Do

P. S. I must be for Ever Obliged to all my good friends for assisting me in Getting my Compy made up as I thought it was meerely Impossible to do it in the time and I am sure there is not Such an Other Company for the Quaintyty of men belonging to the Whole Dr. Sir I wish you Every thing that Would make you happy.

I am your Obedt. Servant

JAMES ROBERTSON

RICH CREEK 16th Sept. 1774

N. B. We are just starting for the Levels. J. R.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF THE GREAT KANAWHA.

After the arrival of the Shelbys on the Holston there was peace along the border until 1774. Outside of a few small straggling bands of Indians, who were prowling about and stealing, the country was uneasily quiet. The neighborhood gossips, who loafed about the store kept by the Shelbys, were now startled by the rumors of a threatened invasion. The family of Logan, the Indian chief, had been murdered and his allies were seeking revenge—the Shawanoes and other tribes were on the war path. They had already killed eleven people in the settlements of Fincastle.¹

In March, 1774, Col. William Preston had asked Evan Shelby to accept a captaincy in what was then Fincastle county. His acceptance and enlistment of the

¹The family of John Roberts, at Kings's Mill, including himself, wife and several children were killed and scalped. The oldest son was taken prisoner while one little boy lived several days after being tomahawked and scalped. He is the one noted in Chapter V.

Logan was the perpetrator of this massacre. The father of Logan was a Frenchman, who, being captured when a child, was adopted into the Oneida tribe and became a powerful chief among the Susquehanna Indians. Logan's mother was a Cayuga, hence this was his tribe. His Indian name was Tach-neeh-tarus, meaning branching oak of the forest. He took the name of Logan from James Logan, secretary of the province. During the French and Indian war he remained neutral and took refuge in Philadelphia. For this he was compelled to leave his old home and, about 1772, settled in Ohio. Here in his town, on Yellow Creek, April 30, 1774, his people were massacred. Logan swore to have revenge—that he would never stop killing until he had satisfied his thirst for blood. He made four raids, sparing none who came within his grasp—men, women and children he slew with savage cruelty. His acts brought on the Dunmore war, culminating in the battle on the Great Kanawha. When the chiefs were summoned before Dunmore to discuss terms of peace, Logan failed to appear. Dunmore sent for him and received a reply, saying he was a warrior, not a maker of peace, and at the same time delivered what is conceded the most eloquent speech in savage history. It is familiar to most readers and runs as follows:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not? During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

men he took with him was the first move that introduced the now famous Tennessee "Volunteer."

Because of his dread of their warriors, the northwest Indian held in perpetual grudge Southwest Virginia and upper East Tennessee.

What the Indians declared were encroachments upon their lands were merely the journeys made by hunters and surveyors in Kentucky and Ohio. Daniel Boone and Michael Stoner were sent to warn the surveyors and settlers of the peril that was impending.

In 1773 these parties were threatened by Cornstalk, and his war bands became numerous and dangerous to the settlements.

In September, 1774, Lord Dunmore, who was then the Royal Governor of Virginia, made a call for troops to punish the Indians and, as they were headed by Logan and Cornstalk and other brave chiefs of a like determined character, the mission was one of vast importance.

Dunmore decided to take the field in person. He delegated Gen. Andrew Lewis to take charge of the Augusta and Fincastle troops. Accordingly, Lewis requested Col. William Preston, the county lieutenant,² to summon his men for the campaign. The people of this section, in view of the alarm, were all fortified and prepared for defense.

Gen. Lewis' command was divided into four parts under Cols. William Christian, John Field, William Fleming and his brother Col. Charles Lewis. Christian had charge of the Fincastle troops which included those from Holston. In this regiment was a company commanded by Evan Shelby, his son Isaac being lieutenant, while James, another son, was also a member. Col. Christian was detained on the route on account of the slow arrival of his men and provisions.

²A county lieutenant was the highest ranking officer in the county and carried with it the title of colonel. Isaac Shelby was our first county lieutenant.

Cpts. Shelby and Russel, with their companies, pushed on. Christian was to bring up the rear and, being sorely vexed by delays, declared, "I would not for all I'm worth be behind in crossing the Ohio and lending assistance."

Upon the arrival of Col. Fleming at Camp Union he found Cpts. Shelby and Russel, with part of their companies, already there.

"The Holston men were the advance guard of civilization on the farthest border yet pushed out into the Western wilderness, out of which the States of Kentucky and Tennessee were in due time to be carved."³

Military discipline was not as rigid on this expedition as it had been on other like occasions. The men were disposed to do as they pleased. There was considerable grumbling about the meat, some claiming partiality was shown, as a part of them got good beef while the others got bad. The dissatisfied ones would slip out of camp and hunt for game. This, however, had the advantage of affording picket service as otherwise no pickets were sent out.

It was due to a hunting party that the whole army was not surprised and set upon when they arrived in camp on the Great Kanawha.

James Shelby had fallen sick and his father sent James Robertson and Valentine Sevier⁴ out, early on the morning of October the 10th, "to perch a turkey for him" when they ran into "five acres of Indians" about a mile from camp. These Indians were moving on the camp.

Robertson and Sevier fired at the party and succeeded in checking their movements. The two men then hastened back and gave the alarm.

The drums beat to arms.

³Thwaite and Kellogg's "Dunmore's War."

⁴Two others, Joseph Hughey of Shelby's Company and James Mooney, were also out hunting—the former was killed and the latter rushed into camp with the report, and later was killed in the battle.

THE BATTLE.

Instantly the men rolled out of their blankets and, knowing what it meant, prepared for battle. The Indians soon rallied from the surprise of the fire from the two hunters and came on, their battle line extending one mile and a quarter. Gen. Lewis ordered out two companies—three hundred men—under Charles Lewis and Fleming, to meet the enemy. When about half a mile away these companies encountered the Indians and the men remaining in camp were aroused by the thundering report of hundreds of guns. Two hundred more men under Col. Field were rushed to the spot. At the very opening of the battle Col. Charles Lewis was mortally wounded, Col. Fleming was disabled⁵ and Col. Field was slain shortly after his arrival. The command now fell to Capt. Evan Shelby, Gen. Andrew Lewis having remained behind to superintend the fortifying of the camp. The two lines of battle, at times, came so close together that the commands of the officers of one side could be heard by the other. The men were even close enough to jeer at each other. The Indians made fun of the fife music, "don't whistle now," they shouted and invited our men to come over and learn how to shoot. The chiefs showed daring courage in the conduct of the battle, moving along the lines encouraging their braves to "lie low, shoot well, be brave." Previous to the battle they had stationed squaws and Indian boys along the banks of the Ohio and Kanawha, well armed, to shoot our men should they try to escape by

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ROUGH SURGERY AT PT. PLEASANT

"I received three balls in the left Line two Struck my left arm below the Elbow broke both the bones & I find one of them is lodged in my arm a third entered my breast about three Inches below my left Nipple and is lodged some where in the Chest. on finding myself effectually disabled I quitted the field. when I came to be drest, I found my Lungs forced through the wound in my breast as long as one of my fingers. Watkins Attempted to reduce them ineffectually. he got some part returned but not the whole. being in considerable pain, sometime afterward I got the whole returned by the Assistance of one of my Own Attendants since which I thank the Almighty I have been in a surprising state of ease."—Col. Fleming's letter to William Bowyer.

swimming the river. These were shouting in savage expectancy "drive the white dogs in."

Isaac Shelby, who assumed command of his father's company, repulsed a flank movement of the Indians and in turn assisted by James Stewart and George Mathews out-flanked the enemy. Their red foes began to retreat, but on reaching safer ground, where they could hide behind fallen logs, made another stand, again retreating however. The battle had lasted seven hours and outside of a little skirmishing was nearing its end. During the night the Indians, although apparently defiant and threatening a renewal on the morrow with two thousand reinforcements, retreated, carrying away as many of their dead and wounded as were within reach. Those they were unable to carry away they scalped rather than permit them to be thus abused by the whites.

There were many heroic hand to hand encounters during the action and many examples of individual bravery shown.⁶

It was a sanguinary contest—one of the most stubbornly waged that had been fought up to that time—resulting in seventy-five of the whites being killed with one hundred and forty wounded. Their only surgeon, Col. Fleming, being wounded almost to death and unable to render any assistance, the distress and suffering among the wounded was pitiable.⁷

A stockade was erected and garrisoned with a company under the command of Isaac Shelby. He remained

⁶Ramsey gives credit to John Sawyers, one of Shelby's men, for making a desperate charge with "a few others" and dislodging the enemy from a dangerous advantage.

⁷As an example of distress and diversion the following is taken from Newal's Journal dated Oct. 21, Camp, on Point Pleasant, Parole—Dumfrise:

"The guard as usual. The Revelie to Beat before daybreak, the lines to turn out under arms & have their arms examined by officers of their Companies, the men for work to parade as soon as possible & compleat the breast work. At point pleasant was a stockade just built to secure the wounded men, who are dieing daily & most shocking sight to see their wounds." Alex. McKee caught a cat fish that weighs 57 ½ lbs." S. Newal.

here nine months, when the place was abandoned and the stockade destroyed by order of Lord Dunmore.

While Sullivan County and, for that matter, what was afterwards the State of Tennessee had but a few more than fifty men in this battle, the burden of the day rested upon them, and there, was the beginning of a series of daring adventures in which she has achieved victories by the unyielding struggle of her stalwart soldiery.

CHAPTER IX.

"SPIRIT OF '75."

When the news spread over the country of the condition of affairs in the East, and especially about Boston, the people of Botetourt, and Sullivan was once a part of Botetourt, were not slow to respond with their sympathies to the distress of their countrymen and stood prepared to back them up with a bold defense.

How quickly the conditions change and how easily the maps take on different hues. Allies become adversaries, political upheavals lift the oppressed above the sceptered sway and cover the oppressor with the grime of defeat.

To-day the king lashes his subjects into groveling submission, to-morrow he mixes his pottage with the peasantry. To-day Andrew Lewis is marching under the orders of Lord Dunmore against the stronghold of the Indians on the Great Kanawha, to-morrow he is driving his Lordship from the State of Virginia.

The colonists had petitioned the throne in vain—their petitions had been spurned, tossed aside as unworthy of consideration or regarded as rebellious and seditious.

It was during these tense times "the hunter on the Alleghany" arose to cheer his brother across the border.

No other declaration of independence surpasses in fervor and loyal patriotism the Declaration from the Freeholders of Botetourt.¹

TO COL. ANDREW LEWIS, and MR. JOHN BOYER.

Gentlemen.

For your past service you have our thanks, and we presume it is all the reward you desire. And as we have again committed to you

¹There is no date to this declaration. It appeared in London along with other documents during the year 1775. It was published in "The Remembrancer or Impartial Repository," 1776, and I am indebted to the courtesy of Hon. Daniel Trigg, of Abingdon, Va., for a copy.

the greatest trust we can confer (that of appearing for us in the great council of the colony) we think it expedient you hear our sentiments at this important juncture. And first, we require you to represent us with hearts replete with the most grateful and loyal veneration for the race of Brunswick; for they have been truly our fathers, and at the same time the most dutiful affection for our Sovereign, of whose honest heart we cannot entertain any diffidence; but sorry we are to add, that in his councils we can no longer confide; a set of miscreants, unworthy to administer the laws of Britain's empire, have been permitted impiously to sway. How unjustly, cruelly, and tyrannically, they have invaded our rights, we need not now put you in mind. We only say, and we assert it with pride, that the subjects of Britain are one; and when the honest man of Boston who has broke no law, has his property wrested from him, the hunter on the Allegany must take the alarm, and, as a freeman of America, he will fly to his representatives, and thus instruct them: Gentlemen, my gun, my tomahawk, my life I desire you to render to the honour of my king and country; but my liberty to range these woods on the same terms my father has done, is not mine to give up; it was not purchased by me, and purchased it was; it is entailed on my son, and the tenure is sacred. Watch over it, gentlemen, for to him it must descend inviolated, if my arms can defend it; but if not, if wicked power is permitted to prevail against me, the original purchase was blood, and mine shall seal the surrender.

That our countrymen and the world may know our disposition, we chuse that this be published. And we have one bequest to add, that is that the sons of freedom who appeared for us in Philadelphia, will accept our most ardent, grateful acknowledgements; and we hereby plight them our faith, that we will religiously observe their resolutions, and obey their instructions, in contempt of power and temporary interest; and should the measures they have wisely calculated for our relief fail, we will stand prepared for every contingency. We are, Gentlemen,

Your dutiful, &c.

THE FREEHOLDERS OF BOTETOURT.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRANSYLVANIA TRUST.

Sullivan County was interested in the first great trust in America. The transaction known as the Henderson Purchase, made by the Transylvania Company—in the business parlance of to-day—was a trust.

Daniel Boone, whose name stands for a type of rugged integrity, was agent for this company. It was through the ambitious generosity of Col. Richard Henderson, who had wealth, that Boone was able to indulge his bent for discovery. Henderson was Boone's Mæcenas.

On his return from a hunting and exploring trip he outlined such tempting possibilities in the beautiful land that Henderson at once had visions of vast wealth, and what was still more alluring, the sway of power.

Although, in a memorial to Congress, the company avowed their wish "to be considered by the colonies as brethren in the same great cause of liberty and mankind," they entertained hopes of a little republic of their own.

Henderson associated with him other men of wealth—David Hart, Nathaniel Hart, James Hogg, John Williams, Leonard H. Bullock, John Luttrell, Thomas Hart and William Johnson. With Nathaniel Hart, Henderson, in the fall of 1774, made a trip to the Cherokee country to negotiate with the Indians for the purchase of their lands. On their return they were accompanied by Chief Carpenter, who had been selected by the tribe as their representative to examine the merchandise they were to receive in exchange for the land. On going back the envoy rendered a favorable report and a final treaty, proposed by Oconostota, was to be framed at Watauga in March, 1775. Accordingly twelve hundred of the Cherokees, headed by Oconostota, Carpenter and

The Raven, were there to celebrate the transfer. It took several days to come to an agreement, and during the time there was much feasting. No intoxicating drinks were allowed, but many beeves were barbecued.

The principal opposition to the sale of these lands was made by Dragging Canoe, who argued eloquently for retaining the lands of his ancient people. He was finally persuaded, however, and the treaty was concluded by the payment of £10,000, in our money about \$50,000. This was a fabulous sum for that day, since, at the time of the Revolution, there was but one millionaire in this country.¹

There were two deeds made for this land—one was called the "Path Deed" and the other the "Great Grant." In the former the boundary was: "All that territory or parcel of land beginning on the Holston river where the course of Powell's mountain strikes the same; thence up said river, as it meanders, to where the Virginia line crosses same; thence westward along the line run by Donaldson, etc., to a point six English miles eastward of Long Island in the said Holston river; thence a direct course toward the mouth of the Great Kanawha until it reaches the top ridge of Powell's mountain; thence westwardly along the said ridge to the beginning."

The other deed, among other descriptions, had this: "All that tract, territory or parcel of land situated, lying and being in North America." It embraced about all of Kentucky and had the marks of a mighty trust.

OTHER TRANSFERS.

At this treaty meeting the Watauga Association, which was holding lands on an eight-year lease, now sought a deed for these lands and, upon the payment of £2,000, secured it.

The store of Parker and Carter, two merchants living

¹Robert Morris.

in Carter's Valley—later a part of Sullivan, until cut off for Hawkins County—had their store robbed during the passing of the Indians to the treaty grounds and a claim was put in to indemnify them for the loss. This was agreed upon and for a further small consideration a deed was made to them embracing land lying between "Cloud Creek and Chimney Top mountain of Beech Creek."

THE LITTLE REPUBLIC.

The Henderson Company built Boonesborough and established a land office there. Joseph Martin was also agent for this company, having disposal of lands in Powell's Valley. Special inducements—gifts of large tracts of land—were offered to the first settlers. There was some attempt at organized government and the "Legislature of Transylvania" met at Boonesborough in 1775. The little republic was short-lived—Henderson became disgusted with his associates, called them "a set of scoundrels" and retired from the scene. Virginia and North Carolina declared the purchase illegal, but, as a recognition of Henderson's work in peopling the West, he was given two hundred thousand acres of land.

Long and tedious litigation resulted. The committee, appointed by Congress to consider the memorial, decided the purchase was illegal—that "attempts to monopolize lands were dangerous and injurious to society."²

Many men of note became involved. Among them Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, who the company declared, wanted stock in the deal, but were denied. Henry and Jefferson claimed the company wanted them to take shares, which they declined.

Among the many troubles of the Transylvania Company was a peculiar lawsuit with William Cocks. At

²The exclusiveness of this monopoly was much in its working like trusts of today. Isaac Shelby, in his deposition during the trial, said Oconostota, at the Long Island Treaty in 1776, told him that he was wary of signing papers since his trade with Henderson, as the latter tied him up so he "couldn't catch a crawfish on the land." (Shelby's MSS. Deposition.)

one time Henderson had Boone and his company quartered in Kentucky. Fearing they would leave before he wished and not daring to go there himself, "with tears in his eyes" he appealed to a group of men and offered any one, who would take a message to Boone, twenty thousand acres of land. Cocke, being one of the number, agreed to go for ten thousand acres and made the journey of one hundred miles without mishap. Through one excuse or another, payment was put off from time to time until after Henderson's death, whereupon Cocke, seeing no immediate prospect of a settlement, brought suit through his attorney, John Rhea of Sullivan County, for his claim.³

³Draper MSS.

NANCY WARD

A BIOGRAPHY

"That famous Indian woman" was Col. William Campbell's description of Nancy Ward, whose acts of friendly mediation, and humane treatment of captives, endeared her to the whites in such a way that she is known as Tennessee's Pocahontas.

Her father was a British officer named Ward and her mother a sister of Ata-kullakulla, leading chief of the Cherokees during their most troublesome times. The date of her birth is unknown.

She resided at Echota, the capital of the Cherokee nation, where she was regarded as chief woman of the tribe, having such titles as "Beloved Woman" and "Pretty Woman." She decided the fate of captives. One of her most benevolent acts was to save the life of Mrs. Bean after she had been condemned and tied to the stake, at the time the young boy, Moore, was burned.

In many ways she showed her friendship for the whites, especially at the time of the contemplated raids upon the Holston and Watauga forts, in 1776. On the occasion of another Cherokee uprising in 1780 she shielded a number of traders and helped them to escape.

It was out of consideration for her kind offices that the Indians did not suffer worse treatment when the whites invaded their nation. Echota was not burned on her account, and when her relatives once fell into the hands of an attacking force they were spared out of consideration for her.

As chief woman of the tribe she was permitted to appear and speak in their solemn councils, and at those meetings her word was supreme.

James Robertson once visited her on an errand of peace and afterwards described her as "queenly and command-

ing," and said that her "house was furnished in accordance with her high dignity."

Nancy Ward exerted her influence for the higher civilization and general betterment of her race and her kind acts were to influence her own people, to discourage savage warfare as much as they were done out of sympathy for the whites.

In a domestic way, too, she was progressive, having introduced cows among the Arkansas Cherokees and her efforts along all lines of improvement and elevation of the race were commendable.

The date of her death is unknown.

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LONG ISLAND

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 1. The Island | 4. Tithammer Shoals |
| 2. Island Flats and Fort Patriok Henry
(Beyond the Ridge) | 5. Tithammer Rock |
| 3. Bays Mountain | 6. Indian War Path |
| | 7. Shroice of Holston River |

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLE OF ISLAND FLATS.

In June, before the battle of Island Flats, which took place August 20, 1776, Nancy Ward sent word to the Watauga and Fort Patrick settlements that the Indians, seven hundred strong, headed by Dragging Canoe and Abraham, two of their most desperate chiefs, were preparing to make a raid. Knowing her to be a friend of the whites the scouts that were sent out carried warnings and hurried the people of Carter's Valley into the stockades.

There was a gathering of soldiers at Eaton's Station. This station was not a fort up to this time, but, upon the arrival of the refugees, rail fences were torn down and, along with other timbers, stacked into a sort of stockade. Several other companies, counting one hundred and seventy men, hastened there to protect them.

Scouts were sent out and returning informed the officers a great body of Indians was approaching in the neighborhood of Long Island. At a consultation it was decided not to wait for the Indians to attack the fort, but to go out and meet them for, otherwise, they would perhaps go through the settlements murdering the defenseless people rather than attempt to fight an armed body of men behind a stockade. Accordingly, following the advice of William Cocke,¹ they came forth and prepared to meet the enemy. They reached Island Flats. Here the advance guard met about twenty Indians coming up the road toward the fort. These they fired into,

¹A controversy took place sometime after the fight in regard to the conduct of Capt. William Cocke, some accusing him of cowardice as he happened to be cut off at one time from the main body of the troops and it was supposed he was retreating. He wrote a reply, well prepared and at times emotional, in defense of his action and offered to suffer the penalty if his comrades thought him guilty. He was court-martialed, but was only given about a year's suspension from service.

dispersing them, after which they pursued them some distance.

It was late in the afternoon when the main body of whites arrived, and it was thought best, in a council of officers, not to expect the enemy that day, but to return to the fort. They had gone nearly a mile on their return march when it was found the Indians were following in large numbers and in line of battle. The whites immediately prepared to meet them and also got into line, with some little confusion, however, and the delay was all but disastrous as the Indians came near flanking them.

The battle lasted only a short time, but was fought with fury. During the engagement some individual heroism was shown. Lieut. Davis, seeing the Indians were trying to flank them, called out: "Boys, boys, we'll be surrounded, follow me," and leading his men off, formed them across the flat, to the ridge. Thus they checked the Indians' attempted coup and soon put them to flight.

PERSONAL HEROISM.

Alex Moore and another private, named Handly, seeing two of the savages in flight, agreed to pursue them, each designating the one he intended to attack. Moore was first to overtake his man and both he and the Indian fired at the same time—both missed. Moore then rushed up and struck the Indian with the butt of his gun, breaking it off. They clinched. Moore, by his agility, was able to throw the Indian, but the Indian, owing to his greater size and strength, recovered. He then tried to tomahawk Moore who, seeing his intention, knocked the weapon from his hand. Handly, in the meantime, had followed his Indian who, when he found that he was unable to outrun his pursuer, turned and fired, he also missing. The Indian then stood still, presenting a brave front—received the ball from a deliberate aim and fell to the earth, Handly scalping him. Handly returned to aid Moore, whom he found still clinching with his Indian,

while the latter was slowly dragging him toward the tomahawk, which Moore, each time, would, with a hasty kick, place beyond his reach. This was kept up until the arrival of Handly, who dispatched the Indian.

The Indians were routed in this battle, "eighteen of their scalps being taken," while only four of the whites were wounded. It was supposed the Indians' losses were much larger as a great trail of blood was found. Of the whites wounded in this battle only one name is preserved. N. Logan was shot in the back of the neck with an arrow—guns and bows both being used.

While it was not a great battle, the result served a great purpose. It strengthened the faith of the settlers in their powers of defense and made the foe distrust his own strength.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF ISLAND FLATS

"On the 19th our scouts returned, and informed us that they had discovered where a great number of Indians were making into the settlements; upon which alarm, the few men stationed at Eaton's, completed a breast-work sufficiently strong, with the assistance of what men were there, to have repelled a considerable number; sent expresses to the different stations and collected all the forces in one body, and the morning after about one hundred and seventy turned out in search of the enemy. We marched in two divisions, with flankers on each side and scouts before. Our scouts discovered upwards of twenty meeting us and fired on them. They returned the fire, but our men rushed on them with such violence that they were obliged to make a precipitate retreat. We took ten bundles and a good deal of plunder, and had great reason to think some of them were wounded. This small skirmish happened on ground very disadvantageous for our men to pursue, though it was with the greatest difficulty our officers could restrain their men. A council was held, and it was thought advisable to return, as we imagined there was a large party not far off. We accordingly returned, and had not marched more than a mile when a number, not inferior to ours, attacked us in the rear. Our men sustained the attack with great bravery and interpidity, immediately forming a line. The Indians endeavoured to surround us, but were prevented by the uncommon fortitude and vigilance of Capt. James Shelby, who took possession of an eminence that prevented their design. Our line of battle extended about a quarter of a mile. We killed about thirteen on the spot, whom

we found, and have the greatest reason to believe that we could have found a great many more, had we had time to search for them. There were streams of blood every way; and it was generally thought there was never so much execution done in so short a time on the frontier. Never did troops fight with greater calmness than ours did. The Indians attacked us with the greatest fury imaginable, and made the most vigorous efforts to surround us. Our spies really deserve the greatest applause. We took a great deal of plunder and many guns, and had only four men greatly wounded. The rest of the troops are in high spirits and eager for another engagement. We have the greatest reason to believe they are pouring in great numbers on us, and beg the assistance of our friends.

JAMES THOMPSON,
JAMES SHELBY,
WILLIAM BUCHANAN,

JOHN CAMPBELL,
WILLIAM COCKE,
THOMAS MADISON.

To Maj. Anthony Bledsoe, for him to be immediately sent to Col. Preston."

The Indians taking part in the Island Flats fight were led by that savage chief, Dragging Canoe, the other division, under Abraham, attacking Watauga. Finding themselves unable to take this point they laid siege for three weeks, but with little success. They also sent warriors to Womack's fort.

During this siege a Mrs. Bean and a youth named Moore were captured. On returning to their own towns the Indians burned the Moore boy. Mrs. Bean was condemned to suffer a similar fate and was already tied to the stake, when Nancy Ward interceded and saved her life.

SOUTH FORK SKIRMISH.

Marauding parties of Indians continued to harass the settlers. They had a permanent camp in the neighborhood of Long Island, from which they would come forth and pounce down upon some unsuspecting settlement, killing and burning. Spies discovered their retreat at the mouth of the south fork of Holston river. One night previous to this a party of whites were driven into the Snodgrass fort, near Abingdon. The next day recruits

from the various forts met near the camp of these Indians and prepared to surround them, but before they were ready someone, suspecting the Indians heard them, fired into their camp, while the remainder rushed to the river and plunged in. Seven scalps were taken in this fight and out of twenty-five Indians discovered in camp only one returned to the settlement on Chicamauga. The rest were killed or drowned—the river being flushed at the time.²

²During the Chicamauga campaign inquiries were made of the Indians about this fight and they reported that there was but one survivor.—Snodgrass MSS.—Draper collection.

CHAPTER XII.

CHRISTIAN CAMPAIGN.

At this period the southern Indians became more active and offensive than ever before. Chafing under the crush of defeat they were ready to form an alliance with any nation to retrieve their lost prestige, both as a military power and as landowners. In this way they thought to restore to themselves territory which they felt had been wrung from them in forced treaties. It was in this state of mind the British agents found them at the beginning of the Revolution. John Stuart, the British Superintendent of Southern Indian Affairs, approached these Indians with offers of aid in the way of ammunition, food and clothing, and promises of much loot.

When these conditions were made known to the people of the Holston settlements, who had been the sufferers in so many Cherokee invasions, they decided to no longer attempt to carry on a war of defense, staying in their stockades at home, but to make an imposing display of arms on the Indians' own grounds and assume the offensive. Accordingly Col. William Christian was ordered to Long Island with a force of men. He was joined by reinforcements under Cols. Williams and Love, and Maj. Winston, of North Carolina, and all rendezvoused at Long Island in August.

As an example of discipline while in camp there, the following is recorded in Christian's orderly book:

For the Tryal of Capt. James Shelby for giving a false alarm by the report of his gun, Pleading guilty with a apology that "he supposed the powder to have been mostly out of the Gun and he only intended to squib her"—sorry—. Fined one weeks pay.

Andrew King, John Barker, James Bates and James Wilson were likewise fined for the same breach of deportment—one week.¹

Accompanying this expedition were two chaplains and a surgeon. The following is also from the orderly book:

CAMP LADY AMBLER, Oct. 20, 1776.

Patrick Vance appointed third surgeon with pay of assistant.²

Wm. Cumins & Thos. Ray chaplains of first battalion. ³

Leaving the fort they crossed the island and camped the first night on the head waters of Lick creek, near Chimney Top mountain. Here they remained several days awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Watauga. Altogether there were about two thousand men including wood choppers, pack drivers, and cattle drivers. Each soldier was supplied with a pound of powder and fifty bullets. There was one company of mounted riflemen, the remainder being infantry.

1Although the promiscuous shooting of fire-arms is a breach of discipline, the temptation to violate this rule is prevalent in all organizations that carry weapons—whether for military or amusement purposes. It is punishable by fine or often more severe measures. On the frontier, where powder was scarce, it was all the more necessary to enforce these regulations. Col. William Preston had had charge of the issuance of all supplies for many years and knowing how hard it was to secure ammunition, once cautioned Maj. Robertson: " * * * The detestable habit of wantonly firing Guns without any cause is also to be avoided, as it not only wastes ammunition which is very scarce but gives the Enemy notice where you are so that they will either take advantage of your Imprudence and surprise you or Pass by the Company & ravage the country."

2Surgery and surgical instruments were of the most primitive kind on the early frontier. During the Christian campaign, while the men were quartered at Long Island, a Dr. Vance discovered a treatment for scalped persons. He bored holes in the skull in order to create a new flesh covering for the exposed bone. On being called away he taught James Robertson how to perform the operation. Frederick Calvit, a scalped patient, was brought in and Robertson had a chance to practice upon him—"he [Vance] bored a few holes himself, to show the manner of doing it." He further declares: "I have found that a flat pointed, straight awl is the best instrument to bore with as the skull is thick and somewhat difficult to penetrate. When the awl is nearly through the instrument should be borne more lightly upon. The time to quit boring is when a reddish fluid appears on the point of the awl. I bore at first about one inch apart and as the flesh appears to rise in these holes I bore a number more between the first, etc. * * * The scalped head cures slowly. It skins remarkably slow, generally taking two years."—Draper MSS

3All other authorities give but one preacher, Charles Cummings. This, however, is taken from Christian's MSS. orderly book and is conclusive. The names of course are spelled wrong. Instead of "Wm. Cummins and Thos. Ray," they should be Charles Cummings and Joseph Rhea. Rhea was contemporary with Cummings. The variance in the spelling of proper names did not always indicate different persons any more than the extravagant use of capitals indicated illiteracy. Daniel Boone spelled his name boon and also Boone, yet all antagonists who came in contact with him certified that he was one and the same person.

Col. Christian kept spies constantly in advance of his troops, as the Indians had made the threat that no white man should cross the French Broad river.

While in camp near the mouth of Lick creek, Alex Harlin, a trader among the Cherokees, came in and told Col. Christian that three thousand of the enemy awaited his arrival at the French Broad. But their camp was deserted on arrival of the white troops, although there were evidences that they had recently been there in large numbers. Another trader during the absence of Harlin addressed the Indians and advised them not to oppose the white man as he was made to rule over them and would enter their towns.⁴ Christian allowed Harlin to go through the camp, as he desired their strength to be reported when he returned to the Indians. He also sent a very defiant message, saying he would not only cross the French Broad, but the Tennessee as well. Just before the army reached the river they were met by another trader with a flag of truce, but orders were given out not to pay any attention to him. Upon arrival at the river Col. Christian employed a piece of strategy similar to that afterwards executed by Gen. Washington at Trenton. He ordered the camp fires kindled and kept up so as to give the impression that he was going into permanent camp. At the same time, with one thousand of his men, he made the very difficult passage of the river—the men traveling by fours to support each other—and arrived safely on the other side, but found no enemy to meet him. In November he reached their towns which he also found abandoned. He remained in their nation two weeks and destroyed many of their towns and crops. At the request of the Indians, Christian agreed to a truce, which was to be followed by a treaty,⁵ to be made at the Long Island during July 1777. He, however, burned the town of Tuskega, in which lived

⁴Ramsey.

⁵See Chapter XIII.

the warriors responsible for burning the boy Moore, captured at Watauga.

Col. Christian returned to Long Island December 16th, and disbanded his men except a garrison of six hundred which he left in command of Evan Shelby and Anthony Bledsoe. It was on his return that the fort took the name Fort Patrick Henry⁶—one of Christian's officers naming it.

⁶Mooney is evidently in error in saying that Christian built Fort Patrick Henry. Fort Robinson was built in 1861 by Col. Stephen and was afterwards renamed Patrick Henry. Perhaps, too, it was remodeled.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TREATY OF LONG ISLAND.

In accordance with Col. Christian's agreement to hold a treaty meeting with the Cherokees at Long Island, Govs. Patrick Henry of Virginia, and Caswell of North Carolina, appointed commissioners to represent the two states at this conference, which convened the latter part of June, 1777.

The commissioners for Virginia were Col. William Preston, Col. William Christian and Col. Evan Shelby. Those for North Carolina were Waightstill Avery, William Sharpe, Robert Lanier and Joseph Winston.

Col. Christian, accompanying the Indian chiefs, Oconostota and others, arrived at the island on the thirtieth day of June. Two days later, July 2nd, just as the commissioners and Indians were becoming good-naturedly acquainted, with prospects of a tranquil settlement, a Cherokee warrior known as The Big Bullet, was mysteriously murdered. This so alarmed his people that they withdrew, suspecting treachery and massacre. The treaty thereby came near falling through. It took several days and much persistence, on the part of the representatives, to assure the Indians that they were in no way abettors of the crime, that they deplored the murder and should the slayer be found would be put to death. As further evidence of sincerity, they offered six hundred dollars reward for the arrest of the murderer. Finally the Indians consented to return to the treaty meeting.

The Fourth of July came on and was duly observed,¹ this of course, being the first anniversary of the Declara-

¹Haywood.

tion of Independence. There was much rejoicing and parade. It was explained to the Indians that these festivities were in celebration of promised release from the tyrannical oppression of Great Britain.

As usual, at these treaty meetings, there were many "big talks" by the chiefs and much oratory on the part of the whites. These talks lasted several days. The Cherokees, by nature, are ceremonious and their vagaries had to be nursed to convince them of sincerity, especially since the cowardly murder of The Big Bullet, to whom they frequently referred.

The commissioners, long experienced with savage customs and dispositions, were very deliberate and on all questions allowed them as much time as they desired. The speakers on both sides expressed great delight that a permanent peace was about to be established—a profession no doubt sincerely uttered—however, the length of this amity was very uncertain as these agreements were often, on some flimsy pretext, violated by one side or the other.²

The first article of treaty declared that: "Hostilities shall forever cease between the Cherokees and the people of North Carolina from this time forward and peace, friendship and confidence shall ensue."

During the framing of the treaty, the commissioners requested the Indians to speak their sentiments without reserve, as they were not brought from their far homes to be taken advantage of nor to have forced upon them anything hurtful to their interests. Regret was expressed that The Lying Fish and Dragging Canoe were absent.

The foremost cause of delay in arriving at a conclusion of the treaty was the Cherokees' objection to the proposed extension of the boundary line. In a speech on July 17th, The Old Tassel expressed surprise, saying

²The white settlers were more often the aggressors. Frontier law was either lax or summary and severe punishment was not usually visited upon the head of any white man for offense against an Indian.

he had not expected overtures for land, but for peace. He asserted "if this and another house were packed full of goods they would not make satisfaction; the giving up of this territory would spoil the hunting grounds of my people. I hope you will consider this," he pleaded, "and pity me; you require a thing I cannot do."

Finally, on July 20th, a treaty was completed and The Raven, the spokesman of the Indians, expressed the wish that the boundary line between themselves and the whites be "as a wall to the skies," so that no one could pass it.

With reluctance they yielded Long Island,³ desiring to retain this strip of land on account of its being their ancient treaty place and where, since time out of mind, peace pacts had been made. So the present treaty contained the following protest memorandum: "The Tassel yesterday objected against giving up Great Island, opposite to Fort Henry, to any person or country whatsoever, except Col. Nathaniel Gist, for whom and themselves it was reserved by the Cherokees. The Raven did the same, this day, in behalf of his people and desired that Col. Gist might sit down upon it when he pleased as it belonged to him and them to hold good talks on."

The more prominent articles of the treaty were: All white or negro prisoners, if any there be among the Cherokees, shall be given up immediately to the agent to be appointed for them; and all the horses, cattle and other property taken in the late war, from the people, shall be delivered up.

That no white man shall reside in or pass in and out of the Overhill towns⁴ without a certificate, signed by three justices of the peace, and should any be found with-

³There is still a claim among the Cherokees that Long Island was not ceded to the whites.

⁴Overhill Cherokees—those living in the valleys as distinguished from the mountain dwellers.

out these certificates should be delivered to the agent of the whites while the Cherokees could appropriate any effects of said person.

Should any runaway negroes get into the Overhill towns they were to be secured until the owners call for them.

That all white men authorized, by credentials, to pass through shall be protected; that if any white man murder an Indian he is to be delivered up to a justice of the peace of the nearest county, tried and put to death according to law. And should an Indian murder a white man, said Indian is to be put to death in the presence of the agent or two justices of the peace.

At the completion of the treaty the following boundary was agreed upon between the two parties;

That the boundary line between the State of North Carolina and the said Over-hill Cherokees shall forever hereafter be and remain as follows, (to wit:) Beginning at a point in the dividing line which during the treaty hath been agreed upon between the said Over-hill Cherokees and the State of Virginia, where the line between that state and North Carolina (hereafter to be extended) shall cross or intersect the same, running thence a right line to the north bank of the Holston River at the mouth of Cloud's Creek, being the second creek below the Warrior's Ford, at the mouth of Carter's Valley, thence a right line to the highest point of a mountain called the High Rock or Chimney Top, from thence a right line to the mouth of Camp Creek, otherwise called McNama's Creek, on the south bank of Nolichucky River, about ten miles or thereabouts below the mouth of Great Limestone, be the same more or less, and from the mouth of Camp Creek aforesaid a south-east course into the mountains which divide the hunting grounds of the middle settlements from those of the Overhill Cherokees.

To prevent any infringement of these peace terms, it was further agreed that no white man on any pretence, whatsoever, shall build, plant, improve, settle, hunt or drive stock below said boundary on pain of being driven off by the Indians and punished by the whites. And,

"that no man shall carry a gun⁵ in search of any cattle on pain of forfeiting said gun to the informer."

In testimony, the following chiefs and commissioners signed:

Waightstill Avery,	(SEAL)
William Sharpe,	(SEAL)
Robert Lanier,	(SEAL)
Joseph Winston,	(SEAL)
Oconostota, of Chota, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Rayetaeh of The Old Tassel, of Toquoe, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Sayanukeh of The Raven, of Chota, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Willanawaw, of Toquoe, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Ootosseteh, of Hiwassee, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Attusah of The Northward Warrior, of the mouth of Tellico River, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Ooskuah of Abram, of Chilhowee, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Rollowch of The Raven, from the mouth of Tellies River, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Toostoon, from the mouth of Tellies River, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Amoyah of The Pigeon, of Natchey Creek, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Oostossetih of The Mankiller, of Wiwassee, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Tillehawe of The Chestnut, of Tellies, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Quee Lee Kah, of Hiwassee, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Anna ke hu jah of The Girl, of Tuskega, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Annecekah, of Tuskega, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Ske Ahtu Kah, of Citico, his mark,	(SEAL)
Atta Kulla Kulla of The Little Carpenter, of Natchey Creek, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Ookoo nekah of The White Owl, of Natchey Creek, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Ka ta quilla of Pot Clay, of Chilhowee, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Tus ka sah of The Tarrapin, of Chiles tooch, his X mark,	(SEAL)
Sunne wauh, of Big Island town, his X mark,	(SEAL)
WITNESS: Jacob Womack, James Robins, John Reed, Isaac Bledsoe, Brice Martin, John Reed, John Kearns.	

JOSEPH VANN, Interpreter

⁵A gunsmith by agreement was to accompany the chiefs, reside in their nation and do their repairing.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHELBY CAMPAIGN.

In the spring of 1779, more than two years after the Christian campaign, Evan Shelby commanded an expedition against the Chicamaugas.

Their rendezvous was at Big Creek¹ where some time was spent in preparing boats for the first naval demonstration in this section. So swiftly did they descend the river the Indians were taken completely by surprise.

Shelby had nearly one thousand men with him. The first town he entered was Chicamauga, where lived Dragging Canoe and Big Fool, the two chiefs, with five hundred warriors, all of whom fled at the approach of the men. The town was burned and the Indians were pursued until they hid themselves in the fastnesses of the mountains.

Capturing some of their straggling warriors the invaders sent them out to bring the chiefs in to a conference. The Chicamaugas were wary, however, and declined to come.

After waiting some time our men destroyed their towns—twelve in number. They also destroyed great stores of corn, some of which had been hid in the cane brakes. They captured goods to the value of twenty thousand pounds sterling, or in our money, about one hundred thousand dollars. Shelby took one hundred and fifty horses, one hundred head of cattle and large quantities of deer skins, which an English trader had stored there.

After completing this work they destroyed the vessels in which they descended the river and returned on foot. There was considerable suffering among the troops before they reached the settlements.

On this expedition Shelby had the services of Capt.

¹"We rendezvoused at Long Island."—MSS. letter William Snodgrass.

Montgomery, who opportunely arrived in search of men for George Rogers Clark. In the latter's campaign Montgomery served with distinction.



RACHEL DONELSON

CHAPTER XV.

DONELSON'S VOYAGE.

The Donelsons were prominent in the early history of Sullivan County. Stokeley Donelson was one of the first magistrates and helped to organize the county. Col. John Donelson was a prominent surveyor and was also instrumental in negotiating treaties with the Indians. His most important assignment in this work was in association with Gen. Joseph Martin and Col. Isaac Shelby in formulating a treaty at Long Island July 9th, 1783.¹

In the fall of 1779, Col. Donelson brought his family from Virginia and located in Sullivan, near Long Island, now Kingsport. Here he built boats—thirty in number—preparatory to making a voyage down the Holston, with a view of settling on the Cumberland river, in Middle Tennessee.

His daughter, Rachel Donelson, who afterwards became the wife of Andrew Jackson,² was then a girl thirteen years of age and accompanied the expedition. The start, owing to the time required in building the boats and also to a freeze-up following their completion, was not made until December 22, 1779.

This feat of navigation was the most daring of any that had yet been made to settle the West. Down unknown rivers, over dangerous shoals and falls, through towns of hostile and treacherous Indians, these bold navigators pushed their way.

The boats were all flat boats—one part roofed, Col. Donelson's and Capt. Blackmore's being the largest.

¹At these treaties it was customary to give the chiefs presents, in the nature of tips—

²Andrew Jackson at one time resided or boarded with the family of William Cobb in the "Forks" in Sullivan County.

In the boat of Col. and J. Donelson, Jr., were about fifteen whites and thirty blacks. In Mrs. James Robertson's³ boat, ten—all told, about three hundred people. Haywood gives the following list of those who accompanied Donelson: "Some of them who came with Col. Donelson, the whole of them not being recollected, were Robert Cartwright and family, Benjamin Porter and family, Mary Henry (a widow) and her family, Mary Purnell and her family, James Cain and his family, Isaac Neely and his family, John Cotton and his family, old Mr. Rounsever and his family, Jonathan Jennings and his family, William Crutchfield and his family, Joseph Renfroe and his family, James Renfroe and his family, Solomon Turpin and his family, old Mr. Johns and his family, Francis Armstong and his family, Isaac Lanier and his family, Daniel Dunham and his family, John Boyd and his family, John Montgomery and his family, John Cockrill and his family, John Donaldson and his family, John Caffrey and his family, John Donaldson, Jr., and his family, Mrs. Robertson (the wife of Capt. James Robertson), John Blackmore and John Gibson."

When camped at night their fires, strung along the shore, made an impressive scene. Col. Donelson's diary describes the voyage.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE, intended by God's permission, in the good boat Adventure, from Fort Patrick Henry on Holston River, to the French Salt Springs on Cumberland River, kept by John Donaldson.

DECEMBER 22, 1779.—Took our departure from the fort and fell down the river to the mouth of Reedy Creek, where we were stopped by the fall of water, and most excessive hard frost; and after much delay and many difficulties we arrived at the mouth of Cloud's Creek, on Sunday evening, the 20th of February, 1780, where we lay by until Sunday, 27th, when we took our departure with the sundry other vessels bound for the same voyage, and on the same day struck the Poor Valley Shoal,

³James Robertson, the husband of this Mrs. Robertson, had gone overland in company with Richard Henderson and others, bound for the same destination.

together with Mr. Boyd and Mr. Rounsifer, on which shoal we lay that afternoon and succeeding night in much distress.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1780.—In the morning the water rising we got off the shoal, after landing thirty persons to lighten our boat. In attempting to land on an island, received some damage and lost sundry articles, and came to camp on the south shore, where we joined sundry other vessels also bound down.

TUESDAY, 29th.—Proceeded down the river and camped on the north shore, the afternoon and the following day proving rainy.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1st.—Proceeded on and camped on the south shore, nothing happening that day remarkable.

MARCH 2d.—Rain about half the day; passed the mouth of French Broad River, and about 12 o'clock, Mr. Henry's boat being driven on the point of an island by the force of the current was sunk, the whole cargo much damaged and the crew's lives much endangered, which occasioned the whole fleet to put on shore and go to their assistance, but with much difficulty bailed her, in order to take in her cargo again. The same afternoon Reuben Harrison went out a hunting and did not return that night, though many guns were fired to fetch him.

FRIDAY, 3d.—Early in the morning fired a four-pounder for the lost man, sent out sundry persons to search the woods for him, firing many guns that day and the succeeding night, but all without success, to the great grief of his parents and fellow travellers.

SATURDAY, 4th.—Proceeded on our voyage, leaving old Mr. Harrison with some other vessels to make further search for his lost son; about ten o'clock the same day found him a considerable distance down the river, where Mr. Ben. Belew took him on board his boat. At 3 o'clock, P. M., passed the mouth of Tennessee River, and camped on the south shore about ten miles below the mouth of Tennessee.

SUNDAY, 5th.—Cast off and got under way before sunrise; 12 o'clock passed the mouth of Clinch; at 12 o'clock, M., came up with the Clinch River Company, whom we joined and camped, the evening proving rainy.

MONDAY, 6th.—Got under way before sunrise; the morning proving very foggy, many of the fleet were much bogged—about 10 o'clock lay by for them; when collected, proceeded down. Camped on the north shore, where Capt. Hutching's negro man died, being much frosted in his feet and legs, of which he died.

TUESDAY, 7th.—Got under way very early, the day proving very windy, a S.S.W., and the river being high occasioned a high sea, inso-

much that some of the smaller crafts were in danger; therefore came to, at the uppermost Chicamauga Town, which was then evacuated, where we lay by that afternoon and camped that night. The wife of Ephraim Peyton was here delivered of a child. Mr. Peyton has gone through by land with Capt. Robinson.

WEDNESDAY, 8th.—Cast off at 10 o'clock, and proceeded down to an Indian village, which was inhabited, on the south side of the river; they insisted on us to "come ashore," called us brothers, and showed other signs of friendship, insomuch that Mr. John Caffrey and my son then on board took a canoe which I had in tow, and were crossing over to them, the rest of the fleet having landed on the opposite shore. After they had gone some distance, a half-breed, who called himself Archy Coody, with several other Indians, jumped into the canoe, met them, and advised them to return to the boat, which they did, together with Coody and several canoes which left the shore and followed directly after him. They appeared to be friendly. After distributing some presents among them, with which they seemed much pleased, we observed a number of Indians on the other side embarking in their canoes, armed and painted with red and black. Coody immediately made signs to his companions, ordering them to quit the boat, which they did, himself and another Indian remaining with us and telling us to move off instantly. Coody, the half-breed, and his companion, sailed with us for some time, and telling us that we had passed all the towns and were out of danger, left us. But we had not gone far until we had come in sight of another town, situated likewise on the southside of the river, nearly opposite a small island. Here they again invited us to come on shore, called us brothers, and observing the boats standing off for the opposite channel, told us that "their side of the river was better for boats to pass." And here we must regret the unfortunate death of young Mr. Payne, on board Capt. Blackemore's boat, who was mortally wounded by reason of the boat running too near the northern shore opposite the town, where some of the enemy lay concealed, and the more tragical misfortune of poor Stuart, his family and friends to the number of twenty-eight persons. This man had embarked with us for the Western country, but his family being diseased with the small pox, it was agreed upon between him and the company that he should keep at some distance in the rear, for fear of the infection spreading, and he was warned each night when the encampment should take place by the sound of a horn. After we had passed the town, the Indians having now collected to a considerable number, observing his helpless situation, singled off from the rest of the fleet, intercepted him and killed and took prisoners the whole crew, to the great grief of the whole company, uncertain how soon they might share the same fate; their cries were distinctly heard by those boats in the rear..

We still perceived them marching down the river in considerable bodies, keeping pace with us until the Cumberland Mountain withdrew them from our sight, when we were in hopes we had escaped them. We were now arrived at the place called the Whirl or Suck, where the river is compressed within less than half its common width above, by the Cumberland Mountain, which juts in on both sides. In passing through the upper part of these narrows, at a place described by Coody, which he termed the "boiling pot," a trivial accident had nearly ruined the expedition. One of the company, John Cotton, who was moving down in a large canoe, had attached it to Robert Cartwright's boat, into which he and his family had gone for safety. The canoe was here overturned, and the little cargo lost. The company pitying his distress concluded to halt and assist him in recovering his property. They had landed on a northern shore on a level spot, and were going up to the place, when the Indians, to our astonishment, appeared immediately over us on the opposite cliffs, and commenced firing down upon us, which occasioned a precipitate retreat to the boats. We immediately moved off, the Indians lining the bluffs along continued their fire from the heights on our boats below, without doing any other injury than wounding four slightly. Jennings's boat is missing.

We have now passed through the Whirl. The river widens with a placid and gentle current; and all the company appear to be in safety except the family of Jonathan Jennings, whose boat ran on a large rock, projecting out from the northern shore, and partly immersed in water immediately at the Whirl, where we were compelled to leave them, perhaps to be slaughtered by their merciless enemies. Continued to sail on that day and floated throughout the following night.

THURSDAY, 9th.—Proceeded on our journey, nothing happened worthy attention today; floated till about midnight, and encamped on the northern shore.

FRIDAY, 10th.—This morning about 4 o'clock we were surprised by the cries of "help poor Jennings," at some distance in the rear. He had discovered us by our fires, and came up in the most wretched condition. He states, that as soon as the Indians discovered his situation they turned their whole attention to him, and kept up a most galling fire at his boat. He ordered his wife, a son nearly grown, a young man who accompanied them, and his negro man and woman, to throw all his goods into the river, to lighten his boat for the purpose of getting her off, himself returning their fire as well as he could, being a good soldier and an excellent marksman. But before they had accomplished their object, his son, the young man and the negro, jumped out of the boat and left them. He thinks the young man and the negro were wounded

before they left the boat.* Mrs. Jennings, however, and the negro woman, succeeded in unloading the boat, but chiefly by the exertions of Mrs. Jennings, who got out of the boat and shoved her off, but was near falling a victim to her own intrepidity on account of the boat starting so suddenly as soon as loosened from the rock. Upon examination, he appears to have made a wonderful escape, for his boat is pierced in numberless places with bullets. It is to be remarked, that Mrs. Peyton, who was the night before delivered of an infant, which was unfortunately killed upon the hurry and confusion consequent upon such a disaster, assisted them, being frequently exposed to wet and cold then and afterwards, and that her health appears to be good at this time, and I think and hope she will do well. Their clothes were very much cut with bullets, especially Mrs. Jennings.

SATURDAY, 11th.—Got under way after having distributed the family of Mrs. Jennings in the other boats. Rowed on quietly that day, and encamped for the night on the north shore

SUNDAY, 12th.—Set out, and after a few hour's sailing we heard the crowing of cocks, and soon came within view of the town; here they fired on us again without doing us any injury.

After running until about 10 o'clock, came in sight of the Muscle Shoals. Halted on the northern shore at the appearance of the shoals, in order to search for the signs Capt. James Robertson was to make for us at that place. He set out from Holston early in the fall of 1779, was to proceed by the way of Kentucky to the Big Salt Lick on Cumberland River, with several others in company, was to come across from the Big Salt Lick to the upper end of the shoals, there to make such signs that we might know that he had been there, and that it was practicable for us to go across by land. But to our great mortification we can find none—from which we conclude that it would not be prudent to make the attempt, and are determined, knowing ourselves to be in such imminent danger, to pursue our journey down the river. After trimming our boats in the best manner possible, we ran through the shoals before night. When we approached them they had a dreadful appearance to those who had never seen them before. The water being high made a terrible roaring, which could be heard at some distance among the drift-wood heaped frightfully upon the points of the islands, the

*The negro was drowned. The son and the young man swam to the north side of the river, where they found and embarked in a canoe and floated down the river. The next day they were met by five canoes full of Indians, who took them prisoners and carried them to Chicasauga, where they killed and burned the young man. They knocked Jennings down and were about to kill him, but were prevented by the friendly mediation of Rogers, an Indian trader, who ransomed him with goods. Rogers had been taken prisoner by Sevier a short time before, and had been released; and that good office he requited by the ransom of Jennings.—Ramaey.

current running in every possible direction. Here we did not know how soon we should be dashed to pieces, and all our troubles ended at once. Our boats frequently dragged on the bottom, and appeared constantly in danger of striking. They warped as much as in a rough sea. But by the hand of Providence we are now preserved from this danger also. I know not the length of this wonderful shoal; it had been represented to me to be 25 or 30 miles. If so, we must have descended very rapidly, as indeed we did, for we passed it within about three hours. Came to, and camped on the northern shore, not far below the shoals, for the night.

MONDAY, 13th.—Got under way early in the morning, and made a good run that day.

TUESDAY, 14th.—Set out early. On this day two boats approaching too near the shore, were fired on by the Indians. Five of the crews were wounded, but not dangerously. Came to camp at night near the mouth of a creek. After kindling fires and preparing for rest, the company was alarmed, on account of the incessant barking our dogs kept up; taking it for granted that the Indians were attempting to surprise us, we retreated precipitately to the boats; fell down the river about a mile and encamped on the other shore. In the morning I prevailed upon Mr. Caffrey and my son to cross below in a canoe, and return to the place; which they did, and found an African negro we had left in the hurry, asleep by one of the fires. The voyagers returned and collected their utensils which had been left.

WEDNESDAY, 15th.—Got under way and moved on peaceably the five following days, when we arrived at the mouth of the Tennessee on Monday, the 20th, and landed on the lower point immediately on the bank of the Ohio. Our situation here is truly disagreeable. The river is very high, and the current rapid, our boats not constructed for the purpose of stemming a rapid stream, our provisions exhausted, the crews almost worn down with hunger and fatigue, and know not what distance we have to go, or what time it will take us to our place of destination. The scene is rendered still more melancholy, as several boats will not attempt to ascend the rapid current. Some intend to descend the Mississippi to Natchez; others are bound for the Illinois—among the rest my son-in-law and daughter. We now part, perhaps to meet no more, for I am determined to pursue my course, happen what will.

TUESDAY, 21st.—Set out, and on this day laboured very hard and got but a little way; camped on the south bank of the Ohio. Passed the two following days as the former, suffering much from hunger and fatigue.

FRIDAY, 24th.—About 3 o'clock came to the mouth of a river which I thought was the Cumberland. Some of the company declared it could not be—it was so much smaller than was expected. But I never heard of any river running in between the Cumberland and Tennessee. It appears to flow with a gentle current. We determined, however, to make the trial, pushed up some distance and encamped for the night.

SATURDAY, 25th.—Today we are much encouraged; the river grows wider; the current is very gentle, and we are now convinced it is the Cumberland. I have derived great assistance from a small square sail which was fixed up on the day we left the mouth of the river; and to prevent any ill-effects from sudden flaws of wind, a man was stationed at each of the lower corners of the sheet with, directions to give way whenever it was necessary.

SUNDAY, 26th.—Got under way early; procured some buffalo-meat; though poor it was palatable.

MONDAY, 27th.—Set out again; killed a swan, which was very delicious.

TUESDAY, 28th.—Set out very early this morning; killed some buffalo.

WEDNESDAY, 29th.—Proceeded up the river; gathered some herbs on the bottoms of Cumberland, which some of the company called Shawnee salad.

THURSDAY, 30th.—Proceeded on our voyage. This day we killed some more buffalo.

FRIDAY, 31st.—Set out this day, and after running some distance, met with Col. Richard Henderson, who was running the line between Virginia and North Carolina. At this meeting we were much rejoiced. He gave us every information we wished, and further informed us that he had purchased a quantity of corn in Kentucky, to be shipped at the Falls of Ohio for the use of Cumberland settlement. We are now without bread, and are compelled to hunt the buffalo to preserve life. Worn out with fatigue, our progress at present is slow. Camped at night near the mouth of a little river, at which place and below there is a handsome bottom of rich land. Here we found a pair of hand-mill stones set up for grinding, but appeared not to have been used for a great length of time.

Proceeded on quietly until the 12th of April, at which time we came to the mouth of a little river running in on the north side, by Moses Renfoe and his company called Red River, up which they intend to settle. Here they took leave of us. We proceeded up Cumberland, nothing happening material until the 23d, when we reached the first

settlement on the north side of the river, one mile and a half below the Big Salt Lick and called Eaton's Station, after a man of that name who with several other families, came through Kentucky and settled there.

MONDAY, April 24th.—This day we arrived at our journey's end at the Big Salt Lick, where we had the pleasure of finding Capt. Robertson and his company. It is a source of satisfaction to us to be enabled to restore to him and others their families and friends, who were entrusted to our care, and who, sometime since, perhaps, despaired of ever meeting again. Though our prospects at present are dreary, we have found a few log cabins which have been built on a cedar bluff above the Lick, by Capt. Robertson and his company.

After their arrival in the Cumberland settlements, there came a famine year and Col. Donelson, with his family temporarily removed to Kentucky. Here Rachel met and married Lewis Robards, a man of good family but, as was afterwards learned, of vile habits.

After the death of Col. Donelson, who was killed by Indians, his widow returned to their former home on the Cumberland. Here Rachel and her husband often visited. When Andrew Jackson went to Nashville, he boarded with Mrs. Donelson, partly as a protection for her against the Indians. It was at this home that he met Mrs. Robards and it was evident to him she was unhappily married and was being mistreated by her husband. On account of this Jackson once remonstrated with Robards, at which the latter became jealous, accused his wife of undue intimacy with other men and threatened Jackson.

The young couple returned to Kentucky, but in a short time, hearing of her unhappiness, through continued mistreatment, Samuel Donelson, one of her brothers, went to Kentucky and brought her back.

The subsequent events, the divorce, her hasty marriage to Jackson and a second ceremony when the couple learned they were married before the legislature had annulled the marriage with Robards, are matters of familiar history. The scandal and gossip resulting

from this mistake, innocently but carelessly made, caused Jackson's sensitive nature to resent, often with the dueling pistols. The prominence of the couple and Jackson's political ambitions caused his enemies to keep alive these rumors during the life of Mrs. Jackson.

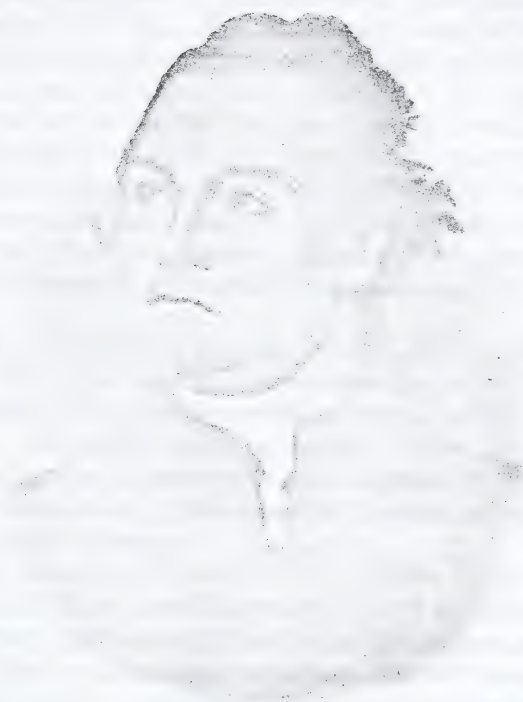
Jackson's attachment for her never waned. He was inconsolable at her death and no political burden ever bore down upon him as did the loss of his companion. His love for her during life and his increasing devotion to her memory are tributes to the strength and amiability of her character.

He refused the gift of a costly sarcophagus⁴ as his last resting place, preferring to be buried beside his wife, and the epitaph he had inscribed upon her tomb was a sincere intermingling of tenderness, grief and true devotion.

Rachel Jackson was a type of Tennessee frontier-woman whose culture and refinement influenced the times.

She died in 1828, aged sixty-one.

⁴This, sarcophagus tendered Jackson through Commodore Elliott, U. S. N., was brought from Palestine and had been previously prepared for King Servius. Jackson declined it and his reply is characteristic of his democratic simplicity.



JOHN SULLIVAN

JOHN SULLIVAN.

A BIOGRAPHY.

John Sullivan was born at Sommerworth, New Hampshire, February 17, 1740. His father was an exile from Ireland—a poor school teacher, but familiar with five languages—a man of considerable learning. The type and character of his mother may be inferred from her reply to the inquiry, "Why did you come to this country?" "I came here to raise governors," she replied. One son became Governor of New Hampshire and one Governor of Massachusetts, while a grandson became Governor of Maine and still another grandson became a United States Senator.

John Sullivan married at the age of twenty and became a lawyer. His dislike for England was born in him. The ancestral castles of his family in Ireland were leveled by that nation. He clearly saw the designs of the British when, while he was a member of the Congress in 1774, the King sent an order prohibiting the shipment of military stores to this country.

Collecting a few men who sided with him he went, on December 13, 1774, to Fort William and Mary and entered in broad daylight, through the fire of field pieces and musketry. He tore down the royal flag—the first occurrence of this kind in American history—and carried off one hundred barrels of powder and many guns. These he towed up the river, cutting a channel through the ice, and deposited in the cellar of a church at Dover.¹

This act of rebellion against England preceded Concord and Lexington four months.

The ire of the English monarch was aroused by these proceedings and conciliation was now impossible. The war was on.

¹This ammunition was afterward used in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Sullivan was the first congressman to be elected from New Hampshire, but his restless spirit was best suited for the field. While he was in the trenches around Boston, during the winter of 1773, he wrote to John Adams, urging a declaration of independence. When he was a member of the Congress of 1774, he reported declarations of "rights and violations" which were afterward embodied in the immortal Declaration of Independence.

In Congress, Sullivan had a congenial ally in John Rutledge, of South Carolina. The dashing Sullivan suited the spirit of the South.

When the enemy had been driven from Boston he was assigned to the army in Canada. Montgomery had been killed in the attack on Quebec and after the death of Gen. Thane, Sullivan assumed command. Seeing the uselessness of a stand against outnumbering forces he skillfully withdrew his little army, not even leaving a sick man behind.

Seventeen days after his return from Canada, July 29, 1776, he was promoted to Major-General.

He was captured in the battle of Long Island, (N. Y.) where he had to face an army that outnumbered him four to one and was commanded by such generals as Cornwallis, Clinton and Howe.

He was shortly afterward exchanged and immediately joined Washington, his timely arrival and command of the right wing enabling the Commander-in-Chief to make that brilliant movement upon Trenton, the night he crossed the Delaware.

Upon landing Sullivan sent word to Washington that the powder was wet. "Use the bayonet," came the quick reply. This suited the tempestuous nature of the Irish general.

In the battle of Brandywine he again commanded the right wing and his bravery drew forth the encomium of a staff officer of Stirling's: "his uniform bravery, coolness and intrepidity both in the heat of battle, rallying and

forming his troops when broke from their ranks, appeared to me to be truly consistent with or rather exceeded any idea I had ever of the greatest soldier."

He suffered with the army during their memorable winter at Valley Forge.

In the spring he was sent to Rhode Island and put in command of ten thousand men, and in this campaign was thrown with Greene and La Fayette. "Nothing can give me more pleasure," wrote La Fayette in advance; "than to go under your orders and it is with the greatest happiness that I see my wishes on that point entirely satisfied. I both love and esteem you; therefore the moment we shall fight together will be extremely pleasant and agreeable to me."

Sullivan fell back to Butt's Hill where, La Fayette says, was one of the most hotly contested actions during the war. The British made several attacks, but were repulsed each time and after the battle had lasted seven hours they retired, having lost one thousand men.

An extended account of all of Gen. Sullivan's military exploits is not possible here. His last service on the field was in 1779, when he was sent against the Iroquois. They were the most defiant of the northern tribes and recently, at the instigation of Joseph Brant, John Butler and the British agents, had become very troublesome.

With four brigades Gen. Sullivan marched against them and found them—fifteen hundred strong—well intrenched on a mountain side. By a well designed attack he put them to rout,² thus avenging the cruel "massacre of the Valley of Wyoming."

Gen. Sullivan now resigned, giving as a reason his impaired health and the impoverished condition of his family—they were destitute. "I have not clothes sufficient for another campaign," he wrote.

²It is coincident that in the same year the forces of Sullivan County and others, under Gen. Shelby, routed the most powerful of the southern tribes, and so these combined victories restored peace all along the border.

Sullivan had bitter enemies in Congress, but Washington valued his services and when the former left the army, wrote in part, "I flatter myself it is unnecessary for me to repeat to you how high a place you hold in my esteem,—".

He filled several offices in his state. In 1786 he was elected Governor, or as it was then called, President of the State. He was re-elected in 1787 and in 1789 was again chosen.

He was made grand master of the Masons for the State of New Hampshire.

Before the expiration of his last term as governor, Washington appointed him first judge of the United States district court of New Hampshire. It was while in this office he began to fail, both mentally and physically and, although incapacitated in many ways, Washington steadfastly refused to remove him, proving his estimate of the man.

Gen. Sullivan died January 23, 1795, in his fifty-fifth year.

His life was characterized by a reckless dash and audacity—a little erratic perhaps, but arriving at ends that justified his hasty conclusions. He was as all men of his type—trustworthy, honest and sincere in the support of any movement that impressed him to be the right.³

³Much of the data concerning Sullivan was secured from addresses delivered at the dedication of Sullivan's monument at Durham, Mass., September 27, 1894.

CHAPTER XVI.

SULLIVAN COUNTY.

Sullivan County was erected in 1779. Previous to this date it was supposed to be in Virginia, and up to 1769 was a part of Augusta county, when it became Botertout county until 1772; then, that portion of her population dwelling upon the Mississippi river being too far away to reach the court house conveniently each month, the county was again divided and this portion became Fincastle county with the court house near Wytheville. The population on the extreme border were exempt from taxation and from work in keeping up the roads.

It remained Fincastle until 1776, when Washington county was erected.

In the year 1779 William Cocke, a versatile and variable genius, who afterwards became one of Tennessee's first United States Senators, refused to pay his taxes to the Virginia collector, claiming he did not live in Virginia, but in North Carolina.

This refusal and his manner of doing it highly incensed the members of the county court of Washington county, Virginia, and they—in session October 20th, 1779,—entered the following order:

On Complaint of the Sheriff against William Cocke for insulting and obstructing Alexander Donaldson [Donelson] Deputy Sheriff when collecting the Public Tax about the Thirtieth of September last and being Examined saith that being at a fount on the North Side of Holston River in Carter's Valley collecting the Public Tax the said William Cocke as he came to the door of the House in which said Sheriff was doing Business he said that there was the Sheriff of Virginia collecting the Tax and asked him what Right he had to collect Taxes there as it was in Carolina and never was in Virginia that he said the People were fools if they did pay him Public dues and that he dared him to serve any process whatever that the said Cocke undertook

for the People upon which sundry people refused to pay their Tax and some that had paid wanted their Money Back again. Ordered that the Conduct of William Cocke Respecting his Obstructing Insulting and threatening the Sheriff in Execution of his office be represented to the Executive of Virginia.

Ordered that William Cocke be found in this county that he be taken into Custody and caused to appear before the Justices at next Court to answer for his conduct for obstructing the sheriff in execution of his office.

Court adjourned until Court in course.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

The next meeting of the court did not try William Cocke or at least no further record is found and it is doubtful if he was ever arrested. His act of revolt hastened a test survey—the Legislature of Virginia, the year previous, 1778, enacting a law providing for the extension of the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina; the Legislature of the latter state concurring in a similar act a year later—which resulted in a victory for William Cocke and in placing us in North Carolina.¹

It was with no little pride this same man sought further vindication when he boldly entered the presence of the court that had outlawed him and there caused to be entered the following order:

JUNE 20th, 1780.

On motion William Cocke Gent. a citizen of the state of North Carolina it is ordered that his character be certified to the examiners that he is a person of Probity and Good Demeanor.

The organization and naming of the new county now began.²

If by the varied conveyances Sullivan County was tossed aside as a castaway, unclaimed, it has rebuked

¹The Frye and Jefferson line ended at Steep Rock, in Johnson county. The line run in 1779 is known as the Henderson line.

²While it is often difficult to arrive at the origin of names, there is much to cause me to believe that the Rutledges had a large share in naming Sullivan County. Rutledge of South Carolina, a lineal relative of the family in this county, was a political ally of Gen. Sullivan's in the Continental Congress. This, added to the general's recent military service, placed him in line for name commemoration.

the poor fostering care of an uncertain parentage by spreading before the eyes of the world as glorious a page of achievement and valor, of statesmanship and manhood and womanhood as can be found in any nation of any time.

In the brief period of twenty-six years it arose from a rugged frontier colony to the dignity of a state.

The original boundary of the county began at Steep Rock; thence along the dividing ridge that separates the waters of the Great Kanawha and Tennessee, to the head of Indian Creek; thence along the ridge that divides the waters of the Holston and Watauga; thence a direct line to the highest point of Chimney top mountain, at the Indian boundary.³

Spencer county, or what was afterwards called and is still known as Hawkins, was cut off from Sullivan.

The official organization of Sullivan County took place at the house of Moses Looney, February 7, 1780. The justices of the peace present were Issac Shelby, David Looney, Gilbert Christian, John Duncan, William Wallace, Samuel Smith, Henry Clark, Anthony Bledsoe, George Maxwell, John Anderson and Joseph Martin.⁴

John Rhea was appointed clerk and Nathan Clark, sheriff.

Issac Shelby exhibited a commission from Gov. Caswell, of North Carolina, dated November 19, 1779, appointing him Colonel-Commandant of the county. Other commissions appointed Henry Clark, Lieutenant-Colonel, David Looney, first Major and John Shelby, second Major.

³Excepting a small portion, Sullivan County was not taken from Washington county, Tennessee, as is generally supposed. The former was a county long before the latter, but being regarded as a part of Virginia, had to take second place in the date of erection. So far as Tennessee is concerned, "Washington District," in 1777, bears the distinction of having first used the name of Washington in naming a county.

⁴Ramsey's list differs some from the above, yet I am inclined to accept this because it is taken from a complete copy of the court records I found at Madison, Wisconsin.

In February, the following year, "Joseph Martin and Gilbert Christian are spoken of as majors."

"William Cocke was admitted to practise law in February, 1782—the first we have any record of in the county."

"At the same time Anthony Bledsoe was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel [inserted note says 'must have been Kentucky'] in 1780."⁵

For six years the county seat was in the neighborhood of Eaton's Station, or what we now call Eden's ridge.

When Hawkins county was erected in 1786 it was found necessary to build a court-house at a more central location in the county, and a commission composed of Joseph Martin, James McNeil, John Duncan, Evan Shelby, Samuel Smith, William King and John Scott were named to select a site for the court house.

Up to 1792, this commission had not reported, but in that year a tract of thirty acres, on the present site of Blountville, was conveyed to John Anderson, George Maxwell and Richard Gammon whereon was to be erected the county buildings. It took another set of commissioners, however, before the work was completed and in 1795 the following appear to have been selected: George Rutledge, James Gaines, John Shelby, Jr., John Anderson, Jr., David Terry and Joseph Wallace.

The first court-house was built of logs and was, of it's kind, a massive structure. It was built on the south side of Main street nearly opposite to the present one (1909). The jail was placed in the rear of the court-house.

It was in the same year, 1795, Blountville became the county seat. About thirty years after the first court house was built in the town a brick one replaced it which served until 1853, when the present building was erected. The building, with its contents, was destroyed by fire during the battle in September, 1863—the walls remained intact, however, and are still in

⁵From Draper MSS. notes.

use. Three jails have been built to accompany the court-house—the first immediately in the rear of the building, the second on a lot adjoining, also in the rear and the third between the sites of the first and the second.

The county records, for eighty years, from 1780 to 1860, were destroyed during the war between the states.⁶

After the burning of the court-house the next meeting of the court, in October, was held at the "Female Institute." The records make this undisturbed announcement of the most destructive fire that ever visited the county seat:

State of Tennessee, }
Sullivan County Court. } Monday morning, the 5th day of Oct. 1863.

Court met pursuant to adjournment (at the Female Institute within the corporation of said town of Blountville, the court house having been burned down by the Federals on the 22d day of September last, pending a battle fought over said town by the Federal and Confederate forces.) Present, Henry W. Ewing, George Foust, James H. Gallaway, John G. King, G. W. Morton and R. P. Rhea, Esquires."

The reorganization of this court took place in January, 1866, when all offices were declared vacant by reason of the occupants' sympathy with the Southern cause, and representatives of the Union sentiment were chosen to fill them.

Considering the restoration of the court-house the following was enacted:

"On motion of Wm. D. Blevins: "It is ordered by the court that there be Three Commissioners appointed to make Contracts with

⁶Some of the county records were destroyed previous to 1787, during the troubles of the Franklin movement, as were also those of Washington county. Sometimes the North Carolina party would be in possession of them and then again the "Franks" would secure them, and this alternating ownership resulted in their loss or perhaps destruction.

The records of the land transfers remain intact, Frederick Sturm, then county registrar, for convenience, kept them at his home at the old Sturm hotel, and in this way the valuable documents were preserved.

Our county records have always been carelessly kept. This is not due to the negligence of county officials so much as indifference on the part of county courts. No appropriation could be more judiciously made than one for the better security of our records. Next to Washington county's, ours are the oldest in the state and their destruction would entail endless litigation.

Brick Masons and House Joiners to make window and door frames and steps and cover the walls of the court house so as to secure the walls from the weather, and cover the building with shingles, and thereupon the court appointed W. W. James, Wm. Gammon and F. L. Baumgardner, Commissioners to contract for and superintend said work, and make their report to the January term of this court, sixteen Justices on the bench voting in the affirmative."

James Hunt and John Lyle were the building contractors while Robert, Jacob and William Smith were the brick masons.

The only court's organization that has been preserved complete is that of the Chancery and is given as follows:

ORGANIZATION OF CHANCERY COURT.⁷

MAY TERM, 1852.

At a court of Chancery begun and held at the court house in Blountville, first Thursday after third Monday, May, 1852, it being the 20th day of the month for the Chancery district, composed of the County of Sullivan there was present the Hon. Thos. L. Williams, Chancellor, etc.

The following commission was produced to wit:

WILLIAM B. CAMPBELL, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF TENNESSEE.

To all who shall see these presents.

Greeting.

Know ye that whereas Thos. L. Williams was on the 4th day of Nov., 1851, elected by the joint vote of both houses of the General Assembly of said state, a Chancellor for the Eastern division in the said state, for the term of 8 years from the first day of March, 1852.

Now therefore I, Wm. B. Campbell, Governor, as aforesaid by virtue of the power and authority in me vested, do hereby commission the said Thomas L. Williams, a Chancellor, as aforesaid for the term aforesaid, hereby conferring on him all the powers, privileges and emoluments to said office appertaining.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the state to be affixed at the City of Nashville, the 15th day of December, 1851.

By the Gov. WM. B. CAMPBELL.

W. B. A. RAMSEY, Secretary of State.

⁷These records were perhaps kept outside of the court house, hence they were not destroyed in the burning of the building.

State of Tennessee, }
 McMinn County. }

Be it remembered that on the 18th day of Feby. 1852.

The Hon. Thos. L. Williams, the person named in the within commission, Chancellor of Eastern Division and in due form of law took the oath prescribed by law, more effectually to prohibit dueling, an oath to support the constitution of the United States, an oath to support the constitution of the State of Tennessee and the oath of office as Chancellor.

In testimony, whereof, I have hereunto set my hand the date above written.

CHAS. F. KEITH,

Judge of the 3rd Judicial District.

George F. Gammon was thereupon appointed Clerk and M., 20th May, 1852, with the following bondmen, who bound themselves to the sum of \$10,000, for his faithful discharge of office.

Geo. F. Gammon, B. L. Dulaney, A. L. Gammon, John Flemming, James Gregg, M. Massengill, Robt. P. Rhea.

The same bondmen also bound themselves for the following:

\$10,000 for honorably keeping the records and discharging the duties of said office.

\$500 that he (Gammon) shall well and truly collect and pay over into the public treasury all such taxes in law suits as may arise in said court.

\$1,000 to collect and pay into the public treasury all such fines and forfeitures as may arise.

\$10,000 to faithfully account for and turn over all such sums of money as may come into his hand as special commissioner to sell property under decree of court.

RE-DISTRICTING THE COUNTY.

In 1835 the legislature, by an act, authorized the re-districting of the county. Prior to this time the districts were in military divisions with a justice of the peace in each division.

In 1836 four commissioners were appointed to re-district the county: John R. Delaney, Thomas White, Daniel Branstutter and Nathan Bachman. There were fifteen districts while at present (1909) there are twenty-two.

Prior to and for sometime after the Civil War the districts were known as precincts and took the name of the

neighborhood or justice of the peace as follows: first district was Carmack's precinct; second, Paperville; third, Crumley's; fourth, Rhea's; fifth, Blountville; sixth, White's; seventh, Rolier's; eighth, Spurgeon's; ninth, Fork's; tenth, Foust's; eleventh, Gott's; twelfth, Kingsport; thirteenth, Easley's; fourteenth, Branstutter's; fifteenth, Peoples'; sixteenth, Bluff City; seventeenth, Bristol; eighteenth, Yoakley's.

REGULATES PRICES.

At one time the county court undertook to regulate the prices of commodities. In this way we are privileged to make comparisons with the prevailing prices of to-day as well as to compare the prices that governed the fluctuating money market that existed before, during and after the revolutionary period.

These prices extended to beverages, staple goods and apparel.

During 1777 the price of beverages was as follows:

Ordered that Liquor be rated in this county for the ensuing year as followeth: Rum at 16 shillings and one pence per gallon. Rye Liquor, 8 shillings and one pence per gallon. Corn Liquor, 4 shillings and one pence per gallon. Quart Bowl of Rum Toddy made with Loafe Sugar, 2 shillings and one pence, with Brown, one shilling, six pence and so in proportion for a greater or lesser Quantity.

During 1780 quite a change in values took place and it marks not only a rise in the price of food stuffs, but a decline in the value of Continental currency.

APRIL, 1780.

Ordered the Rates of Ordinaries be as follows (vis.): Wine, Nine Pounds the Quart. West Indian Rum, fifteen Pounds by the quart, Good Whiskey, seven Pounds four shillings. Rum Tody, by the quart, three Pounds, twelve shillings. good Beer, by the Quart, one Pound, sixteen shillings and so in proportion for a greater or lesser Quantity.

Diets, warm Dinner, six pounds. cold, do, four pounds ten shillings. Warm Breakfast, four pounds, ten shillings. Cold, do, three pounds. Supper the same as breakfast. Lodging in clean Sheets,

one pound, sixteen shillings. Provender Corn, by the gallon, six Pounds. Oats, four pounds, ten shillings. Good pasturage, one pound, sixteen shillings.⁸

When the excitement and disturbance incident to the Revolution became settled and we had a monetary system of our own, rates were more regular and the following prices have a more familiar appearance.:

Ordered that the following and no other shall be tavern rates in Sullivan County for the year 1795:⁹

	Doll.	Cent.
For Breakfast.....	0	16
For Dinner.....	0	16
Wine or Rum for half pint.....	0	16
Cyder or Rum per quart.....	0	6½
Horse at hay or good fodder per night.....	0	12½
Corn or Oats per Gall.....	0	8
For lodging good bed &c per night	0	8
Brandy per half pint.....	0	8
Whiskey for half pint.....	0	8½
Supper.....	0	16

⁸"Not worth a Continental dam" had its origin about this time. It is not a profane expression. A "dam" is an Indian coin of less value than one cent and a Continental one cent was next to worthless when it took six pounds, or about thirty dollars to buy a "warm dinner."

⁹A violation of this order meant a fine and the court records enumerate instances where violators were tried, especially for over-charging in the sale of intoxicants.

JOHN ADAIR.

A BIOGRAPHY.

For several generations posterity has passed by the grave of John Adair and left it unremembered and unmarked. But for the annalist he might in a few more generations be forgotten.

He was born in Ireland and emigrated to this country, settling in North Carolina. Afterward he removed to Sullivan County, then North Carolina where he became entry taker in 1779. He was one of Isaac Shelby's associates and rendered that officer valuable aid in planning the King's Mountain expedition. It is described elsewhere how he gave the funds of the county to aid Shelby and Sevier in the execution of their project.

In 1788 he was commissioner for furnishing supplies to the Cumberland Guard.

In 1794, after Blount College had been established, he was chosen one of the trustees; he was a member of the constitutional convention in 1796, and was Presidential elector for Hamilton district in 1796 and 1799.¹

He was one of the commissioners of Knoxville, 1797.

The Cumberland Guard, for which he furnished supplies, acted as escort for travellers through the wilderness, to the Cumberland Plateau.

In 1788 he located in the vicinity of what is now Knoxville—North Carolina having, in recognition of his services, granted him a tract of six hundred and forty acres. This tract is about four and a half miles north of Knoxville, and there he erected a log house which was built after the manner of a block-house. It was known as Adair's

¹Tennessee at first was divided into three districts: Washington, Hamilton and Mero.

Station, and the stream running through it is still known as Adair's Creek. Adair and Gen. James White were contemporaries and friends. The latter founded Knoxville in 1792.

So far as known John Adair had one child—a daughter, Mary, who married Robert Christian, son of Gilbert Christian of Sullivan County. This marriage no doubt took place at Christiansville or what is now Kingsport as the Christians were living there then. Maria, a daughter of this couple, lived with her grandparents at Adair's Station and there married John Smith, whose descendants live there to-day. This land still remains in the same family after having come direct from the State.

John Adair died in 1827 and, with his wife, is buried on a knoll on the old tract—the exact location of the graves, however, is in doubt.²

²I am indebted to C. M. McClung, Esq., and Judge E. T. Sanford, of Knoxville, for a great deal of the data concerning John Adair.

CHAPTER XVII.

KING'S MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN.

Between the years 1774 and 1780 there were restless times in the Holston settlements. These "over the mountain men" as the Eastern Carolina folk designated the inhabitants in the "back parts" of the state, or "backwoodsmen" as their enemies sneeringly called them, were following one campaign with another. These campaigns, however, were for the most part directed against their Indian foes, but the incursion of 1779, into the very heart of the Cherokee country, had partially silenced opposition.

Up to 1780 these people had paid little attention to the struggle for independence.

This year they were called upon a broader field of warfare.

In order to best describe the King's Mountain campaign it will be necessary to recite some of the events that led up to it.

King's Mountain is about sixteen miles long, running through portions of North and South Carolina. That part where the battle took place is in South Carolina, about one and a half miles from the North Carolina line.

The year 1780 was a dark one for the cause of liberty; Charleston and Savannah had fallen, Georgia was subdued save a few bands of invincible patriots who were ready to fall in with anybody and fight to the death.

So sure was Sir Henry Clinton that the whole southern territory would soon fall into the hands of the British that he left the management of the campaign to Lord Cornwallis and returned to New York.



Battle of King's Mountain

FERGUSON AND TARLETON.

With Cornwallis were two brilliant officers, Ferguson and Tarleton—the former in his mode of warfare, much like our Mosby or Morgan or perhaps Forrest. Tarleton while a dashing cavalryman was also a very brutal officer—his men were plunderers, outraged women, hung all prisoners whom they suspected of being deserters and rarely offered any quarter to a foe, as in the case of Capt. Buford's command, which he routed and massacred. It was on this account "Buford" was first the password and later the slogan of the Americans at the battle of King's Mountain.

Ferguson, at this time thirty-six years of age, was described as a man of medium height, slender build and very affable in his manner, more inclined to be courteous to a conquered foe than were most of his associate officers. He was a soldier without fear and was counted the best marksman, with pistol and rifle, in the British army.

Such a nature easily filled up his ranks from the tory¹ element with which North Carolina was overrun.

These two officers were ordered out through the interior to subdue what was left of the patriots.

Seeing North Carolina threatened, Gen. Rutherford sent a requisition to Shelby and Sevier for one hundred men each to help defend the state from invasion.

They were then the county lieutenants of Sullivan and Washington counties, respectively, and while the Watauga commonwealth lived under laws of its own, generally, it recognized any special order from the state to which it acknowledged allegiance. This was particularly so in a military way as the officers received appointments and pay from that source. Sevier soon

¹It is hard for us, in this day, to realize the opprobrium attached to the word "tory" as applied to those who, during the Revolution, sympathized with the British side. The epithets "rebel" and "yankee" never reached the depths of derision of this word. It is of ignominious origin to begin with. Although, applied in England, to the court of James II, it was, even then a nickname or term of reproach being from the Irish robber word *TORRE*, meaning, give me, i. e. your money.

got his men together, but, instead of one hundred, collected two hundred. Shelby was absent at the time surveying lands in Kentucky, but as soon as the message reached him its import whetted him and he hastened home, appealed to the chivalry of the pioneers and was soon on his way, crossing the rugged trail at the head of two hundred mounted riflemen. It was decided best, in view of a possible Indian invasion, for Sevier to remain to patrol the borders and watch the Cherokees.²

Shelby proceeded to the camp of Col. McDowell, who had succeeded Gen. Rutherford. Here he was shortly detached, with additional militiamen and officers, and marched against a British fort held by Col. Patrick Moore.

A peremptory demand for the surrender of the fort was refused, Moore declaring he would hold it to the last. A second demand accompanied by a threat from Shelby that he would turn his cannon (a thing he did not have) on the fort caused the garrison to surrender.

This capture was followed in quick succession by varying victories at Musgrove's Mills and Cedar Springs. At the latter place, on the 8th of August, they encountered Ferguson's advance guard and dealt them a severe blow.

CORNWALLIS AROUSED.

Lord Cornwallis was now thoroughly aroused by the rapid and intrepid movements of the mountain men and ordered Col. Ferguson to go through these districts and line up and discipline the loyalists. So with his usual tact and persuasive manner he soon found himself at the head of two thousand men. But Shelby baffled every attempt Ferguson made to surprise and take his forces.

They were preparing to march against Ninety-Six when a horseman dashed up, carrying a message from

²Roosevelt's "Winning of the West."

Gov. Caswell, apprising them that the southern grand army, under command of Gen. Gates, had been cut to pieces by Cornwallis on the field of Camden. The Governor urged Shelby to get his men out of the way as quickly as possible, for the general, flushed with victory, would improve the opportunity and try to catch him.

Their withdrawal was hampered by the large number of prisoners they had captured, but they marched day and night without rest, finding out later they had been hotly pursued by Capt. DePeyster and several hundred mounted men.

REFUGEES ON WATAUGA.

Returning home to the Holston settlements they found it had become the mecca for refugees from all parts of the South. These Holston people were noted for their hospitality and never refused to share what they had with all who came among them.

Not long after their return home Col. Ferguson, who had become irritated by their bold dashes, sent a message to Shelby saying, if the "back-water men" did not surrender and espouse the cause of King George he would then come across the mountain and put them to the sword and burn their homes.

It must be kept in mind this little settlement was confronted with another foe—the Indians—an attack by them was liable to be made any day, more especially since the British had made allies of them. Yet, in the face of these dangers, Shelby sent a message by his brother to Col. William Campbell of Virginia, requesting him to join him and, mounting his horse, hastened to the home of Sevier, about fifty miles away.

He found Sevier in the midst of a jollification and barbecue. Himself a man of rather serious demeanor he spoke abruptly to his friend, telling him it was no time for fun-making, then explained to him his plans for a campaign, over which Sevier was as enthusiastic as he had a moment before been in the frolic.

On returning home Shelby had a message from Col. Campbell declining to join him in the proposed expedition and saying he had raised a company and promised to assist in a movement to defend his own state against the invasion. Shelby sent a second and more urgent request and, at the same time, sent John Adair to intercede with Col. Arthur Campbell the ranking officer of the county. This concerted move had its effect—the appeal was so impressive that both Arthur and William Campbell entered patriotically into the campaign. Shelby's petition to these men was in the nature of a pathetic description of Col. McDowell's plight on being driven across the mountain and forced to refugee, away from his home and friends.

As preparations were being pushed Shelby and Sevier saw another trouble confronting them—the lack of money to carry out their project. At this juncture, seeing no other way to get it, Sevier went to John Adair, the entry taker of Sullivan County, and suggested the use of the public funds for this purpose, offering his and Shelby's personal security for the return of the loan. Adair's reply was characteristic of the times. "Col. Sevier," said he, "I have no authority by law to make that disposition of this money—it belongs to the impoverished treasury of North Carolina, but if the country is overrun by the British, our liberty is gone. Let the money go too—so take it."^{3&4} The amount was nearly thirteen thousand dollars.

By agreement all met at Watauga, the rendezvous, September 26th. It was the largest gathering that had been seen in this part of the country up to that time, was very impressive and caused great excitement. Shelby and Sevier each were there with two hundred and forty men. Campbell arrived with two hundred which was

³Draper's "Kings Mountain."

⁴Shelby and Sevier paid back every dollar of this money. Shelby in return for his services and sacrifices of money received "six yards of middling broadcloth."
—Shelby MSS.

afterwards increased to four hundred, Arthur Campbell arriving with two hundred more; and McDowell with a sufficient number to make, in all, more than one thousand men ready to depart on the hunt for Ferguson.

The men wore "fringed and tasseled hunting shirts,"⁵ girded in by bead-worked belts and the trappings of their horses were stained red and yellow. On their heads they wore caps of coon skin or mink skin with tails hanging down or else felt hats in each of which was thrust a buck tail or a sprig of evergreen. Every man carried a small-bore rifle, a tomahawk, and a scalping-knife. A very few of the officers had swords and there was not a bayonet nor a tent in the army."

When preparations were completed for their departure this grim host stood in silence for a while, listening to the benediction of Rev. Samuel Doak.

The route taken by this army was changed when it was found two of their number had deserted and gone to join Ferguson. It is said to have been the roughest march ever undertaken by an army of horsemen.

At the foot of the mountain they fell in with Col. Williams of South Carolina and other officers. After rapid marching for several days, much of the time in the

⁵This description of a hunting shirt is from Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," who in turn gave credit to contemporary authority. It may compare with the garment used in that campaign but we of this day do not recognize it as the description of the one which our forefathers have really brought down to the present generation. It was clumsily made, blouse fashion, reaching to the knees and, gathered up, was tied around the waist. In the furl was often carried heavy burdens, as much as "a bushel of corn" at one time.

I found Roosevelt the most painstaking of our historians—it was possible for him to be—because he was prepared to meet the expense of lengthy research, when in doubt about historical events concerning this section, he is "trumps." I kept him at my elbow as I did my Thesaurus. There is no question, but that he regarded our section as the richest in the multifariousness of historic lore of any in America. It was out of this field that he created that wonderful work, his "Winning of the West" which probably is the best literary fruit of his productive pen. It is therefore to be regretted, in view of his thorough research and lofty aim, that he did not live a few years among the people whose ancestors he has undertaken to describe. He could then be more in sympathy with their sentiments—I don't mean biased, as he is with the cowboys on the plains with whom he herded cattle, sat about the campfires and followed in hunts and jaunts. And so he has undertaken to tell the world about a people whose acquaintance he has formed in research, rather than through association and, like most of our northern annalists, more of a historical critic than a historical narrator—exact and exacting.

I hardly ever read Roosevelt that I don't feel like putting on an overcoat—so many icicles on his adjectives. He reminds me of a great iceberg, beautifully chiseled and chilly, that has lost its moorings in the frozen north and floated down here on our mild sea of sentiment, cited often, but stayed away from.

rain, at which time they protected their guns with their hunting shirts, they decided to drop some of the horse-men as their slow movement impeded the progress. They had already dropped the cattle that were driven along and thereafter subsisted upon wild game, killed along the route, and the parched corn carried in their wallets.

MILITARY COURTESY.

An unusual piece of military courtesy took place on this march. There was no recognized leading officer so Shelby suggested that one be selected and desired Campbell to assume command as it would take too long to send to headquarters for an officer. Campbell, on the other hand knowing that Shelby outranked him, requested him to serve as he had practically been in command up to that time. Shelby explained that, if a North Carolinian served, it should be McDowell as he was senior officer and while he was regarded as brave and efficient he was too slow of action to put into execution orders necessary for the rapid movements of the men.

Campbell thereupon assumed command, addressed the soldiers and requested all those who wished to withdraw to do so now and not wait until the battle. Not a man stepped from the ranks. It was found necessary, despite the enthusiasm of the men, to pick out the swiftest and less jaded of the horses with the least fatigued horsemen and the best guns and push on to catch Ferguson. The men were lined up and nine hundred and ten were selected while the remainder were asked to follow on as rapidly as they could. Some of the footmen, however, determined not to be left behind, followed on foot, traveling almost as fast as the horsemen and arrived in time to take part in the battle.

They were now hot on the trail of Ferguson.

On the 6th of October, although a heavy rain was falling, they marched all night and came near the enemy the next day.

When within about three miles of King's Mountain some of the men stopped at a farm house by the roadside to get some information. They were followed out by a young girl who inquired, "How many are there of you?" "Enough," was the reply, "to whip Ferguson if we can catch him." "He is on that mountain," she said, pointing to an eminence now in sight.⁶

While Ferguson had been apprised, by the two deserters, of the coming of the mountain men, he was not prepared for such rapid marching and did not know they were in the vicinity until they were making ready to ascend the mountain. From a roistering, loud shouting throng they had now become more subdued in conversation, not wishing to be discovered. When within about a quarter of a mile of the spur⁷ of the mountain the order went round to "halt, dismount and tie horses—take off great coats and blankets and tie to saddles—fresh prime guns and every man to go into battle firmly resolving to fight until he dies."⁸

It was a silent, grim and determined throng that now prepared to ascend—the troops having been disposed all around the mountain. The last orders were for every man to fight for himself, "to shout like hell and fight like devils."

Ferguson had previously declared, "I hold a position God Almighty cannot drive me from," but when he viewed the coming of the Americans he was fearful of the result.

The Americans charged up the mountain, but were repulsed with the bayonet, this weapon being used skillfully by the British. But as soon as the men were driven down one side of the mountain the men on the other side would charge the heights, thus keeping the enemy alternately rushing from one side to the other. The Americans were driven back a good many times, but would always rally and return.

⁶Draper's "King's Mountain."

⁷The battle was fought on a spur of the mountain, about sixty feet in height.

⁸Draper.

Some of his men urged Ferguson to surrender, but he declared that he would never surrender to such a set of bandits as the "backwoodsmen" and so cut down the white flag that had been hoisted.

He carried a whistle and wherever it sounded the battle was the fiercest. The mountain was "like a volcano" from the incessant firing and smoke of the guns.

DEATH OF FERGUSON.

In one of Ferguson's desperate charges he was recognized by the men of Shelby and Sevier—their guns turned on him and he was shot six or seven times, dying almost instantly.⁹

Shortly after his death the white flag was raised, but some of the Holston men did not know what it meant and kept on firing, when Campbell rushed up and begged them, "for God's sake cease firing." The battle began about three o'clock in the afternoon and lasted one hour and ten minutes.

The effect of this battle was far-reaching. It caused Cornwallis to retreat and change his plans and, better than all, brightened the hopes of the despairing Americans everywhere.

Thomas Jefferson pronounced it "the battle that turned the tide of the Revolution."

⁹There is an old Revolutionary relic, reputed to have been the gun that killed Ferguson, known as "Sweetlips," that periodically or spasmodically makes its appearance before a too credulous public. This gun may have been in the battle of King's Mountain, but there is absolutely no authority for saying that it killed Ferguson. Even if it should be the one, it is a gruesome relic—an ugly weapon that has the ban of human blood. The spectacle of a public speaker holding it up at the conclusion of a splendid historical discourse, was not a fitting close and the audience received the announcement, "here's the gun that did the work," with silence if not a shudder. And this protest is offered, not so much to refute a claim, as to rebuke the display of barbarous sentiment that belongs to guillotine days. Besides it is ungenerous, disrespectful. Ferguson, withal a partisan and a hard fighter, was a courageous officer and always humane to a fallen foe.

Ferguson was shot many times and there have been many claims as to who killed him, each company of at least two regiments making a claim and no one, any more than another, with any authority.

Sullivan comes along with a tradition that one of her soldiers did the slaying. In the arrangement of troops, it happened that Shelby's and Campbell's troops, got together during the action and, as there were neighbors and friends in each company, mingled freely. In this way Rutledge, of Shelby's forces, and Snodgrass of Campbell's fought side by side, being neighbors at home. The latter had volunteered under Campbell before the King's Mountain expedition was put on foot.

An officer was seen to ride back and forth and dismount, as if looking for something, (had dropped a medal) when Snodgrass shouted to Rutledge, "there he is George, give him a buck load," meaning two loads, one on top of the other. This was done and upon this the tradition was founded.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STATE OF FRANKLIN.

At the close of the Revolution the United States found herself burdened by an enormous debt, and some of the creditors were not easily induced to temper their demands by promises and uncertain delays. Congress then, in order to hasten relief, passed a recommendation, asking those states, which owned them, to cede certain outlying or unused Western lands to make a common fund, and thus relieve the strain on the nation's credit.

North Carolina was very generous in her surrender, in April, 1784, ceding practically all of what afterward became Tennessee, reserving control, however, pending its acceptance. Congress was allowed two years in which to accept this offer. The representatives of the four and only established counties in the territory ceded—Sullivan, Washington, Greene and Davidson, voted for the bill because North Carolina had almost ignored them in the distribution of service and funds and was of little aid to them. Their condition could not be made worse, so far as support was concerned, and they had no idea Congress, in its already crippled financial condition, would accept the offer as it would necessitate an additional outlay of funds in keeping the frontier protected.

North Carolina and her "over the mountain men" were in continual discord over the conduct of the settlements—the latter charging that ample provision was not made for the sustenance of the military—pay was small, and that grudgingly given. The State retaliated with charges of extravagance, even insinuating that the accounts sent in were false.

This was the condition of affairs the new settlement had to face—neglected by those in power, threatened all the time by Indian invasions, while criminal refugees sought

their midst as a retreat. The only protection afforded them was in their self-constituted Regulators, who dispensed summary justice—and in this they were taking a step backward.

A band of regulators, however good their intentions, either become hardened in crime or have imputed to them the acts of rash imprudence and rascality done by others. It was therefore determined that some better means of defense was necessary and a convention was called, at which deputies, representing the sentiment of the people, were to assemble and decide what further steps should be taken for self-protection.

The convention met at Jonesboro, August 23rd, with the following deputies present: for Sullivan—Joseph Martin, Gilbert Christian, William Cocke, John Manifee, William Wallace, John Hall, Samuel Wilson, Stokely Donelson and William Evans: for Washington—John Sevier, Charles Robertson, William Purphey, Joseph Wilson, John Irvin, Samuel Houston, William Trimble, William Cox, Landon Carter, Hugh Henry, Christopher Taylor, John Chisholm, Samuel Doak, William Campbell, Benjamin Holland, John Bean, Samuel Williams and Richard White: for Greene—Daniel Kennedy, Alexander Outlaw, Joseph Gist, Samuel Weir, Asahel Rawlings, Joseph Ballard, John Manghon, John Murphy, David Campbell, Archibald Stone, Abraham Denton, Charles Robinson and Elisha Baker.

Davidson county was not represented, being so far away the people were not especially interested.

A committee, with John Sevier, president and Landon Carter, secretary, was appointed to consider the situation. While they were debating measures to be adopted a member produced the Declaration of Independence and drew a parallel between their condition and the condition of the colonists when they declared themselves free.

Thereupon another member moved to declare the western colonies independent of North Carolina, which

motion was unanimously carried. Upon a vote as to whether or not they would establish a new state, a majority decided to do so—a strong minority, however, opposed it. This opposition was led by John Tipton, who became an active representative of North Carolina and the disturbing element of the Franklin move.

Several names were submitted by which the new State should be known—among them Franklin, for Benjamin Franklin, and Frankland, meaning “land of the free.” The former was chosen by a small majority. Both names have been handed down, which may have been through the influence of William Cocke, the chief penman and spokesman, who was in favor of the name Frankland and persisted in writing it that way.

After reading the plans of organization, framed by Messrs. Cocke and Hardin, the deputies considered the calling of a new convention to form a constitution.

The convention did not meet again until November. The Assembly of North Carolina was then in session at Newbern and repealed the act of cession, alleging that other States had not complied with their promises. This action was no doubt caused by the conduct of the Franklin movement. John Sevier, in view of the repeal, and as he had been appointed Brigadier-General by the same Assembly, concluded to “persue no further measure as to a new state,” but his associates were not so easily pacified—they were determined to carry the project through.

JOHN SEVIER, GOVERNOR.

The next convention met at Jonesboro and again appointed John Sevier, president and Landon Carter, secretary. A constitution was submitted, subject to ratification or rejection at some future meeting.

At the first legislative assembly, March, 1785, Landon Carter was elected Speaker of the Senate and William Cage, of Sullivan, Speaker of the House of Commons.

John Sevier was elected Governor.

Among the laws enacted by that body was one partitioning Sullivan and Greene and forming Spencer county. The assembly of North Carolina later, disregarding this, erected the county of Hawkins, which name it now bears instead of Spencer. The Franklin Assembly also fixed the salaries of state officers. The governor's salary was fixed at two hundred pounds per annum, the supreme judges' at one hundred and fifty pounds per annum and the others in proportion.¹

The price of commodities was also fixed, and it is interesting to note the then prevailing prices compared with those of to-day. "Good, distilled Rye Whiskey" is quoted at two shillings and six pence per gallon, while "good, country made sugar" is quoted at one shilling per pound. One pound of sugar would then buy nearly half a gallon of whiskey, while to-day half a gallon of whiskey (as long as it lasts) will buy forty pounds of sugar.

About this time the importance of the new State was made known to the old in a communication signed by the Governor and the Speakers of both houses. It wore the complexion of a dignified state paper. This caused Gov. Martin to issue a strong manifesto, in which he views at length the conditions in his own state and the country in general, and explains the tardiness in dealing with the Indians.

He coaxes, cajoles and threatens—"By this rash act a precedent is formed for every district and every county of the State to claim the right of separation," and again, "that you tarnish not the laurels you have so gloriously won at Kings Mountain and elsewhere, in supporting the freedom and independence of the U. S., in being concerned in a black and traitorous revolt." He advises them to

¹It has been the custom of some historians to ridicule the Franklin commonwealth for paying salaries in skins and the commodities of the times. Daniel Webster once twitted a congressman about paying the governor in fox skins, when in his own state musket balls had been used as money and milk pails had been accepted in payment of taxes. Besides, the Governor of Franklin was a little more choice than to accept fox skins—"It was mink, sir!" And mink skins were current in the proudest empires of Europe. Money, then, was very scarce. Our pale continental scrip, as proud as freemen were to look upon it, did not have color enough in its face to ask credit from some of its own impoverished people.

meet the next legislature and present their grievances in the proper way, "and I make no doubt her generosity in time will meet your wishes."

Copies of his manifesto were sent broadcast and had the effect of weakening the cause of the "Franks."

The constitution first presented was an egregious blend, a fusion, with some poor insertions, of the constitutions of the United States, and of the States of North Carolina and Virginia. This was presented by the Tipton party and, among other features, provided that no one should hold office "if he were immoral, a Sabbath breaker, a clergyman, a doctor or a lawyer." Evidently the last restriction was aimed at William Cocks as he was spokesman for the other side and a lawyer. This constitution was not adopted.

The Assembly of North Carolina met in 1786, at Fayetteville, and had under consideration the "New State" movement. Considerable correspondence had passed between the governors of the two states. William Cocks was sent as ambassador and, being permitted the privilege of the floor, addressed the House for several hours.²

An act of pardon and oblivion was passed, affecting all offenders under the new government, who returned and avowed anew their allegiance to the old state.

The assembly held in office all who occupied those offices prior to April, 1784, and declared vacant all other positions, as they considered an acceptance of office under the Franklin government equivalent to resignation from former office. They also ordered all back taxes, up to and of the year 1784, collected, and those due since to be rescinded. This kindly and considerate act strengthened the North Carolina party and the opposition was gradually losing support.

The lack of unanimity in the new party evidently caused the old state to have patience and, unlike Virginia,

²Haywood.

she was not unduly alarmed at the ultimate result.

It was further directed that the court for Washington county be held at William Davis', on Buffalo Creek, ten miles from Jonesboro. Later the court of the Sevier party was also held at Jonesboro.

WAR BETWEEN FACTIONS.

This conflict of courts brought on a conflict of the people. An argument took place between Sevier and Tipton on the streets of Jonesboro. Sevier hit Tipton on the head with a cane, the latter retorted with an oath and a blow, and the dispute degenerated into a common street fight. Fights became general. The rowdies of each party had no other argument with which to emphasize their allegiance than blows, and they were frequent. When officers were elected due consideration was given to a man's strength, as this qualification was often called to test. The sheriffs of both parties were physical giants.

On one occasion, while the Sevier court was in session at Jonesboro, Tipton, at the head of a small army, entered the courthouse, turned out all the magistrates and took possession of the papers. Later Sevier, in like manner, returned the party call, ousted the officials and retook the papers, which his brother, Valentine Sevier, hid in a cave.³ In this way many valuable records, both of marriages and deeds were destroyed or lost, causing confusion and litigation in after years.

Sevier began to look about him for sympathy and support from the outside, as he saw that the opposition was gaining strength. He had previously appealed to Gov. Patrick Henry, promising not to consider any proposition tending toward an alliance with the Southwest Virgin-

³The effect of this concealment and consequent exposure to the earth can be seen on the remaining Washington county records.

ians, who wished to join the State of Franklin.⁴

Both parties, during 1786, tried to collect taxes, but when the people declined to pay, professing they did not know which side to recognize, enforcement was not attempted, so then as now, taxes were dodged.

On all sides the adherents of the new state were leaving it. Judge David Campbell, the presiding judge, had accepted a senatorship in the Assembly of North Carolina, while Sullivan County sent Martin, Maxwell and Scott.

The beginning of the year 1787 found the Franklin commonwealth frail, with a gloomy future facing it, but whose few loyal supporters were still defiant and ready to stand by it to the last.

Gov. Sevier, in his desperation, was using every effort to stay the end.

At one time the governorship was tendered Evan Shelby, but was declined. He had tried to remain neutral and did not figure in any of the previous proceedings.⁵ Sevier sent Maj. Elholm, his friend and trusted ally, to make overtures to Georgia, promising his troops to aid in putting down the Creeks. Elholm's mission was indeed fruitful, for the Governor of Georgia, instructed by the legislature, communicated his desire for a coalition, and to further strengthen their interest a sum of money was voted to aid any military enterprise. He also expressed gratitude for the proffered help and friendship.

⁴Patrick Henry, the Governor of Virginia, took an alarming view. He did not at any time fear the outcome of the Revolution so much as he dreaded the prospect of Southwest Virginia in rebellion against her own state. The Separatist movement in Washington county, Virginia, "threatened the dismemberment of the Old Dominion" (Ramsey). "The proposed limits," wrote the governor, "include a vast extent of country in which we have numerous and very respectable settlements which in their growth will form a barrier between this country and those, who, in the course of events may occupy the vast places westward of the mountains, some of whom have views incompatible with our safety." "Already the militia of that part of the state is the most respectable we have," and further on he speaks of Washington county as "that nursery of soldiers from which future armies may be levied." He seemed to deplore the part Col. Arthur Campbell was taking in the movement to join the State of Franklin. (The reader is reminded that France and Spain were then in possession of "the vast places westward.")

⁵The attitude of Sullivan County toward the Franklin movement is not generally understood. The majority in Sullivan County opposed it, not so much on account of their sympathy with the opposition, but because of the Shelby influence. "My grandfather was bitterly opposed to the Franklin movement."—Isaac Shelby, Jr., MSS. letter to Robert Deery, 1876.

As a last resort Sevier wrote to Franklin, for whom the state was named, and got in reply a cautiously worded letter of apathetic interest—"I am sensible," he wrote, "of the honor which your Excellency and your council do me, but being in Europe when your State was formed I am too little acquainted with the circumstances to be able to offer you anything just now that may be of importance, since everything material that regards your welfare will doubtless have occurred to yourselves." He then gives fatherly advice to the young foundling as to patching up the differences with North Carolina. In cool politeness and statecraft he concludes: "I will endeavor to inform myself more perfectly of your affairs by inquiry and searching the records of Congress and if anything should occur to me that I think may be useful to you, you shall hear from me thereupon."⁶

He told them nothing more than they already knew. In time the people of the little state, had they succeeded, may have resented such apathy.

In marked contrast the people of Georgia, on various occasions, were drinking the toast: "Success to the State of Franklin, his excellency, Gov. Sevier and his virtuous citizens."

Gov. Mathews, on the 5th of November, 1787, seeing an opportunity to profit by tender of aid, declared war against the Creeks and issued a proclamation or invitation to the new state to aid in the expulsion of the Indians. He was willing to recognize the new state in so far as it did not violate the national interest, and, therefore, in consideration of this, was willing to permit her soldiery to come down and risk their lives in behalf of Georgia. If they so minded fifteen hundred of them could come. Such magnanimity on the part of the pawky governor was overwhelming, and, in response to this summons, fifteen hundred of her valiant sons mobilized themselves around their own firesides and staid at home.

⁶Franklin's letter to Governor John Sevier, 1787.

The Legislature of Franklin had its last meeting in September, 1787, in Greeneville, which had become the permanent seat of government. They sent representatives, in the persons of Judge David Campbell and Landon Carter, to the North Carolina Legislature, then sitting at Tarborough. Campbell's acceptance, a little later, of a senatorship in that assembly engendered considerable denunciation.

END OF THE STATE OF FRANKLIN.

It was evident North Carolina did not intend to recognize Franklin. This precipitated a little civil war. An execution against the estate of Sevier caused the seizure of nearly all his slaves, he, at the time, being on the frontier fighting the Indians. On hearing of the seizure he hastened home, raised one hundred and fifty men and marched on Tipton's house, in the early part of 1788. He was further enraged when he heard that Tipton's object was to seize him also. Tipton had only time to summon about fifteen men, after he learned of Sevier's intention, before he found himself confronted by this little army. He barricaded his house, determined to defend himself to the utmost. Sevier, with a small piece of ordinance, stationed himself on a slight eminence near Tipton's house and demanded the unconditional surrender of Tipton and all his men, threatening, if they refused, to fire on the house.

Tipton sent him word, "fire and be damned."

He then cautiously despatched a few messengers to summon more men to his assistance. One of these went to George Maxwell, of Sullivan County, who was, at the time, colonel of militia. Cols. Scott, Pemberton and Cowan accompanied Maxwell, in quick time, with one hundred and eighty men. They staid the fore part of the night at Dungan's Mill, intending to make a surprise attack at sunrise. Sevier's scouts, who had been spying about, came up very close to them, but did not

discover them and, it being very cold, returned to camp to get warm. A strict watch was kept on Tipton's house in order that they might intercept any one going in or coming out, which resulted in the death of a man named Webb and the wounding of a neighbor woman, accidentally shot in the shoulder.⁷

Just before daybreak Maxwell and his men cautiously marched up within gunshot of the Sevier party. They then gave a great shout and this, assisted by a volley⁸ from one hundred and eighty guns and the besieged men pouring out to add to the noise, had such a demoralizing effect on the opposition they at once retired.

A blinding snowstorm, just beginning, added to the confusion, but was very opportune, coming like a veil to hide from each other warring neighbors and friends.

It was a time when none could be spared from the defense of the frontier. Among the captured were two of Sevier's sons, whom Tipton, in his uncontrollable rage, decided to hang, but, by much persuasion and friendly intercession, was prevented.⁹

Sevier withdrew from these scenes and was soon engaged in daring raids through the Indian country. On his return, after spending a day in holiday-making with his companions, he decided to spend the night with a friend. Tipton, hearing of this, with several followers, surrounded the house and demanded Sevier. At sight of him, Tipton unraveled his wrath and was, with difficulty, prevented from shooting him. He had Sevier handcuffed and sent to Morgantown, North Carolina, for trial

⁷Shot by mistake.—Ramsey.

⁸The discharge of the guns was ordered by the officers as a precaution against shooting Sevier's men, there being no desire on the part of Maxwell's forces to shed blood unless self-defense made it necessary.

⁹Tipton was a man of intelligence and great energy, but had a temper he could not temporize. In a comparison of the two men, Sevier and Tipton, we find one of the best illustrations in history of how little a man of waspish mind can avail against one of self-control. Sevier climbed from one promotion to another while Tipton, though always recognized as a man of power, never arose higher than where he first began. He was a smudge-fire man—while he was not smoking he was in a blaze. In after years the descendants of John Tipton explained that relatives of Webb—the man who was killed—and not Tipton, were the ones who demanded the lives of the Seviere.

on various charges—his Franklin affair and for allowing to go unpunished the murder of some friendly Cherokee chiefs who were in his custody.

Sevier's sensational escape, at his trial, by leaping upon a waiting horse, assisted by some of his faithful followers, marked the closing chapter of the storm tossed little State of Franklin.

But all Tennesseans look back with pride upon the State of Franklin. The disaffections and divisions in the ranks of that day, and the prejudices thereby engendered, have softened with the departing years.

Sevier had been taught in the rough school of pioneer politics and when the time came for him to take hold of the helm of the ship of state he steered it safely through the tempest of those disturbing times.

WILLIAM BLOUNT.

A BIOGRAPHY.

Next to Shelby and Sevier the name of Blount is the most compelling in our nomenclature. He was the first governor of the first recognized government organization west of the Alleghanies. He chose as his official residence, when he came to take charge as governor of the Territory south of Ohio, the home of William Cobb in "The Forks" of Sullivan County, near Piney Flats. Blountville,¹ the county seat, was named for him.

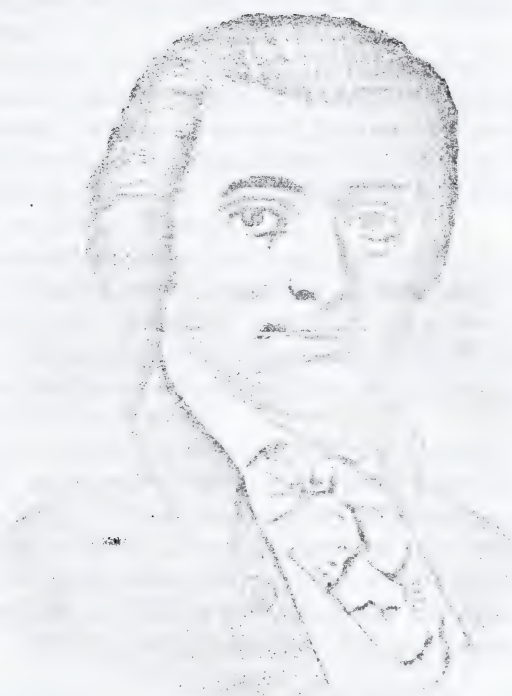
He was a polished diplomat and a gentleman of culture, commanding in presence and power. He understood the people with whom he had to deal and they understood him.

"He was of an ancient English family of wealth and rank, which at an early day emigrated to North Carolina. The name is often mentioned in the annals of that State during the Revolution. Mr. Blount was remarkable for his address, courtly manners, benignant feelings and a most impressive presence. His urbanity, his personal influence over men of all conditions and ages, his hospitality unostentatiously, but yet elegantly and gracefully extended to all, won upon the affections and regard of the populace and made him a universal favorite. He was at once the social companion, the well-bred gentleman and the capable officer."

Jacob Blount, the father of William Blount, was a member of the War Congress of North Carolina.

He was twice married. By his first wife he had eight children, of whom William was the eldest, and by his sec-

¹The Blounts have been singularly honored in Tennessee. Blountville and Blount county were named for William Blount, while Maryville, the county seat of Blount county, and Grainger county were named for his wife. Blount college, which was later merged into East Tennessee University and still later, University of Tennessee, was named for him—he being one of the directors.



WILLIAM BLOUNT

and wife he had five children, one of whom was Willie.² William and Willie, half brothers, each became governor, each serving six years in that capacity. William Blount was born in Bertie county, North Carolina, March 26, 1749. He was married February 12, 1778, to Mary Granger, daughter of Col. Caleb Granger, of Wilmington, North Carolina.

The Blounts were in the battle of The Alamance.³

When Congress finally accepted from North Carolina the ceded lands, which afterward became Tennessee, Washington appointed William Blount Governor of the Territory south of the Ohio. In addition he had the supervision of the Indian agency.

During his incumbency he had many perplexing duties to perform, requiring sound judgment, a firm hand and sympathy, for he was polishing this rough structure preparatory to self-government. His most difficult problems were the troublesome Indian affairs, which he solved satisfactorily to all concerned.

Gov. Blount arrived in Sullivan County October 10, 1796, and at once entered upon his work. One of his first acts and one in which he was very zealous, was to encourage immigration. In consequence of this increasing interest the population grew in unparalleled rapidity from six thousand in 1790 to seventy-seven thousand in 1795—sixty thousand being required for admission to statehood.

The constitutional convention met in Knoxville, January 11, 1796. Gov. Blount was chosen president and a constitution was adopted that lasted from 1796 to 1834.⁴

John Sevier was chosen by this convention first Gover-

²The names and official rank of the two Blounts have often been confusing. William was the territorial governor and United States Senator, while Willie (not Wylie) became Governor of Tennessee.

³On account of unjust taxation and exorbitant fees exacted by officers of the crown, the people of Western North Carolina formed themselves into a band of Regulators to oppose these officers. A force of these, numbering more than two thousand, was met by Gov. Tryon, May 16, 1771 on the Alamance and was defeated—some refugeeing on the Holston.

⁴Thomas Jefferson decided it the best state constitution in the United States.

nor of Tennessee. William Blount, the retiring territorial governor, and William Cocke were elected the first United States Senators. They took their seats in the fourth Congress, of 1796.

On July 3rd, next year, President Adams sent a confidential letter to the Senate, full of alarm. This alarm was due to a letter that had been discovered, addressed by Senator Blount to "Dear Carey." It was read before the Senate during the absence of the Senator, but on his return was reread and he was asked if he had written it. He replied he had written a letter to Carey, but could not say whether this copy was correct, and asked time to examine his papers. This was granted.

This Carey letter was written at the mouth of Steeles Creek in Sullivan County, within five miles of the county seat and, since it influenced the official life of the nation from the President down, aroused the greatest excitement and came near creating international complications, it is given in full:

COL. KING'S IRON WORKS,⁵

April 21, 1797.

Dear Carey:

I wished to have seen you before I returned to Philadelphia, but I am obliged to return to the session of Congress which commences on the 15th of May.

Among other things that I wished to have seen you about was the business of Captain Chisholm mentioned to the British Minister last winter in Philadelphia.

I believe, but am not quite sure, that the plan then talked of will be attempted this fall, and if it is attempted, it will be in a much larger way than then talked of, and if the Indians act their part, I have no doubt but it will succeed. A man of consequence has gone to England about this business; and if he makes arrangements, I shall myself have a hand in the business, and shall probably be at the head of the business on the part of the British.

You are, however, to understand that it is not yet quite certain that the plan will be attempted, and to do so will require all your

⁵Description of the iron works is given in chapter on "Industries."

management. I say will require all your management, because you must take care in whatever you say to Rogers or anybody else, not to let the plan be discovered by Hawkins, Dinsmoor, Byers or any other person in the interest of the United States or of Spain.

If I attempt this plan, I shall expect to have you and all of my Indian friends with me, but you are now in good business I hope, and you are not to risk the loss of it by saying anything that will hurt you until you again hear from me. Where Captain Chisholm is I do not know. I left home in Philadelphia in March, and he frequently visited the Minister and spoke about the subject; but I believe he will go into the Creek Nation by way of South Carolina or Georgia. He gave out that he was going to England, but I do not believe him. Among things that you may safely do, will be to keep up my consequence with Watts and the Creeks and Cherokees generally; and you must by no means say anything in favor of Hawkins, but as often as you can with safety to yourself, you may teach the Creeks to believe he is no better than he should be. Any power or consequence he gets will be against our plan. Perhaps Rogers, who has an office to lose, is the best man to give out talks against Hawkins. Read the letter to Rogers, and if you think it best to send it, put a wafer in it and forward it to him by a safe hand; or perhaps, you had best send for him to come to you, and speak to him yourself respecting the state and prospect of things.

I have advised you in whatever you do to take care of yourself. I have now to tell you to take care of me too, for a discovery of the plan would prevent the success and much injure all parties concerned. It may be that the Commissioners may not run the line as the Indians expect or wish, and in that case it is probable that the Indians may be taught to blame me for making the treaty.

To such complaints against me, if such there be, it may be said by my friends, at proper times and places, that Doublehead confirmed the treaty with the President at Philadelphia, and received as much as five thousand dollars a year to be paid to the Nation over and above the first price; indeed it may with truth be said that though I made the treaty that I made it by the instructions of the President, and in fact, it may with truth be said that I was by the President, instructed to purchase much more land than the Indians would agree to sell. This sort of talk will be throwing all the blame off on the late President, and as he is now out of office, it will be of no consequence how much the Indians blame him. And among other things that may be said for me, is that I was not at the running of the line, and that if I had been, it would have been more to their satisfaction. In short, you understand the subject, and must take care to give out the proper talks to keep my consequence with the Creeks and Cherokees. Can't Rogers contrive to get the Creeks to desire the President to take Hawkins out of the nation? for if he stays

in the Creek Nation, and gets the good will of the Nation, he can and will do great injury to our plan.

When you have read this letter over three times, then burn it. I shall be in Knoxville in July or August, when I will send for Watts and give him the whiskey I promised him.

I am, &c,

WM. BLOUNT

The preceding letter was enclosed in a cover, with the following directions, viz: "Mr. James Carey, Tellico Block House."

The senate committee, after a brief and hurried investigation of five days, when Senator Blount refused to answer questions, presented the following conclusion by resolution:

"Resolved that William Blount, Esq., one of the Senators of the United States, having been guilty of a high misdemeanor, entirely inconsistent with his public trust and duty as a Senator, be and he hereby is, expelled from the Senate of the United States."

The resolution was adopted by a vote of twenty-five to one—Senator Tazewell, of Virginia, voting in the negative. On the same day the House appointed a committee composed of Sitgreaves, Baldwin, Dana, Dawson and Harper "to prepare and report articles of impeachment" and were granted power to send for persons, papers and records.

The two most important witnesses will be introduced, giving in brief the text of the trial—Nicholas Romaine and James Carey:

INTERROGATORIES OF THE COMMITTEES AND ANSWERS OF THE DEPONENT⁶

1. Who was the friend at whose request you wrote to William Blount, while Governor of the Southwestern Territory, about the purchase of military lands?

Answer. It was Mr. Edward Griswold, now resident of Paris.

2. You have said that articles of agreement were drawn up between you and William Blount, previously to your departure for Europe, in 1795. Were they executed, and what was their tenor?

⁶From Gen. Marcus J. Wright's, "Life of Blount."

A. They were executed, and are, I understand, in possession of the Committee. They related solely to lands, and their tenor and contents may be discovered from a perusal.

3. How long did you remain in Europe, and what part of it?

A. Something more than a year; during which time I visited first England, then Holland, France, and Belgium; from whence I returned to England, and after a short stay there, embarked for New York.

4. Who were the persons in whose hands you left certain maps and papers on your departure for England?

A. I left them with different persons. They were wholly of a private nature, and in no manner connected with the subject of this examination.

5. Are you acquainted with Sir William Pulteney; and if you are, did your acquaintance commence with him before you visited England in 1795?

A. It did not. My acquaintance with him arose from letters from Mr. Williamson, in the Genesee country, to him, with which I was particularly charged. The personal delivery of those letters, which I understood to relate to private concerns, gave rise to conversation between us, and that led to a further acquaintance.

6. Were you acquainted, while in England, in 1795, with Lord Grenville, or with Mr. Dundas?

A. Not with Lord Grenville. With Mr. Dundas I had some acquaintance, having been introduced to him by a gentleman at whose house I met him at dinner. This gentleman afterwards carried me to breakfast with Mr. Dundas, whose desire of acquaintance with me might have arisen from some sketches which I had written respecting this country, and which I believe were seen by him. This was all the acquaintance or intercourse I had with Mr. Dundas.

7. Did not those persons, or some, and which of them, in those conversations, express to you a desire to add Louisiana or the Floridas, or both, to the British crown; and did you not hear this desire expressed by some other, and what persons of consideration in England?

A. I never heard such a wish expressed by those or any other persons in England.

8. Were you, while in England, requested by any, or what persons to sound the people of the United States on the subject of a plan to annex Florida or Louisiana, or both, to the British crown; or to make some propositions tending that way?

A. No such request or overtures were ever made to me. The plan originated between Mr. Blount and myself, as far as I know, in the manner stated by me in my deposition.

9. In your conversations in England with persons of consideration, was any mention made of a description of people in this country who wished to separate the Western settlements from the Union?

A. No mention of such persons was made to me by any persons whatever.

10. How long have you been acquainted with the British Minister in this country, and by what means did you come to know him?

A. I was introduced to him at London, by Mr. Pickney, soon after his appointment to this country, and I paid him a visit and left some letters for America, of which he took charge. I have never seen him since his arrival in America.

11. On your return to this country, in 1796, you wrote to Governor Blount, Did you urge him to meet you in New York?

A. I did write to him, as stated in my deposition, and spoke of some private business; but I did not mention this subject, nor did I request him to come to New York. His arrival there in February was without my knowledge or privity, and, as I understood, for private business of his own.

12. To what persons in England or America have you written on the subject of this inquiry, since your return, and what answers have you received?

A. I have written to one person in England, a member of Parliament, but not of Administration; from whose answer it does not appear that the business was ever spoken of there by him. I also wrote to Governor Blount, and received answers; the purport and substance of which I have already explained. I likewise wrote to Mr. Liston, and I believe, to no other person. Mr. Liston gave me an answer, which is now in possession of the Committee.

13. What was the purport of your letter to Mr. Liston?

A. I have no copy of the letter, but I recollect its purport, which was to inform Mr. Liston that I had heard of a certain enterprise in contemplation, and on which he had been consulted, and to caution him against it, as a very delicate measure, requiring great circumspection, and capable, if known to be encouraged by him, of injuring the interests, both of this country and his own, which I was persuaded it was his wish to promote. I also hinted that a plan more extensive was contemplated by fitter persons; and having understood that he intended to send his secretary to some place on the business which had been mentioned to him, I strongly dissuaded him from this step; indeed, to do so had been one of my chief inducements to address him. In his answer, now in the possession of the Committee, he assured me that he had no intention of sending his secretary anywhere. I was induced to take this liberty with Mr. Liston from the manner in which I became acquainted with him, and the very favorable light in which he was presented in letters which I had received from England, and one of which I enclosed to him.

14. What was the project against which you cautioned Mr. Liston?

A. It was that of Chisholm, of which I had been informed by

Governor Blount, and which the latter told me had been mentioned to the Minister.

15. What was the project to which you alluded as being in more proper hands? Did Mr. Liston know of it, or did you explain it to him?

A. It was that contemplated by Governor Blount and myself. Mr. Liston, as far as I know, and believe, had no knowledge of it, nor was it our intention to give him any. I did not think it proper for him to be acquainted with it; the intention being to apply, not to him, but to the British government.

16. In your conversation with Governor Blount, at New York, you expressed your regret that Louisiana did not belong to England, since the value of lands in the Western country would, in that case, be increased; was this the first time you had contemplated or expressed that idea?

A. It was not. I had reflected on the idea before, but had never mentioned it verbally to any person; nor in writing, except once, and that was in a letter to a gentleman in England. This letter, however, merely stated the possession of those countries by England as a desirable thing.

17. What was the nature and object of the business contemplated between William Blount and you?

A. Nothing precise or definite had been agreed upon. Much was to depend on the result of Governor Blount's inquiries and observations, upon which I never received any communication from him. But the general object was to prevent the Louisiana and the Floridas from passing into the hands of France, pursuant to the supposed cession of Spain; and to make propositions to the British government in that view.

18. What were the propositions intended to be made to the British Government?

A. On this head, also, nothing definite had been agreed upon. Had Governor Blount gone to England, he would of course have proposed his own terms; had I gone, I should have received his instructions. This would have been settled in the interview which I had proposed between us, had it taken place. Had I gone without seeing him, I should have waited in England for letters from him on the subject.

19. Was it not understood that William Blount and yourself were to use your personal efforts and influence to prevent the supposed cession of Louisiana by Spain to France from being carried into effect?

A. This was certainly our object; and every means, both in this country and Europe, would, of course, have been employed by us for its accomplishment.

20. Was it not proposed that Great Britain should send a force into that country for that purpose?

A. To ascertain whether they would do this, was the express object of Governor Blount's intended visit to Europe.

21. Was it understood that, in case circumstances should require it, Governor Blount and his Western friends were to make active efforts in co-operation with the British forces which might be sent there?

A. When Governor Blount and myself parted at New York, the understanding between us was, that he should go to England. Nothing was then said, or has since passed between us, on the subject of this interrogatory; nor have I any direct knowledge of his views on that head.

22. What part were the Indians and the Western people to act in this business; and in what manner were they to be used in its execution? Was a co-operation by force from the territories of the United States contemplated?

A. As to the Indians, there was nothing particularly said about them, nor had I any idea of their being employed. To keep them quiet was all supposed to be intended, or advisable. The Western people, according to my view of the subject, were to be rendered favorable to the possession of the Floridas and Louisiana by the British, and disposed to emigrate there, and assist in holding the country, should the reduction take place. No co-operation of forces was mentioned by Governor Blount, nor have I any knowledge of his precise intentions as to either the Western people or the Indians. All this, as I understood the matter, was dependent upon his observations and inquiries in the Western country, on which subject I had no information from him.

23. What part was William Blount to bear in this business, and who might favor or aid it, were to derive from its accomplishment?

A. I had no doubt that Governor Blount had high expectations of emolument and command, in case the project should succeed, but nothing definite on this subject was spoken of between him and me; and, from the nature of the business, everything must have depended on the arrangement made in London with the British Government.

24. Did William Blount ever apply to those persons of importance in and out of the Government whom it was agreed he should sound on this subject?

A. I do not know that he ever did apply to any of them. I had no information from him on this point.

25. In one of your letters to William Blount you urge the propriety of his appearing to have no connection with the land schemes and commerce in———. What place was meant, and why was caution commended?

A. England was the place meant, and the caution proceeded from an opinion in me, that the dignity and importance of character

which it was desirable for Governor Blount to maintain in England, would be lessened by his appearing to be concerned in commerce or the sale of lands.

26. In another part of the correspondence between William Blount and yourself, you tell him that it would be proper to keep his business in England secret from Mr. King. What was the reason of this caution?

A. The reason is explained in the letter itself which contains the caution. It is possible that I may have had some further reasons than are there expressed. But I have no accurate or perfect recollection on this subject.

27. In one of your letters to William Blount you mention a paper which you had drawn up on the subject of your business, to be left for him, in case you should sail for Europe without a personal interview, and which you wished him to possess, but do not choose to send. Where is that paper, and what were its purport and substance?

A. The only copy which now exists was sent by me to England, directed to myself some time in May or June. It contained a variety of notes, reflections, and cautions, relative to the business contemplated between me and Governor Blount, which had occurred to me after he had left Philadelphia in the spring, on his return to Tennessee, but I cannot state the particulars. They were reflections which occurred to me at various times, when thinking on the subject, and were noted down as they occurred, to serve myself and Governor Blount as hints and memoranda in the progress of the business. One copy I sent to England for my own use when I should arrive there. Another I retained for Governor Blount, but afterwards destroyed when I conceived the business to be at an end. They were never seen by him.

28. Do you know any other matter or thing which, in your opinion, is material to the objects of this examination? If yea, declare it fully.

A. The foregoing depositions and answers contain all that I know on the subject; and, aided by the correspondence now in possession of the Committee, will, I presume, furnish them with every idea respecting it in my power to communicate.

NICHOLAS ROMAINE.

Carey deposes:

I am interpreter for the United States to the Cherokee Nation of Indians, and assistant at the public store established at the Tellico Blockhouse, and I reside there at present. For these offices I receive the annual salary of three hundred dollars, besides my board, from the Government of the United States.

I attended the Cherokees on their visit to Philadelphia last winter, and one day, about the last of December, or beginning of January, was invited, with two of the chiefs, John Watts and John Langley, to dine with Col. Mentges. After dinner, Col. Mentges proposed to us to take a walk to the Schuylkill; Captain Chisholm overtook us in a coach and invited us to ride with him, which invitation we accepted after a little hesitation. We stopped at a tavern in the neighborhood of the city and, after taking some wine, we all returned in the carriage with Captain Chisholm, except Col. Mentges, who preferred walking. After Col. Mentges left us, and on our way home, Chisholm began a conversation with me, which, at his request, I repeated to the Indians who were with us. He said that he had great power in his hands, that he was going to England, and should return and take the Floridas. As I knew him to be a rattling, boasting kind of a man, I laughed at him, and did not much regard what he said. He then told me, if I would not believe him, he would show it to me in writing. Accordingly, when we returned to our lodgings, he took out of his trunk four, or five, or six sheets of gilt paper, the whole of which was filled with writing in a pretty hand; this he said he had received from the British Minister, and read to me with such rapidity that I could not distinctly understand it. It had neither signature, direction, or address, but purported to be a plan for the reduction of the Floridas by a British and Indian force, of which however, I do not recollect the particulars. It did not specify the number of men or ships that were to be engaged in the expedition; Gov. Blount's name was nowhere mentioned in it, nor did it contain the names of any persons or parties or associates in the project or who were to be desired to join it; nor do I remember that it proposed at all to engage any citizens of the United States in the enterprise, or to raise any force for the purpose within the United States. Chisholm was styled "Captain" in the paper, and was to go to England to the British Minister with it, or, if he did not go himself, the paper was to be sent there, and the answer was to be returned to the British Minister at Philadelphia. If Chisholm should not be in Philadelphia when the answer was received, it was to be forwarded by hand to Knoxville to him, or, in his absence, to his son, Ig. Chisholm, who was to send it to the Cherokee Nation to his father; or, if his father should not be there, to deliver it to John Rogers. If the answer should be sent round by the Floridas, it was, in like manner, to be forwarded to the Cherokee country to Captain Chisholm, or, in his absence, to John Rogers. This arrangement was contained in the paper. Chisholm himself said that he was going to England to get everything in preparation, and to procure from the Ministry, men and naval armament; that the expedition was to come out in a large privateer; and that on their arrival in the Floridas, he was to obtain the assistance of the Indians, and then attack the

Spanish. After Chisholm had read his paper and finished his story, I continued to laugh at him, and express my incredulity; whereupon he said if I still would not believe him, I should go with him to the British Minister the next morning, and take the Indians with me. I told him that I had no business with the British Minister, and declined going, and so did the Indians.

Two or three days afterwards, at the request of the widow of the Hanging Maw, I went to Gov. Blount's lodgings to ask for some money that he owed her. I found him engaged in writing and alone. On my entrance, he said to me, "Carey, what in the devil has become of Chisholm; damn the fellow, where is he?" I replied that he had changed his lodgings. Being thus reminded of Chisholm, I concluded to tell Gov. Blount what I had heard and seen. I said to him, therefore, "Governor, do you know what this business is that Chisholm is upon?" He instantly raised his head eagerly from the paper on which he was writing, and looking at me said, "No, no; what do you mean, Carey?" I then told him of my conversation with Chisholm, and what Chisholm had shown me. When I mentioned the writing I had seen he again raised his head suddenly, and looking at me as before, asked me eagerly whether the writing was signed? I told him it was not, and then he said, "Pooh, pooh, Carey; you know what a windy, blasty fellow Chisholm is, and it is not worth while to take any more notice of it, or say anything about it."

I had no time, before or afterwards, any other communication, of any kind with Gov. Blount relative to this subject or any political plan or scheme, until I received from him the letter dated Col. King's Iron Works, April 21, 1797, except that once, in the city of Philadelphia, last winter, he advised me not to be present at the running of the line, nor to have anything to do with it, as he said it would be a troublesome business, and might occasion the Indians to reflect on me.

In a short time after these occurrences, I left the city of Philadelphia with the Indians. At Tellico I mentioned without reserve to Mr. Byers and other gentlemen there what Chisholm had said to me and shown me; they all seemed to treat the thing very lightly, and to consider Chisholm and his communications as equally unworthy of attention. I mentioned them also to John Rogers; told him how he was mentioned in the paper, and asked if he knew anything about it; he said he did not, and that such a fellow as Chisholm was not worth minding.

After my return to Tellico, on or about the 20th of May, I was told that James Grant, commonly called Major Grant, wanted to see me. When I met him, he told me he had a letter for me which he wished to deliver to me when we were by ourselves. We walked away together some distance, and then he said he had a letter for me from my old

friend Gov. Blount. He delivered it to me, and, on opening it, I found within the same cover, two letters, one for John Rogers, dated, "Tennessee, Sullivan County, April 21, 1797, (Col. King's Iron Works)" the other for me, dated "Col. King's Iron Works, April 21, 1797," both of which letters are now in the possession of the committee. Without attending to the direction, I first opened that which was addressed to Rogers, and read down one side, which related to a runaway negro fellow before I discovered my mistake. I then began the letter which was directed to me. Major Grant and I were sitting within two or three feet of each other. I read loud enough to be heard by him, and, as I was sometimes at a loss to make out a word, being a poor scholar, he told me what it was, and explained it to me and corrected me whenever I blundered as I went along. When I had finished reading it he said to me "Now, Carey, you must be very careful, as your friend, Gov. Blount puts great confidence in you; you must observe what he tells you, that when you have read the letter two or three times you are to burn it." He then asked me what I intended to do; whether I would send the letter to Rogers, or send for Rogers to come to me. I told him I did not know; perhaps I might write to Rogers, and if I did I would let him know. He said that the people thereabouts thought it all over with Gov. Blount, but he would rise yet; that if his plan should take place, it would be a great thing for the friends of the business and for the country; that Gov. Blount would entrust nobody with the letter but him and that he came to Tellico on purpose to deliver it to me; that I should receive another letter from Gov. Blount, and that he, Major Grant, would come down again to see me on the subject. I then told him that I could not tarry there any longer, as I was wanted at the store. As we returned, he repeated to me that I should be careful, that the business was of great consequence, that it would be of much service to his friend, and that Gov. Blount placed great confidence in me. He then returned to Knoxville.

I kept the letter, but did not know what to do with it or think about it. I had, a few days before, been sworn by Mr. Dinsmoor, to execute my appointments with fidelity to the United States; and I was much embarrassed with my regard for Gov. Blount and what might possibly be my duty in respect to the letter. I consulted Major Lewis Loveley, who is clerk at the store, and showed him the letter. He told me he did not know what to advise, but that I should consider my oath. I took occasion, a few days afterwards, when I was alone with Mr. Byers, to tell him that I had a strange letter in my possession which I did not know what to do about. He asked me who it was from. I told him, and promised to show it to him the next morning, which I did accordingly; and, on his assurance that it was of importance to the public that it should be disclosed, I gave it to him.

After Byers had brought the letter to Philadelphia, Major Grant came to Tellico. I was planting corn on the other side of the river; he and Lieutenant Davidson came over to me. Major Grant took a newspaper out of his pocket, read it for me and gave it to me. It contained something about Doublehead's having been at Philadelphia with Gen. Knox and obtaining a greater indemnity for the Indian country than had been stipulated. Davidson and Grant entered into an argument about it; and then we returned to Blockhouse, whither I wanted them to take a drink. They pursued the horse path and I went on the foot path at some distance from them. In a little while I was met by a soldier, who said there was an express come to the Blockhouse for Lieutenant Davidson and me, and then passed on to inform Davidson. A little further on I met another soldier, with a paper for Lieutenant Davidson, which was delivered to him as soon as he came up; and he told us that Lieutenant Wright had come to the garrison. We crossed the river, and the two Lieutenants entered into discourse, and walked away by themselves. Grant then said to me, he believed he knew what all this bustle was about; that he said at Knoxville that he was going into the Indian country, and he supposed Wright had come to stop him. He said also that there was a great stir at Knoxville about something, but he could not make out what. He asked me what I had done with the letter from Mr. Blount. I said it was gone, but did not tell him where, nor did he pursue the question further, but I thought looked very cool upon me. The officers soon returned, and Lieutenant Wright continued with me and Major Grant; and I afterwards understood that his business at Tellico was to follow Major Grant, and prevent him from having any private intercourse with me. Grant, immediately after taking a drink, left us and returned to Knoxville.

A few days afterwards, a Col. John McLellan, of Knoxville, came to Tellico, and called me out, and asked me if I had not received a letter from Gov. Blount. I said I had. He asked me what were the contents, and said there was a terrible to-do about it at Knoxville, and it was reported that Byers had got it from me when I was drunk. I told him it was true that Byers had got it. He repeated his question about the contents. I told him I could not recollect them all. He said that it was a damned bad thing that I let it go. He then asked me if the cover was gone; I said I believed not. He then observed, that he supposed the letter was about something relative to Florida. I replied, I supposed it was. He said he imagined it was to the same purpose as one which he had himself received from Gov. Blount; but that, by God! they should not get that from him; that he was determined to support Gov. Blount, and so were many others in that country.

Some days afterwards, Charles McClure, General White, Willie Blount, and Colonel McLellan's brother came to Tellico also along with

the Colonel; but I was desired by Lieutenant Wright not to hold conversation with any of them except in his presence. I took therefore, an early opportunity to mention to Colonel McLellan that I was glad to see my friends, but that I was not permitted to have any private discourse with them. Afterwards, they wanted me to go over the river with them to get fruit; but I declined, telling them that I would go over and send them some by the Indians, but that I would not go with them.

The letter for John Rogers, which was indorsed in the same cover with that I received from Gov. Blount, I delivered to Col. Hawkins.

I never received the letter which is now produced to me, signed "William Blount," dated April 24, 1797, and in the handwriting of Gov. Blount and directed to "James Carey, Tellico Blockhouse—Col. King."

JAMES CAREY.

In the midst of the trial Blount dispatched a letter to Tennessee avowing that his love for the state led him to do what he did.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26, 1797.

SIR: The annexed is a copy of a letter with which it seems Mr. Byers, of Tellico Blockhouse, came express to this city, and delivered it about the 20th of June to the President, with whom and his executive council it remained until the 30th instant, when it was laid by him before both houses of Congress, with other papers.

It is imputed to me, and has involved me in serious difficulties, the extent of which I cannot at present foresee. They will, however, shortly be detailed to you.

I ask you to examine it with attention, and determine yourself if the contemplated plan, let whoever may be the author, had gone into effect, what would have been the result to the citizens of Tennessee, whose good it has ever been, and ever will be, my happiness to promote? I repeat, read and judge for yourself, regardless of popular clamor, which its publication has raised in this and other places, much to my injury. Shortly I will be in Tennessee. In the meantime,

Believe me, very respectfully your obedient servant,

WILLIAM BLOUNT.

Blount was represented by counsel, he refusing, by advice of his counsel, James Ingersoll and A. J. Dallas, to be a witness at the trial.

The prosecution was handled by Byard and Harper of

the House, while chairman Sitgreaves rendered restless service in aiding the prosecution.

The people of Tennessee never lost faith in Blount and plundered their wits to help him out.

Blount was evidently under the care of bad advisers. While Tennesseans love to think of him as a martyr there was nothing to indicate that he was so unpopular as to win the disfavor of the administration, partisan though it may have been. His refusal to answer questions was at least suspicious, and his letter savored of intrigue. It was a day ripe for all kinds of political plots. The reconstruction period after the Revolution was more beset with perils than was the same period after the war between the states.

The spirit of possession and love of power dominated the people. Instead of the love of money it was a mad lust for lands. These lands that lay stretched out before them with their virgin forests and verdant plains made an inviting field for operations. Nor did this craving for tenure mean a craving for wealth alone. The quest of domain meant the zest for dominion.

Gov. Blount, on arriving here, was not long in acquainting himself with these conditions nor long in acquiring ambitions that went beyond them all. A born cavalier and cultured in the art of control, he saw in the then disputed territory of the Mississippi valley vast proportions and possibilities. What his motives were may never be known.⁷

His people at home never believed him guilty and never tired of doing him honor. Open, free and frank as they were, the fact that he had once been to them the ideal of a lofty character would not have shielded him from their censure, had he, in their minds, deserved it. A guilty

⁷Dr. Ramsey, Tennessee's distinguished historian, was in possession of some valuable Blount documents during the preparation of a second volume of history, covering a later period than his first volume, but he lost all by fire. As he put it "All became a prey to the rapacity and incendiarism of Federal soldiers, and were all consumed together." These valuable papers contained a vindication of William Blount's course.

man, however popular he may be, loses his prestige when he mistreats the trust of a confiding constituency, and no people show their readiness to condemn more quickly than those whose confidence has been violated.

On returning to his home at Knoxville, a large delegation met him some distance from the town and escorted him in as triumphantly as though he were a Roman conqueror. Gen. James White resigned from the legislature in order that Blount might have a seat in that body.

James Mathers, the sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, went to Knoxville to arrest Blount. Here he was courteously treated by the citizens and was a guest of Blount, in whose home he was hospitably entertained. When he decided to take his prisoner he summoned a posse to assist him, but no man would consent to serve.

The sergeant-at-arms saw there was no use to attempt force and started home alone. Several citizens accompanied him a few miles from town and, "after assuring him that William Blount could not be taken from Tennessee as a prisoner, bade him a polite adieu."⁸

Blount was elected to the state senate, where he became speaker and would have been chosen governor had he lived longer.

He died the 21st of March, 1800, at Knoxville, after a short illness and was buried in the First Presbyterian church-yard.

Of the six children who survived him, one daughter became the wife of Gen. Edmond Pendleton Gaines of Sullivan.

⁸Ramsey quoted in Wright's Life of Blount.



BLOUNTVILLE

CHAPTER XIX.

BLOUNTVILLE.

Blountville is, but one, the oldest town in the State of Tennessee, Jonesboro preceding it a few years.

Tradition has given the locality a fort and a settlement long before it took the name of a town. The Bledsoes had a fort on the Reedy creek road, north of the town and the Looneys had a fort a few miles southwest, on Muddy creek. These forts, were well defended, log, living houses with port holes and were built after the manner of block-houses.

The land on which Blountville is built was bought by James Brigham, the 23rd of October, 1782, and originally contained six hundred acres. For this tract Brigham paid the usual price, "fifty shillings for every one hundred acres" and "provided always he shall cause this grant to be registered in the Register's office of our said County of Sullivan within twelve months from the date hereof otherwise the same shall be void and of no effect." This was recorded as grant No. 147.

When Sullivan County was partitioned to help make other counties and it was decided to have a more central location for the county seat, with permanent buildings, James Brigham gave thirty acres to the county commissioners in the following deed:

DEED TO BLOUNTVILLE.

This indenture made this Eleventh day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred & ninety two between James Brigham of the county of Sullivan & Territory of the United States South of the River Ohio of one part & John Anderson George Maxwell & Richd Gammon Commissioners of the county and territory aforesaid of the other part witnesseth the said James Brigham hath given to Sullivan county the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged hath and by these presents doth grant alien enfeof and confirm unto the said

commissioners or their successors heirs or assigns forever a certain tract or parcel of land containing thirty acres be the same more or less lying and being in the county of Sullivan Beginning at a white oak thence north sixty eight east forty poles to a stake thence south thirty five and a half East eight poles to a stake then south four West one hundred poles to a stake on said Brigham's old line thence along the same West twenty eight poles to a stake thence a straight line to the beginning containing 30 acres of land to be vested in the aforesaid John Anderson George Maxwell & Richard Gammon Esquires commissioners &c to erect a court House prison & stocks on for the Sd. county also to lay off the plan for a town for the benefit of said county with all and singular the woods waters water courses profits commodities hereditaments & appurtenances whatsoever to the Sd Tract of land belonging or appertaining and the reversion & reversions remainder remainders rents & issues thereof & all the estate right title interest property claim and demand of him the Sd. Jas. Brigham his heirs &c of in & the same & every part and parcel thereof in law or equity to have and to hold the sd thirty acres of Land with appurtenances unto the sd Commissioners or there successors heirs & assigns against the lawfull title claim & demand of all and every person or persons whatsoever shall & will warrant & forever defend these presents In witness whereof the sd James Brigham hath hereunto set his seal the day and year above written

Signed sealed & delivered }
in the presence of }

JAMES BRIGHAM (Seal)

Sullivan County 1st day of December session 1792 within deed was acknowledged in open court by Jas. Brigham Sept 6th day 1793 then Regs.

MATHEW RHEA C. S. C.

In the same year that James Brigham gave the land on which Blountville is located the court ordered that he be "admitted to keep an ordinary at his now dwelling house in Sullivan County by giving bond and security according to law." This was the first hotel in Blountville.¹

The commissioners platted the land into lots, but did not offer them for sale until three years later, August 25, 1795. They were in quarter-acre sections, measuring

¹The term "ordinary" as applied to a hotel simply means a hotel conducted in the ordinary way—the American plan.

forty-two feet by two hundred and sixty-four feet. There does not appear to have been a very brisk demand for lots at first as on the opening day, August 25th, but two lots were disposed of—one to Robert Work who chose lot No. 4 and one to Col. James King who chose lot No. 13. Several months elapsed before there were any more conveyances. The largest investors in these lots were John Tipton who took four lots, Elkanah Dulaney who took three lots and William Deery who took three lots.

It is curious to note the change in values, even in a town where the excitement of phenomenal increase in land values was hardly known. The tract of thirty acres on which the town is located originally cost the purchaser two dollars and sixty-two and a half cents. It cost the commissioners nothing and therefore they could afford to "grant" away a few lots, as the records show, to create interest.

Not very long after the first two lots were "granted" they began to increase in value and the next conveyances were for "valuable considerations." They then began to look up some and money considerations were required. William Deery paid thirty dollars for one lot, while the old Fain lot, or what is now known as the Powell lot, sold to William King, of Abingdon, Virginia, for one hundred and one dollars.²

Later the commissioners for the disposal of these lots were Elkanah Dulaney, George Rutledge and James Gaines. During the first ten years the lots were on sale there were but thirty-three disposed of. Two streets are noted in the transfers—Main street and Back street, and these two remain the only thoroughfares of any length in the town.

In 1855, during the administration of Mayor W. W. James, the council decided to extend Back street, which action necessitated running through Sturm's tan-yard,

²These changes in values are not to be compared with the changes in value of Bristol realty. It is a tradition that the entire tract on which Bristol is built was originally bought for an old gun and a white horse, while in recent years lots on State street sold at five hundred dollars per front foot.

in the old Rhea meadows. He was paid twelve dollars and a half for a right of way with the additional cost to the town of the removal of the buildings across the street.

Soon after its organization Blountville became the center of an enlightened citizenship. The Rheas, Andersons, Fains, Dulaney, Maxwells, Tiptons, Rutledges and Gammons are some of the settlers who came here with liberal educations, and this, with the wealth many acquired here, enabled them to dispense a hospitality that was rare in its refinement and culture—the percentage of illiteracy was less in the early days of the county than it was a few generations following. It is alarming to relate that, beginning with the first record, “his mark” occurs with more embarrassing frequency as the county advances in age.³ This does not indicate a lack of schools today, but marks a lapse following the arrival of the educated pioneer. He who was not favored with wealth and culture or ambitions permitted his children to go without learning because he could not impart it—besides the demands forced him to spend much of his time on the border while his children helped to make a living for the family. The children of the generation that followed, grew still more careless and, unrestrained, drifted back into an ignorance that, when opportunity came, required many more generations, with awkward and even painful application, to efface.

Education, or at least the faculty to acquire one, is an inheritance and no ignorant ancestry ever produced an educated posterity in one generation.

The high-mindedness of the people was reflected in the youth of that day. They were as combative as any boys, but they rarely shied their grievances into public view. They “dared” one another, and with cool tact and safe control of wounded pride, issued verbal challenges to

³In addition to the county records see Roosevelt's “Winning of the West” in regard to the hand writing of the pioneer. The old county records, especially those at Abingdon, have some remarkably beautiful pages of hand writing executed when the clerk, no doubt, had more leisure than now. They resemble the printed page of Gothic or Old English so prevalent in the early days.

"meet on Back street." Back street was their battleground and here differences were settled with deliberation, like duelists settling their disputes.

Blountville has had good educational facilities for more than one hundred years.

JEFFERSON ACADEMY.⁴

In 1806 Jefferson Academy was, by an act of the legislature, provided and William Snodgrass, John Punch, Elkanah Dulaney, Abraham Looney and William Baird were appointed a board of trustees for the school. Ten years later three more, Mathew Rhea, Jr., Audley Anderson and Samuel Rhea, Jr., were added to the list of trustees.

The first academy was built of logs, but thirty years later a brick structure took its place—this in a few years, however, was declared unsafe and was torn down and rebuilt. There were two dormitories in the foreground that crumbled with the house. The academy was again rebuilt, but through abuse and neglect again became unsafe and was torn down.

Hon. Charles A. Brown, a member of the House of Representatives, introduced a bill legalizing the sale of the material, brick and wood work, and the proceeds derived therefrom went to improve the Institute. Jefferson Academy stood at the west end of town, opposite the old Yost homestead and nearly opposite the graveyard. Among the teachers who taught there before the Civil War were George Wilhelm, Rev. Andrew S. Morrison, John Tyler, William Roberts, Archimedes and Jonathan Davis, George K. Snapp, James P. Snapp, Abel J. Brown, Leonidas Shaver and James McClain. Among those who came after the war were ——— Turner, Robert Sturm, William Geisler, William, John and Isaac Harr, William Davidson, F. B. Hutton and John Buchannon.

⁴Named for Thomas Jefferson and a very appropriate patronymic since Jefferson is the father of higher education in the South.

Jefferson Academy was the first prominent institution of learning in the county and enjoyed a long, well deserved and substantial popularity. It has sent forth many young men who have filled responsible places in state and court and in the ministry—two have achieved international attention.⁵

On January 9, 1837, William Deery transferred to the trustees of the "Female Academy, 3870 feet" of land for the purpose of erecting a building, as a department for female education. The trustees were William Deery, John H. Fain, David Shaver, William R. Dulaney, Andrew R. Edwards, William Gammon and Samuel Rhea. The site was given "for and in consideration of good will toward the citizens of Blountville and with the view of promoting female education among them and of building up a course of religion in said town."

Later, Whiteside lodge of Masons established the "Female Institute" on an adjacent lot and the trustees of the "Female Academy" transferred the property to this lodge. Jefferson Academy furnished three thousand dollars to aid the new institution.

A big dinner was given to secure funds for the erection of the Institute and tickets were sold at one dollar each. Three young girls, Annis Rutledge, Mace Rhea and Rachel Ellen Anderson sold three thousand dollars worth of tickets, many paying more than the price asked. Thomas A. R. Nelson paid the highest price, twenty dollars for a single dinner.

Landon C. Haynes delivered the dedicatory address at the laying of the corner-stone, July 4, 1855, and the Abingdon band furnished music for the occasion.

The Holston Conference of the Southern Methodist church took charge of the school about 1876 and under

⁵Richard Garner for his study of the monkey language and Irl Hicks, the weather prophet. The latter was for a long time the target of the weather bureau and his views were derided while the public was warned against him. Of late the same department is making experiments along the line of development begun by Hicks.

that guidance it lived a few successful years, but it is now in charge of the Masonic fraternity.

Among the early teachers at the Academy were Julia Dean, Mary and Fanny Smith, George Snapp, Margaret McMurry and at the Institute, W. W. Neal assisted by Agnes and ——— Thomas, T. P. Summers, Robert W. Douthat, Mrs. James W. Norvell, Mary Patten, Tillie Wood, W. B. Gale, Josiah Torbett, R. T. Barton, J. Pede Marshall and Ben. L. Dulaney.

GIANTS AT THE BAR.

In 1830 with a population of 209, one Methodist and one Presbyterian church, six stores, two taverns, and ten mechanics,⁶ Blountville modestly claimed but one lawyer and one doctor. Twenty-five years later it had an array of legal talent, both resident and visiting, of such ability that it is doubtful if any county in the state could claim an abler body of that profession. The list included—Landon C. and Matt Haynes, Netherland and Heiskell, James W. Deaderick, Hall and Walker, F. M. Davis, James E. Murphy, Judge C. W. Hall, Thomas A. R. Nelson, Patterson and Davis, Gideon Burkhart, C. W. Nelson, Tol Logan, John McLin, Charles R. Vance, Maxwell and Milligan, A. G. Graham, John Mosby,⁷ N. M. Taylor, Brittan and Hawkins, Sam Powell, T. D. Arnold, G. M. Murrel, C. J. St. John, F. W. Earnest and W. D. Haynes.

Blountville in the early days became the center of a commercial activity that drew into its coffers much wealth and formed the nuclei of later fortunes. It lacked the shipping facilities that Kingsport had, but three stage lines entered the town, and being favored with govern-

⁶Tennessee Gazette.

⁷Col. John Mosby, the noted Confederate cavalryman, was living in Bristol at the outbreak of the Civil War. His last case in court was at Blountville. He had already joined the army and was at Abingdon when he got permission from Capt. Jones to go to Blountville. His war record is familiar. In a personal letter to the author he says, "The hardest battle I had to fight during the war was parting from my wife and children at Bristol." He is now in the Department of Justice at Washington.

ment recognition in the matter of postal service gave it advantages over any town in upper East Tennessee.

The leading merchants were William Deery,⁸ Samuel Rhea, Rhea and Anderson, John R. Fain and Sons, James Rhea, John Q. Rhea, W. W. James, Taylor and Pile, Jesse J. James, William Gammon, John Powell, William R. Dulaney, Jesse Reaves and Taylor and Jones.

Morally the town has always had a high standard. A review of the criminal records show that but one murder has been committed there during its one hundred and fifteen years of existence, while petty violations of law have been in proportion.

The murder mentioned was not committed in cold blood or premeditated. Labin Williams, a young lawyer, had just returned to Blountville from Jonesboro bearing papers for David Stuart. On meeting with him a dispute arose during which Stuart called Williams a liar, whereupon he drew a dirk and stabbed his accuser to death. This dirk was not the property of Williams—he had been intrusted with its delivery to some one in Blountville. He was arrested for the act, but was not tried in the county as he claimed he could not get justice—asked for a change of venue and was put in jail at Jonesboro. One night some of his sympathizers broke open the jail and spirited him away to North Carolina. From there he drifted to Texas where he became a Catholic priest.

THE CHURCHES.

The first denomination to erect a church in Blountville was the Methodist. The church was built about the time of the erection of Jefferson Academy. The leading workers in this church were William Snodgrass and Thomas Rockdold. It was built on the adjoining lot

⁸William Deery was an Irish peddler who made trading trips to Sullivan from Baltimore. He was finally induced to locate in Blountville by Walter James. Here he accumulated a fortune and for his day was one of the wealthiest men in Tennessee. Late in life he married Miss Allison of a very prominent family in "The Forks" and became a useful man to Blountville and Sullivan County.

west of where it now stands and was a brick building forty by thirty feet in size. All denominations used it for a time and school entertainments were also held there. When it was repaired it was dedicated to worship only. In 1855 it was removed to its present site.

The Presbyterians, who had been holding house meetings under the pastorate of Rev. Lake, built a church in 1820, on the hill west of town, a graveyard also being enclosed. Later the church was removed to a lot opposite the "Female Academy" and still later to Main street.

On Sunday, July 27, 1836, while the Rev. Daniel Rogan was preaching in the Presbyterian church, then on graveyard hill, a distinguished party drove up to attend the meeting. It consisted of Andrew Jackson, then President, A. J. Donelson, afterwards candidate for Vice-President, Col. McClellan, afterwards Congressman from Sullivan and about fifteen others, some riding in carriages, others on horseback. Seeing the party on the outside the preacher stopped short in his discourse, announced the arrival of the President, parceled out a hymn and all joined in the singing, thus avoiding confusion while the party entered. The song being finished the people seated themselves. The minister preached from the text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." After the services were over, Col. McClellan introduced the visitors to a number of the congregation.⁹

A Baptist church was organized in 1833 by William Cate and T. J. Poindexter. The first association was held in 1870. The meeting was presided over by William A. Keen, who acted as moderator. John Crockett Rutledge, who was clerk of the county court, was also

⁹Gen. Jackson never passed through Sullivan on his way to or from Washington without stopping at one and sometimes two or three places in the county—often for a day or two at a time. He generally stopped with old soldiers who had accompanied him in campaigns at the Horseshoe or against the Seminoles or at New Orleans. His salutation to his old war comrades was an embrace. It may be said in this connection that the three Presidents Tennessee furnished, Jackson, Polk and Johnson have visited and spoken in Blountville.

clerk of the Baptist Church and kept the church books in his office. When the records of the court were destroyed by the burning of the court house in 1863, the church records were destroyed with them.

THE GOLD SEEKERS.

When the excitement of the gold discoveries reached Sullivan County a large number of people left Blountville and that vicinity and began the overland journey to California. Some took their families. It was during the days of "49" and the dangers incident to such a journey were much like those that confronted the Donelsons on their voyage down the Holston. It meant three thousand miles of travel, some of it over treeless deserts and through trackless woods, uninhabited by any friendly face—war bands of Indians or worse, renegades like those who perpetrated the Mountain Meadows massacre, were ready to kill and plunder.

These emigrant trains resembled in many ways those of the pioneers, and the men who accompanied them were full of the same adventurous spirit.

Among the number who left during the early excitement were "Doc" and William Anderson, sons of the hatter, Joe Pectol, of Ketron's, Tom Birdwell, Henderson Webb and James Wilson, from Reedy creek, William Cretsinger, of the family of ginger cake fame, and Joseph and Nathan Bachman of Horse creek valley.¹⁰ These who went to California started in the spring or early summer in order to be sure of finding pasture for their stock on the way.

On the return of the "49-ers" with belts of gold nuggets and quartz the excitement was again kindled and many

¹⁰A strange fatality has followed the Bachman family on the Pacific coast. Joseph was lost at sea. Nathan in his eightieth year, spurning to ride any but a spirited horse, was thrown by one, his thigh fractured, from which injury he died. Another was killed by Chinese laborers. William Bachman, of Bristol, on June 21, 1907, while enjoying an outing tendered him by the company for which he worked, went down with the excursion steamer Columbia on which he had taken passage for Portland, Oregon.

others went. Among those in the second pilgrimage were David Swieegood, Wade and Rufus Snapp, and Charles White and family. Crossing the plains White and his family were attacked by the Indians—White was killed and his wife taken captive. Being pursued by a band of determined men the Indians killed her also.

THE GOLD FINDERS.

During September, 1882, "Sifty" John Hicks, a day laborer about the town, was employed to clean out a cellar under the circuit court clerk's office preparatory to putting in a supply of wood for the winter. The rubbish in the cellar was the accumulation of years—had not been cleaned out since the Civil War. It consisted mainly of mortar and brick and burnt wood—some of the remains of the court house. After digging for a while Hicks struck a cast iron box about twelve by sixteen inches—four inches thick. As soon as he saw that it contained gold and silver his excitement would not permit him to examine further or to take any of its contents. Rushing out he excitedly told every one he met that he had struck a coffin in which was buried a treasure of gold and silver coins.

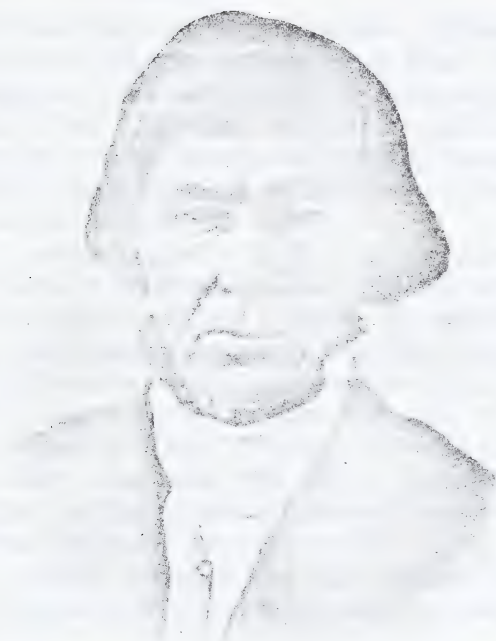
The romantic feature of the find was that the first one he informed was a youth sitting on the stile leading from the street to the rear of the court house yard. He was deploring the fate that deprived him of parental sympathy in the choice of his life's work. He wanted to be a physician, but his parents tried to discourage him in the idea, and to such an extent as to deny him any aid in the furtherance of his ambition. He had finished his preliminary preparation and was at this time trying to accumulate enough bones to make a complete skeleton in order that he might become better acquainted with the subject of anatomy. On being told that a coffin had been unearthed with the treasure the youth's first thoughts were of the skeleton that he might secure, but when he reached

the spot and caught sight of the shining metal he forgot his misfortunes, skeleton and all, and, "filling his pockets," hastened home, put the money in a trunk and hurried back for more.

In the meantime the news of the discovery spread rapidly and half the town gathered there, and in the wild scramble the money got scattered and mixed up in the rubbish. Few went there who were not repaid for their trouble—some got several hundred dollars. The silver coins had been melted by the heat, but the gold coins were not affected.

The trash was thoroughly sifted—both that in the cellar and the portion that had been removed. The news soon reached the country folk and many gathered there, and now and then a gold coin was picked up that served to renew interest and the search. Long after all the money had been found and the dirt gone over many times, some one on mischief bent would slyly bury a coin, begin digging, unearth it excitedly and the hunt would begin again. The box contained about two thousand dollars, but no explanation has ever been given as to when or by whom the money was put there.¹¹

¹¹In arranging the chapters on Sullivan County and Blountville I had access to the county records at Blountville and the abstracts in the office of W. R. Page, Bristol.



JAMES KING

JAMES KING.

A BIOGRAPHY.

The senior James King was born in London, England, in 1752 and came to America when a young man. He was a civil engineer. He settled first in Montgomery county, Virginia, but afterwards removed to Sullivan County, making it his permanent home. Here he became associated with Thomas Goodson in land transactions, in 1778, and married his daughter Sarah.

His military service began in 1778 when he joined Gen. Andrew Lewis in the Dunmore War. It was but a step from this to the Revolution. Among the episodes of his military career was an experience with Gen. Daniel Morgan. With others he was hotly pursued by a body of cavalry and so closely were they followed that they were forced to take refuge in Dismal Swamp. All were captured except King. One man was left to guard the swamp, but after waiting for some time and despairing of finding his man the guard mounted and left. King at once went in pursuit, overtook him and captured his horse, a fine riding animal, which he proudly conducted back to camp.

A superior officer coveted the animal and would have it despite protests, but King, rather than give it up, resigned and went home. He relented, however, for having been so rash as to permit a horse to stand between him and his desire for liberty, returned to the army and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

While a man of many peculiarities he was always humane. In consequence of his fair dealings with the Indians he exerted a great influence over them and Gov. Blount sought his services in treaties where diplomacy played an important part. He took part in the famous treaty of the Holston.

He was commander of the fort at Knoxville from 1792 to 1795, and was associated with its founder, Gen. James White, in laying off the town.

A military life of seven years made King a rover. He owned four homes and whenever the notion struck him, would move his family without giving any notice. He gave orders one time to move to Knoxville with the weeks washing in the tub, at the boiling point.

He died August 17th, 1825, at the age of seventy-three. The only inscription on his tomb, which is a coffin shaped slab of iron, is—"A patriot of 1776." This is to distinguish him from those who became patriots after the war was over, when the cause was more popular.

James King, Jr., the son, was born near Bristol, about 1790, and inherited a vast estate. He founded King College in 1866, and gave it to the Presbyterian church, one stipulation being that ministers and Confederate soldiers were to receive free tuition. He had sent a number of young men North to be educated, but their return with abolition views caused him to erect the college. He also founded and was the first pastor of the first Presbyterian church erected in Bristol.

There was a time in his life when he took great interest in hunting, but on one of his rambles in the "chestnut flats," southwest of Bristol, he killed a deer and was so moved by its pitiful human-like death moans that he never hunted animals again,¹ and always made it convenient to be away from home at hog killing time.

The name King is so closely associated with the educational and industrial developments that it has been preserved more indelibly in connection with public institutions and localities than any other name in the county.

James King, Jr., died July 13, 1867, and is buried in Bristol.

¹Balzac graphically describes the human-like death moans of a panther in his "A Passion in the Desert."

CHAPTER XX.

EARLY INDUSTRIES.

The frontier people became mechanics out of necessity. The skilled artisan rarely accompanied the emigrants to a new territory. His service always in demand in a settled and safe community, he did not feel that the prospects were promising enough to justify his going into a new field where his labor was not sought at a price his skill could command. Hence our forefathers became their own shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, tanners, weavers and the most needful of all, millers. The mills of early days were of clumsy, yet ingenious design, and like the mills of the Gods, ground slowly, but unlike them ground exceedingly coarse.

One way of obtaining meal was with "the sweep." This was made of a tough, springy sapling about twenty-five feet long. One end was placed under a house or log or stump and about midway a forked stick was used as a fulcrum, raising the small end about fifteen feet from the ground. A wooden pestle about eight feet long and six inches in diameter was attached—a wooden pin was put through this so that two people could handle it, and thus they pounded the corn in the receptacle made for it, and, when the corn was not too hard, did very good work.

Another design was called the hominy mill or "slow john," which had the advantage of lessening manual labor, as it did its own work. A beam is supported at each end with forked uprights, made smooth or hollowed out to allow the beam to move like an axle. Across the first beam is placed another, at one end of which is attached a hammer—at the other end a trough. Still another trough carries water to the first trough, which, when filled, is weighted down, bringing the hammer up—

then the water runs out of the trough and the hammer comes down again with sufficient force to beat the corn into meal.

The grater was often brought into use when the corn was too new and soft to be shelled easily or beaten—a whole ear of corn was rubbed across the grater.

The hand mill and the tub mill were improvements upon these, stones being used, much after the manner of modern, improved milling. Sifters were then used instead of a bolting cloth. The sifters were made of perforated skins, in a parchment state, stretched across a hoop.

The method of tanning was also primitive. A large trough was made, after the manner of a pirogue or canoe, hewn out of a large tree. This trough was sunk into the ground. After the oak bark became dry, instead of being ground, as now, it was placed upon a block and pounded with an axe or hammer or shaved with a drawing knife. Instead of lime, ashes were used to remove the hair from the hides. A drawing knife with the edge properly turned was used as a currying knife and, as a substitute for fish oil, bears'¹ oil, tallow or lard was applied, while chimney soot mixed with lard made the blacking. When shoes or boots were worn they were polished with grease, this being especially done for social gatherings and on Sundays, a copious application of peppermint, hair oil or other preparation of an aromatic nature offsetting the odor of the grease.

The clothing worn was home-made and there was a weaver in every family. Linsey was the cloth usually worn. The flax patch was as necessary as the corn patch. Linsey-wolsey, the most comfortable and serviceable material for garments, was worn by both sexes and was made of flax and wool. The flax furnished the chain while the wool supplied the filling.

¹Indian maidens anointed their hair and bodies with bear's oil for antiseptic purposes. It certainly did not add to their charms of person.--William Byrd's Journal.

Shoe packs, made of leather and fashioned after moccasins, were worn where the owner was not skillful enough to make shoes. These shoe packs were made out of one piece of leather with the seam in the back—the tongue being fastened on the outside of the shoe. Hunters and trappers supplied their own wear, which was the simple moccasin.

There were two articles in the manufacture of which the backwoodsman became craftsman—that of woodenware, such as buckets and tubs, and wicker work, in chairs and baskets, the latter being quite ornamental as well as serviceable. No modern, machine-made tubs and firkins equal the old cedar ones with their alternating white and red staves. In like manner the chairs and baskets were at times artistically finished, and some of these home-made wares are still to be seen and still retain their element of strength—they represent the type of people who used them—enduring.

As the population increased and the frontier with its accompaniment of Indian hostilities was pushed further back, skilled labor came, bringing faster if not better methods of manufacture. The forge and bloomery, at which were made iron-ware and implements, were erected. With the opening of the ore banks came the opening of industrial life, which has given this section a substantial commercial strength to this day.

FIRST IRON WORKS.

One of the first, if not the first iron-works in Tennessee was erected at the mouth of Steele's creek, in Sullivan County, and was operated by Col. James King, about 1784, who later associated with him Gov. William Blount.

John Sevier also became interested in the development of the iron industry in Sullivan.²

²John Sevier junior and senior formed a partnership with Walter King for the purpose of manufacturing iron.—County records.

When the King iron-works was dedicated, after Gov. Blount became a partner in 1790, a two day's jollification took place and some of the old fashioned games were indulged in. There were running races, sack races and feats of strength and agility. Baxter Bean excelled in distance running; Jacob Akard in wrestling; William Smith in foot racing and a negro, "Cuff," in lifting the heaviest weight. John Blair was the forgerman. John Smith, the foundryman, was brought from England. James Brooks became chief collier.

When the furnace was charged with charcoal and ore Mrs. Blount, the wife of the governor, in the presence of a large gathering of people, walked up on a platform and, breaking a bottle of rum, christened it "Barbara," the name of Gov. Blount's mother.³

This, too, became the first nail factory in the state, if not in the South.

A more extensive nail factory, however, was erected many years later at Pactolus, which supplied nails for a wide sweep of territory, reaching as far as Huntsville, Alabama. It was operated by Elijah Embree, who afterward became connected with the noted abolition journal at Jonesboro. In 1846 Gen. Alfred E. Jackson contracted for the entire output of the Embree rolling mill.

As the demand increased for leather the old tanning trough was replaced by vats, built in the ground—the first of the kind we have any record of was erected by Jacob Sturm, at Blountville, on the St. John lot, at the creek. Kingsport, Gunning's and Carmack's were among the largest tanneries in the county. W. G. Taylor operated an extensive plant at Blountville. It was managed by George Pile, Sr., who in 1872 discovered and patented a process of tanning which lessened the time from three and twelve months to thirty and ninety days, and by the same method sheep skins were made strong

³Deery MSS.

enough for shoes and thong leather. This process came into general use.

Another factory which received national attention was the Cain pottery, located at Emanuel church, and owned by two brothers, William M. and Abe Cain. This pottery was one of the first in America to make glazed earthenware.⁴ It was operated about 1840 and, among other wares, souvenir jugs were made, many of which are still in existence.

The most prosperous industry in Sullivan and East Tennessee was the manufacture of iron. There were twenty-nine furnaces scattered throughout this section. Sullivan and Carter counties had thirteen. The Tilt-hammer iron works, operated by water power at the shoals in Kingsport, thrived for a number of years. The best known was the Bushong furnace, which was the survival of the old King iron-works and was operated, first by George Bushong and then by his son, William Bushong, who managed it for more than twenty-five years. Industries like this and the salt works of Virginia became the center of commercial activity, and lasted as such until combined wealth throttled local business and carried the iron trade of the South to Birmingham, Alabama. The inconvenience of the ore banks in Holston Valley, Blountville and Shady and the cost of transportation by wagon, over rough roads, made poor competition for carriage by rail and improved mining and manufacturing machinery.

So important was iron that it became with us a medium of exchange. Money was scarce. "I'll give you so many horseshoes or so many bull tongues or so many hoes for so much ———," whatever commodity was needed. This did not mean that the barterer carried the clumsy currency around with him, in his pockets, and, stepping up to the counter, laid down a horseshoe or a bull tongue in exchange for its equivalent in coffee or other articles

⁴See works on American Pottery.

of merchandise. The customer was extended credit if he had proven himself worthy of it and delivery of iron was made afterward.⁵

Among other industries that have disappeared, unable to compete with those favored by location and capital, is the cotton mill. Frederick A. Ross had a cotton mill on Long Island as late as 1849. He hauled his cotton by wagon from Knoxville. The Sparger and Byrd mills, at Bristol and the Prather mills, at Bluff City, erected 1874-5, suffered inconveniences in the way of freights and survived but a few years. The Jordan and Hoard woolen mills, in South Bristol, sprang up and disappeared the same way.

The tobacco factories operated by Reynolds, at Bristol and Prather, at Bluff City, finally became the victims of the trust methods.

There was a hat factory located near Thomas' bridge and operated by Edward Anderson. A good, servicable wool hat was made here and the old house where they were made still stands.

Glazed tiling and brick made by C. N. Jordon, David and William Roller, at Kingsport, 1885 to 1899, furnished Hawkins county with this material. But the centralizing of wealth and the advantage and opportunities it gave crushed the smaller industries of every kind.

⁵With the advent of new methods of business the old time credit system, where man trusted man, has almost disappeared. An example of the old way may be found in a transaction that took place in Holston Valley, between Daniel Odell and John Thomas. They were friends and cattle raisers. Nothing was thought of either borrowing from the other large sums of money without even giving a receipt. But as times changed this manner of doing business was considered careless and they agreed to give notes. Thomas borrowed five hundred dollars from Odell and made out his note. The question then arose as to which should keep the note. Finally Odell said to Thomas: "You got the money; you just keep the note so you'll know when to pay it back."



W. C. C. CLAIBORNE

W. C. C. CLAIBORNE.

A BIOGRAPHY.

W. C. C. Claiborne was one of the most brilliant statesmen of the South. When about sixteen years of age, after finishing a course at William and Mary College, he went to New York and entered the office of — Beckley, secretary to Congress. When Congress was removed to Philadelphia, Claiborne went also. It was here he met Thomas Jefferson, whose friendship he obtained and for which he afterwards proved his gratitude. Here also he met Gen. John Sevier, by whom he was persuaded to go to Tennessee and practice law. After spending a short time in the study of law in Richmond he obtained license in Virginia, thus avoiding delay that would result from probationary residence required in the state of his adoption. He then came to Sullivan County and entered upon the practice of his profession. He was more fortunate than most young lawyers, his first case bringing him a fee of five hundred dollars. He was employed, thereafter, on every cause of importance, being frequently called to neighboring courts in Virginia. At one time he was called two hundred miles away to argue a case involving an immense amount of property, and the fee promised was so large Claiborne refused to take it, although he won the suit, and accepted a fine saddle horse instead of the money.

He continued the practice of law for two years, when he was tendered, by Gov. Sevier, a seat on the supreme bench of Tennessee. He was at this time in his twenty-first year. Claiborne was one of the principal authors of the first constitution of Tennessee, which called from Jefferson such high praise.

Gov. Blount said of him, that making the necessary allowance for his youth he was the most extraordinary

man he had met with, and that if he lived to attain the age of fifty nothing but prejudice could prevent his becoming one of the most distinguished political characters in America.

When he was appointed to the supreme bench his friends urged him not to accept as he could make more in the practice of law. "My motto," said he, "is honor and not money; Gov. Sevier is my friend and if I can, I am bound to aid his administration."

A vancancy shortly afterward occurred in the House of Representatives of the United States and he was urged to become a candidate. He entered the race and, although opposed by a man of talent and great wealth, was elected by a big majority.

He was elected to Congress in his twenty-second year, not yet being of eligible age, and was the youngest man ever elected to a seat in that body.

It was during his term of office that the famous Jefferson-Burr contest took place, which wrought the country up to such a feverish state of excitement. Presidents were not then elected by the people, but by their representatives. Jefferson and Burr tied. They had been voted for at the same time and Jefferson's name appeared first, leaving the impression that the result would be, Jefferson for President and Burr for Vice-President. But party lines were severely drawn. The Federal party supported Burr and saw clearly that the election depended upon the vote of Claiborne. He became so conspicuous that he went armed.¹ The agitation lasted several days; finally on the thirty-seventh ballot Vermont voted blank and Jefferson was elected.

It was not very long after this that Claiborne was appointed by Jefferson, Governor of the Mississippi territory, and he arrived at Natchez to take charge of his new office, November 23, 1801. Many of the most prominent citizens of that territory had petitioned for him.

¹The National Portrait Gallery.—Longacre and Herring.

Previous to this he had married Eliza Lewis of Nashville.

He governed Mississippi for two years—was then transferred to the Louisiana territory, as governor, a hazardous undertaking then, as in this capacity he had to dispose of many kinds of intrigues and to deal with a variety of people.

In the pursuance of his duties he had a controversy with Daniel Clark, one of the supposed conspirators with Aaron Burr, which resulted in a duel and Claiborne was badly wounded.^{2&3}

In this trying climate he suffered an attack of yellow fever, his wife and child were similarly stricken and died from it, while his brother-in-law, Lewis, was killed in a duel. All three died the same day and were buried in the same grave.

Claiborne was married three times. As Governor of Louisiana he had the perplexing questions to solve which later brought on the war of 1812. He personally participated in the maneuvers in his state, but was prevented from engaging in the battle of New Orleans by being placed in command of Chef Menteur pass, when on his way to join Jackson.

In 1817, at the expiration of his term as governor, he was elected to represent Louisiana in the United States Senate, but he died in New Orleans the twenty-third of November, before taking his seat. He was forty-two years of age.

No man in the history of the government had received higher honors at such an early age.

²Out of the episodes which connected the names of Burr, Wilkinson, Clark and others, comes this piece of romantic history. Pendleton, a second of Alexander Hamilton in his duel with Burr, was closely related to Gaines for whom Claiborne secured a military position. Gaines afterwards married the daughter of Clark who fought the duel with Claiborne, the latter having been the patron of Gaines.

³The South is inclined to take a charitable view of the shortcomings of Aaron Burr. This is probably due to the high esteem in which his daughter Theodosia is held—that while aiding her father with sympathy, her Cordelia-like loyalty has endeared her to the people as one of the most tender and pathetic characters in the annals of exalted American womanhood.

CHAPTER XXI.

OFFICIAL LIFE.

The official life of Sullivan County, either by residence or birth, will rank with the best records. It includes one President, six United States Senators, seven Governors, eight Congressmen, one Secretary of the Treasury, one Minister to Russia, one Supreme Judge, one Federal Judge, two Chancery Judges, four Circuit Judges and two Attorneys-General.

Those serving in the United States Senate were William Blount and William Cocke, who were the first senators from Tennessee elected by a vote of the legislature, assembled in Knoxville, in 1796, when the state was first organized. William Blount was expelled in 1797. Andrew Jackson was appointed in 1797, but resigned a year later; Daniel Smith was senator 1798-1799 and again from 1805 to 1809; George W. Campbell, 1811 —, resigned to accept a cabinet position—Secretary of the Treasury, 1814, and afterwards became minister to Russia, 1818-1821; W. C. C. Claiborne was elected to the United States Senate from Louisiana, but died before taking his seat; Andrew Jackson became senator again, 1823-1825, but again resigned.

Congressmen: Andrew Jackson became a member of the fourth congress; W. C. C. Claiborne served in the fifth and sixth congresses; George W. Campbell in the eighth, ninth and tenth; John Rhea from the eighth to the thirteenth inclusive and again in the fifteenth and sixteenth; John Sevier in the twelfth and thirteenth; William G. Blount in the fourteenth and fifteenth; Abraham McClellan in the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh; Austin King served in congress from Missouri.

The list of Governors begins with William Blount,

first governor of the Territory south of the Ohio, 1790 to 1796; W. C. C. Claiborne became second governor of Mississippi and first governor of Louisiana; John Sevier, first governor of Tennessee, 1796-1801, and again, 1803-09; Willie Blount, 1809-15; Isaac Shelby became first governor of Kentucky; Austin King, born in Sullivan County, 1801, moved to Missouri in 1830, elected governor, 1848-53; John Isaac Cox, serving as speaker of the senate, succeeded Gov. Frazier, 1905-7, who succeeded Senator William B. Bate, the latter having died in office.

On the judicial list: W. C. C. Claiborne was appointed to the supreme bench, 1796; George W. Campbell also became judge of the Supreme Court of Errors and Appeals, 1809-11. Circuit judges: William Cocke, 1809-12, impeached—circuit judges were at first elected by the legislature, but after 1853 were elected by the people; H. Tyler Campbell, 1894-1902; Alonzo J. Tyler, 1902—; C. St. John, Jr., was appointed judge during the contested election between Tyler and Harmon, serving from September, 1902, until January, 1904.

Chancellors: C. J. St. John, Sr. (appointed to fill out the unexpired term of H. C. Smith, deceased), 1885-86; Hal H. Haynes, 1902—.

Attorneys-General: John Fain, 1878-86; H. Tyler Campbell, 1886-94.

Federal Judge: C. F. Trigg, 1862.

Thomas Curtin was appointed special judge of the supreme court, 1902, to sit in a case on account of the incompetency of Judge Shields. W. V. Deaderick was appointed referee judge, an intermediate court to relieve the congested condition of the supreme court.

The members of the constitutional convention, representing Sullivan County, were: 1796—George Rutledge, William C. C. Claiborne, John Shelby, Jr., John Rhea and Richard Gammon. Convention of 1834—Abraham McClellan. Convention of 1870—W. V. Deaderick.

STATE SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES.

In the first territorial assembly, which met in Knoxville, 1794, Sullivan was represented by George Rutledge.¹ He also represented the county in the senate in 1796, along with representatives John Rhea and David Looney.

Assembly, 1797—George Rutledge; 1799—George Rutledge, John Scott and Richard Gammon; 1801—George Rutledge, John Tipton and William Snodgrass;² 1805—James King, John Scott and John Tipton; 1807—Sullivan and Hawkins district was represented by Hawkins county—John Tipton, representative; 1809—John Tipton and John Phagen; 1812—George Rutledge and John Tipton; 1813—records lost; 1815—Absalom Looney and William King; 1817—John Tipton and Elkanah R. Dulaney; 1819—Jacob Miller and Elkanah R. Dulaney; 1821—Jacob Miller and Elkanah R. Dulaney; 1823—George Gammon and Abraham McClellan; 1825—Elkanah R.

¹George Rutledge was of South Carolina origin and a descendant of the famous Rutledge family that rendered such service to the county. He came to Sullivan when he was about seventeen years of age and from his youth was active in all that helped to advance the interests of the county. He was with Evan Shelby in his Chicamauga campaign and with Isaac Shelby at the battle of King's Mountain. He helped to frame the first constitution of Tennessee and was Sullivan County's first representative in the state senate. He was also sheriff of the county. In addition to his usefulness as a public man he did much to develop agricultural interests and was more instrumental than any other man in introducing blooded stock into the county. He succeeded Gen. John Sevier as military commandant of the district. Gen. Rutledge died July 1, 1813, fifty-three years of age and is buried at Blountville. He was at first buried near his home, but shortly after the graveyard was laid out at Blountville, was exhumed and buried there. His wife survived him several years and died at Kingsport. The remains were brought to Blountville, and as this funeral party approached from the west, the cortege in charge of the general's remains came over the hill from the east, a bell tolling all the while. They were both buried on the same day.

²William Snodgrass was born in Virginia and removed to Sullivan County in his youth. He, like so many others on the frontier, helped to defend the border forts. His first assignment as an officer was as sergeant in Evan Shelby's expedition against the Chicamauga Indians, in 1779. He then served as leader of the scouts under Col. Campbell, in the battle of King's Mountain. "Very early in the morning after the battle Colo. Campbell came to me and asked me if I would be willing to go back and meet the footmen and stop them from coming to the mountain and to take some men with me as a guard. I told him I did not want any guard—I left about sunrise Edward Smith accompanying me. * * * *—MSS. letter, Draper Collection.

Snodgrass was one of the last survivors of the battle. In the Creek War he arose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel—commanding the Tenth Tennessee regiment.

He owned a plantation midway between Blountville and Bristol and his home stood on the lot where D. Akard's house now stands (1909). Here he entertained hospitably. It was one of Andrew Jackson's favorite resting places when on his way to and from Washington. Col. Snodgrass died in 1845, eighty-five years old, surviving the battle of King's Mountain sixty-five years, and is buried in the Snodgrass graveyard. He and Gen. Rutledge were war comrades, neighbors and friends.

Dulaney; 1827—George Gammon and Abraham McClellan; 1829—Abraham McClellan; 1831—Abraham McClellan; 1833—John Netherland; 1835—Elkanah R. Dulaney (vice John Netherland); 1837—Elkanah R. Dulaney; 1839—³ Jesse Cross; 1841—³ James Eanes; 1843—³ Jesse Cross; 1845—Alfred Martin and John B. Hamilton; 1847—³ Jesse Cross; 1849—Abraham Tipton and James J. Odell; 1851—³ F. M. Davis; 1853—³ James J. Odell; 1855—³ F. D. Massengill; 1857—³ A. L. Gammon; 1859—George R. McClellan and J. F. Trevitt; 1861—³ Alvin M. Millard; 1865—("Brownlow Legislature") William Mullenix; 1867—³ John Welsh; 1869—³ John Slack; 1871—F. W. Earnest and J. H. Cross; 1873—S. K. N. Patton and L. H. Denny; 1875—³ James J. Odell; 1877—L. H. Denny and N. Gregg; 1879—H. T. Patton and N. Gregg; 1881—³ N. T. Dulaney, Sr.; 1883—³ Nathan Gregg; 1885—³ N. T. Dulaney, Sr.; 1887—³ N. T. Dulaney, Sr., John M. Fain, floater; 1889—³ A. J. Patterson; 1891—³ Charles A. Brown; 1893—John B. Harr and John I. Cox; 1895—³ William A. Robeson; 1897—³ W. A. Dulaney; 1899—John Slack and Jack Faw; 1901—John I. Cox and W. D. Lyon; 1903—John I. Cox and W. M. Poe; 1905—John I. Cox and W. D. Lyon; 1907—John I. Cox and J. Parks Worley; 1908—John I. Cox and J. Parks Worley.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

The entry takers of the county so far as the records show were: John Adair, James Gaines and William Snodgrass.

County Clerks: John Rhea, 1780-87; Matthew Rhea, 1787-1820; Richard Netherland, 1820-32; G. W. Nether-

³Senators elected from counties outside of Sullivan are not noted.

land, 1832-36; John C. Rutledge, 1836-44; Jacob T. Messick, 1844-48; Thomas P. Ford, 1848-52; John C. Rutledge, 1852-65; William C. Snapp, 1865-66; George L. Yates, 1866-67; N. B. Simpson, 1867-68; David Pence, 1868-70; James P. Rader, 1870-74; A. J. Cox, 1874-82; Page Bullock, 1882-86; N. D. Bachman, Sr., 1886-94; John M. Fain, 1894-98; John R. Snow, 1898-1902; S. J. Kyle, 1902.

Sheriffs: Nathan Clark, 1780-85; Archibald Taylor, 1785-87; George Rutledge, 1787-92; William McCormick, 1792-94; John Scott, 1794-96; Isaac Shelby, Jr., 1796-98; John Anderson, 1798-1800; Francis H. Gaines, 1800-02; Thomas Shelby, 1802-04; Thomas Rockhold, 1804-06; James Phagen, 1806-29; Thomas White, 1829-30; Jacob K. Snapp, 1830-36; Amos James, 1836-40; John B. Hamilton, 1840-44; M. Massengill, 1844-46; John W. Cox, 1846-50; N. M. Hicks, 1850-54; B. L. Dulaney, Sr., 1854-58; A. Odell, 1858-60; A. G. Lowry, 1860-65; Henry Oliver, 1865-66; G. W. Sells, 1866-68; Thomas H. Easley, 1868-70; Nathan Gregg, 1870-76; S. L. Millard, 1876-80; E. S. Worley, 1880-84; J. S. Gunning, 1884-86; G. W. Sells, 1886-88; R. S. Cartwright, 1888-92; A. McClellan, 1892-96; W. M. Newland, 1898-1902; William Odell, 1902-04; W. M. Newland, 1904-06; J. S. Ford, 1908.

Registrars: William Wallace, 1780; Stephen Major, 1789; W. C. Anderson, 1790; * * Frederick Sturm, 1840-65; N. J. Phillips, 1865-66; Frederick Sturm, 1866-70; O. M. White, 1870-82; John W. Farmer, 1882-86; E. D. Baumgardner, 1886-90; Will S. Anderson, 1890-94; J. M. Yost, 1894-1902; E. F. Mauk, 1902.

Circuit Court Clerks: Thomas Shelby, 1810-20; William Anderson, 1820-36; John Irvin, 1836- (died in office—supplied by Samuel Evans), 1848; John Cox, 1848-52; John W. Cox, 1852-60; W. W. James, 1860-64; Abraham Cox, 1864-65; J. O. B. Cloud, 1865-70; A. H. Bullock, 1870-78; G. L. Clay, 1878-82; W. S. Anderson, 1882-90; H. T. Cole, 1890-94; W. L. Crumley, 1894;—(died in office—Riley Pearson appointed) 1896; E. F.

Mauk, 1896-1902; J. A. Cole, 1902—(died in office—W. F. Mullenix appointed), 1906; T. J. Cross, 1906.

Trustees: Prior to the Civil War the office of trustee was called revenue collector and the taxes were collected by a house to house canvass, requiring about all of the officer's time. This title continued a number of years after the war. On the election of J. F. Thomas in 1874 the office of tax collector became known as trustee. Gov. Brownlow appointed John Roller in 1865. He was re-elected in 1866, for two years. A. C. Shipley, 1868-70; Samuel L. Stone, 1870-74; J. T. Thomas, 1874-76; Robert P. Eanes, 1876-80; George R. Barnes, 1880-84; J. M. Morton, 1884-88; J. C. Yoakley, 1888-90; S. S. Hall, 1890—declined to qualify, E. S. Worley appointed by county court for two years—elected 1892-94; John Slack, 1894-98; N. D. Bachman, Sr., 1898-1902; R. R. Newland, 1902-08; John R. Snow, 1908.

Those holding records in the official life of Sullivan are Frederick Sturm, elected by the people twenty-nine years as registrar. Thomas Fain, by appointment, served fifty years as post-master of Arcadia; W. V. Deadrick when candidate for judge received the largest popular vote ever given a candidate, with opposition, in the county.

Hal. H. Haynes was complimented by both parties when a candidate for judge. He not only had no opposition, but the election commissioners of both parties placed his name on their tickets.

John I. Cox, by his succession to the office of governor, has received the highest honors of any native Sullivan County man, in his native state.

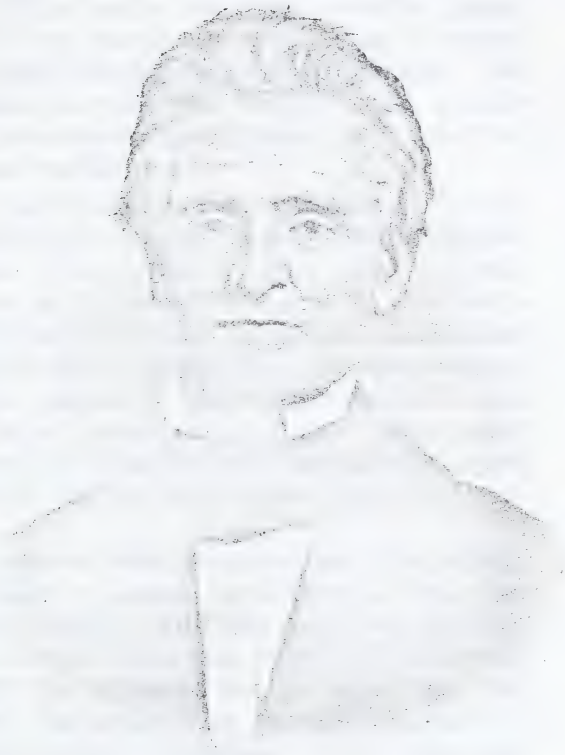
"RACCOON" JOHN SMITH.

A BIOGRAPHY.

Southeastern Kentucky and upper East Tennessee are closely linked by a lineage that began with the states' birth. Sullivan County has provided much of Kentucky's sturdy citizenship. Isaac Shelby, who deserves the name of first citizen of Sullivan, might also be called, with the same propriety, first citizen of Kentucky.

Following close upon his trail across the border went another character who, for natural ability and for those traits that exalt a man above his fellows, has had no superior in either state—John Smith—who, partly to distinguish him from others of the same name, and perhaps also to characterize the man, was called "Raccoon" John Smith, a name which clung to him all his life. He was born in Holtson Valley, Sullivan County, October 15, 1784, coincidental with the birth of an outcrop of cleavage from conventional methods of law life—the little State of Franklin. It was a plain log cabin Smith was born in, and he lived there during the early years of his life, the ninth of thirteen children. His father—German, his mother—Irish, had removed from Virginia to escape religious persecutions, the established church being in power there as in England. He lived in Sullivan until he was eleven years old, having in that time the benefit of but four months schooling—taught by a man who had drifted into the community, as was the custom with teachers in those days. During his life he made three attempts to get an education, resulting altogether in five months of school training.

In the fall of 1795 his father took the family to Powell's Valley. The following spring emigration set its face



"RACCOON" JOHN SMITH

toward the Kentucky lands and thither he, with two of his sons, went to find a home. An evidence of young Smith's hardihood and endurance in trial was given a test. They were running short of provisions and he was sent to mill, one hundred miles away, leading one horse on which to carry back the "turn." The route lay through thick woods, along bridle paths and across swollen rivers, but he made the trip, though almost forgetting his errand at one place, where the shuffling of feet drew him. He, peeping in, stared in wide-eyed wonder at the guadily dressed fiddler, who in after years proved to be one of his best friends and co-laborers.

The family was finally settled in Stockton's Valley. Here John undertook to resume his studies, but his teacher was an indolent, illiterate fellow and a slave to drink. On one occasion he challenged the pupils to give him a question in arithmetic he could not answer. John, after satisfying himself that he could make his escape easily, propounded this question: "How many grains of corn will it take to make a square foot of mush?" The master made a movement as though he would answer with a good deal of emphasis, but the wary student had made his escape.

On another occasion, when the master had fallen asleep, under the influence of liquor, he deliberately took the shovel and, after filling it with live coals from the fire, emptied them into one of the coat pockets of the snoring pedagogue. All the students fled in fright and this incident closed the school—the master disappeared.

Young Smith was full of merriment, wit and song, and was the promoter of much innocent amusement which made him a jolly companion. His father, to whom he was devoted, died March 20, 1804, and so impressive was his last exhortation to his son that the young man sought religion. Burdened by this perplexing question and grief over his father's death, he gradually gave up his jesting and merry songs which had before

made him a welcome guest everywhere he went. One day at a muster, having become a member of the militia, he was hailed by his companions with a shout, "Come John, we want some of your best songs today." "Boys," he replied, "I've played the fool for you till I've nearly ruined my soul, I shall never sing for you again while I live."

The burden of his sins increased day by day. He did not know what to do, how to go about seeking salvation. One day he heard there was going to be an experience meeting in the neighborhood and he decided to go there, thinking he might hear something that would lead him into the light. He did not go inside, but peeped through a crevice in the wall. An old man arose to give his experiences. "One morning," he began, "I went out into the woods to pray and I saw the devil." After a pause he continued, "I saw the devil and it wasn't imagination either, I saw the devil as plainly as I see you, Brother Denton."

"And what did he look like?" asked another brother.

"He was about the size of a yearlin'."

Young Smith turned away in disgust. In December, 1804, he was baptised according to the tenets of the Baptist church.

His first attempt as an exhorter at the home gatherings of the neighbors was a failure, for as he arose to speak his thoughts deserted him and, becoming confused, he left the house. However, after a stumble and a severe fall in his flight, he regained his memory, returned and went through with his talk.

It was at this home that he met the girl who afterwards became his wife—Anne Townsend. The morning after his marriage he proposed to his wife that they go to the new home he was preparing, four miles away. She consented, so with an ox-team drawing a sled, his wife perched upon the household effects, which included her dowry—a feather bed and cooking utensils, he arrived at his

"undaubed pen of logs." Through the crevices crept the December wind; snow was piled in heaps upon the dirt floor, and no shutter had yet been made for the little window. Smith soon started a fire with his flint, but life in an empty cabin without a hearthstone was no very pleasant prospect for a young and hopeful wife. Yet she was not accustomed to luxury and the neighbors knew the meaning of privation and toil, so their poverty did not suffer by humiliating contrast. He carried logs into the cabin and upon these, which he had made into sleepers, placed some clapboards, this serving as a temporary resting place—a bed, while a coverlet, stretched along the wall, kept out the cold wind. He lost no time in making a puncheon floor with his axe and wedge, and after he had finished the chinking and daubing, had a comfortable cabin.

It was not long after this that he heard of an opening of new lands in Alabama, and removed his family there.

At one time while he was some distance away, preaching and his wife was also absent from home—on an errand of mercy for a sick neighbor—the cabin caught on fire and burned down, two of their children being victims. All his household effects were destroyed. His wife, grief stricken, was taken sick and died, and he lay for months given up to die. When he was finally brought back to partial health he was invited to come and meet his old brethren in Kentucky. A great meeting was then in progress at Crab Orchard, so he decided to go. All he had to wear on this trip was picked up here and there—"A pair of homespun cotton pataloons, striped with copperas, loose enough, but far too short for him, a cotton coat, once checked with blue and white, but now of undistinguishable colors. They had been given to him in Alabama. His shapeless hat was streaked with sweat and dust, his shirt was coarse and unbuttoned at the neck—his white cravat was in the coffin with his wife."

Upon his arrival near the meeting house he dismounted,

threw his saddle bags across his shoulder and joined the crowd, but no one in that vast assemblage seemed to recognize him. He had more the appearance of a vagabond than a minister. He made an effort to get inside the church, but was pushed aside by the better dressed people and finally was forced to sit on the doorstep.

Soon he heard a voice within: "Brother Moderator, it is impossible to transact the business of the Association in the midst of such a multitude as this. Many hundreds of people are yet without and the house can hold no more. Let some one be appointed to preach to the people from the stand." Two young divinity students were appointed. As the overflow crowd was making its way to the grove some one recognized Smith and begged him to go also. He plead to be excused, but finally agreed to go and be a listener. He did not take his place on the stand with the other ministers, but was content to sit on a log nearby, for he had over-heard one of the well-dressed men make inquiry, "Who is that dirty fellow following us?"

These two young men arose, in turn, and tried to preach, but each after a struggle over his text, gave up and sat down. Then came Smith's turn. He was urged to go forward and keep the crowd from dispersing—an inspiration came to him—he arose, went upon the stand and faced the crowd. His appearance, following the discomfiture of his two predecessors, was the occasion of frequent jests and many began to leave.

HIS FAMOUS SERMON.

He saw that heroic measures were necessary to hold the crowd, and shouted: "Stay friends, and hear what the great Augustine said. Augustine wished to see three things before he died." Smith went on, "Rome in her glory and purity, Paul on Mars Hill and Jesus in the flesh." Many remained. Others started to leave, when again he inquired with a full volume voice, "Will you not stay

and hear what the great Cato said? Cato repented of three things before his death: first, that he had ever spent an idle day; second, that he had ever gone on a voyage by water when he might have made the same journey by land; third, that he had ever told the secrets of his bosom to a woman." The people now began to crowd closer, but seeing a few small groups standing at some distance he cried in a loud voice: "Come friends and hear what the great Thales thanked the gods for. Thales thanked the Gods for three things: first, that he was endowed with reason and not a brute; second, that he was a Greek and not a Barbarian; third, that he was a man and not a woman."

"And now friends, I know you are ready to ask and pray, sir, who are you?"

"I am John Smith from Stockton's Valley. In more recent years I have lived among the rocks and hills of the Cumberland. Down there saltpeter caves abound and raccoons make their homes. On that wild frontier we never had good schools nor many books, consequently I stand before you today, a man without an education. But, my brethren, even in that ill-favored region the Lord in good time found me. He showed me his wondrous grace and called me to preach the ever-lasting gospel of the Son."

One of the spectators stirred by his eloquent prelude hastened to the house and urged the moderator to stop all business and go to the grove.

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired the moderator.

"Why, sir, that fellow with the striped coat on that was raised among the coons, by the name of Smith, is up preaching."

"What! John Smith?" Leaving the order of business in the care of some one else he immediately went to the grove and took his seat on the stand. It soon became whispered around that something unusual was taking place in the woods. The crowd left the house in groups



until preachers and people all flocked around the stand, many climbing trees to get a better view.

In closing Smith delivered an impassioned plea and when the people arose there was not a dry eye among them. When he concluded many of the ministers embraced him, and his name, his sermon and his recent bereavements were the topics of conversation for the remainder of the day.

At one time, when he had charge of a church at Bethlehem, Kentucky, an Universalist began to disturb the belief of many of the people. This aroused Smith, who promised that on his next visit he would preach on "Universal Damnation."

When the time came he had an immense crowd. He began: "I'm going to deliver a discourse today, brethren, which the Lord knows and you know I don't believe one word of, but, to expose the absurdity of a doctrine of which you have been hearing, I will show that, applying the Universalists' mode of interpretation, all men without exception will be damned. And what if I should succeed in proving that the devil will get the last one of you. I fear it is nothing more than you richly deserve anyhow."

About the year 1820 a religious revolution began to manifest itself in John Smith and he openly avowed his dissatisfaction with some of the doctrines of the church to which he had allied himself. He had become interested in the doctrines as preached by Alexander Campbell. In the spring of 1824 Campbell visited Kentucky and at Flemingsburg a meeting took place between himself and Smith. At their introduction Campbell ventured, "Oh, is this Brother John Smith. I know Brother Smith very well, but have never seen him before."

He soon after began to imbibe and accept the doctrines of Campbell, and made no secret of his belief.

In 1827 the association discussed his heresy, but decided Smith was too good and powerful a preacher to let go and so recommended that a year's time be allowed him,

to reconsider, feeling assured by the end of that time he "would return to the faith of his fathers." But in this they were mistaken. He became more outspoken in denunciation of certain doctrines. "What shall we do with him," warningly asked one brother of another. "He is distracting society, sowing dissension in families and overturning churches; yet the law will do nothing with him."

In that day to proselyte a person was more of an achievement than to convert from sin.

Enraged by Smith's officiation in the baptism of a young girl, who had belonged to another church, an elderly lady declared: "When you took that dear young girl in the water, sir, you led her that much further toward hell." "Madam," he replied, "if you will study the Word a little more you will find the route to hell is not by water."

At one time, after the renunciation of his former religious views, he was urged to go to Frankfort and preach. When he arrived he found every church door of the town closed against him. Judge Owsley, who was then holding court there, was informed of it. "What! is it John Smith of Montgomery? What is the matter with the people that they shut their houses against such a man? Tell him I will adjourn the court and he can preach in the court-room."

The news spread that "Raccoon" John Smith would preach that evening in the court-house. The room was crowded—lobby, aisles and windows were filled. Only four members of the legislature, then in session, were absent.

Wherever John Smith went, crowds followed him. The sincerity of the man and his purpose, his forceful ways, appealed to friend and foe—all wanted to hear him whether they agreed with him or not.

He lived in a day of new doctrines, which meant the survival of the fittest. His was the stormy career of controversy. Although his mind was like a giant in repose he would often enliven his discourses with little pleasant-

ries, irresistible. He was a ready wit as well as a sound reasoner. No opponent could stand against his withering logic—few tried, as he often employed that most powerful weapon, which succeeds when all else fails—ridicule.

In one debate he took the most unpopular side of a question against three opponents, and won. He thereupon agreed to reverse sides with them, and won as easily the other side.

He was much in his manner and discourse like the late evangelist, Sam Jones. He spared nothing, not even the ministry.

"My very soul is stirred within me when I think of what a world of mischief the popular clergy have done. They shut up everybody's mouth, but their own, and their's they won't open unless they are paid for it."

"Thirty-five years ago," says one, "I heard him preach in a cabin near Monticello. I was then a boy, but I could not keep from listening, and to-day I distinctly remember that sermon—the text, the doctrine, and the arrangement. No recent discourse is so vivid in my mind."

There was a tender side to Smith's life and he had a very cordial feeling for all mankind, especially for those who were in need of sympathy. He said once, "Kindness is the best sort of revenge and wins more victories than wrath."

During the cholera pest, whose periodical visitations terrified the country in the early part of the eighteenth century, some refugees stopped one night at the Smith home and asked for shelter until morning. They were welcomed by Mrs. Smith, but after their departure she became alarmed, lest in her hospitality she had subjected her own family to the plague. Upon the return of her husband she acquainted him with the facts. "You did exactly right, Nancy, though we should all die for it. If we must die let us die doing good."

Smith, although one of the greatest preachers in his day, received but little pay for his services. It is doubtful if

he averaged one hundred dollars per year during more than half a century of labor. As an example—from 1822 to 1825 he received but eighteen dollars and that was by the cancellation of a debt.

His family depended upon a small farm, which he had acquired before his entrance into the ministry.

He was married twice, his second wife being Nancy Hurt.

He was eighty-four years old at his death, which occurred in Missouri, he having gone there to visit his daughter. His remains were shipped to Lexington, Kentucky, and now rest in the shadow of the tall shaft which stands over the grave of Henry Clay. Along with Shelby, Clay and Boone, Smith has left an imperishable impress upon the State of Kentucky.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHURCH.

In the company of the pioneer was the minister—himself prepared for the trials of border life, and journeying with a cavalcade much as a chaplain goes along with an army—expecting to see hard service and to become accustomed to hard living. They came prepared not only to battle against sin with the gospel, but also to bear arms like the rest, not knowing when a service might be interrupted by an Indian foe. The preachers and the men members went armed to church.

While the Presbyterians were the first to have established places of worship in Tennessee, it is probable the first minister to preach on Tennessee soil was of the Episcopal faith, or one of the established Church of England.

When Col. William Byrd began his survey at Currytuck, in 1733, there went along as chaplain, Rev. Peter Fountain, an Episcopalian. In 1759-60 when Byrd was sent out to relieve Fort Loudon he left the company at Stalnaker's, the rest, however, went as far as Long Island and no doubt the chaplain went there too.

Charles Cummings and Joseph Rhea are known to have preached in Sullivan when, as chaplains, they accompanied the Christian expedition in 1776.

The first church to be erected on Tennessee soil was called Taylor Meeting House and was located near Gunning's, about four miles west of Blountville. Rev. Jacob Lake preached to the congregation that assembled there. This church antedates all other claims by a year if not more.¹

¹Allison claims Salem church was erected in 1777. Others claim it was erected in 1773.

The following letter corroborated by records on the first county minute-book of Washington county, Virginia, establishes the claim of this church. No date was found showing the year in which the church was erected, but it was before 1777.

GREEN CASTLE, INDIANA, March 29, 1877.

REV. P. D. COWAN,

My Dear Brother:—After my kind respects to you I wish to say to you I have been well pleased with your letters in the Herald & Presbyter a paper I have been taking for many years, indeed I can say from its very beginning. I wish to tell you why I am interested in letters from East Tennessee it was my early Home I was born in Sullivan County near 75 years since and knew all the first settlers in that county and many in your county My father settled in 4 miles of Blountville west 1776 was identified with all the interests of the county till 1815 when we moved to Kentucky when he died John Jennings was his name. My grand Father and grand Mother were members of the first Presbyterian Church in Sullivan County and I think in the State and their bodies are buried in that old Church yard one mile East of where I was born known as Taylor Meeting House. I well remember when it was burned down. I was much interested in your giving an account of the Churches in your part of the State, and When I receive my H & P the first thing I look for is your letter The last one of my old friends I met was one that I knew from Blountville Samuel Rhea an elder in the Presbyterian Church met in New York in 1856 in General Assembly I had not saw him for many years he was a student when I knew him in Blountville at the Academy My father was teacher I became acquainted with Judge Luckey of your town 1836 at the General Assembly we were member. the first Presbyterian Minister that ever preached in East Tennessee Rev. Lake he took charge of Taylor church I can give you the names of many of the old members Rhea Taylors Anderson Potters Kings Nash Gammons Spurgens & Cole I hope you will excuse me for writing this letter I am an old man and you may find some one who knew me when a boy that would like to hear from me for I was well acquainted with all the leading families of Sullivan.²

Yours truly

JOHN S JENNINGS

²This letter was sent me by J. Fain Anderson, of Washington College, and I here acknowledge my indebtedness to him for many courtesies in the way of data concerning Sullivan County history. The letter was not received until this book was being prepared for the press, some already in type and therefore a full investigation of the history of the church, if procurable, was not permitted on such short knowledge of its existence.

Upon the receipt of this letter the records of Sullivan County were searched for a deed of conveyance, but none was found. The following however is recorded at Abingdon, the church being, as was then supposed, in Washington county, Virginia.

January, 1777.

Ordered that David Steele be surveyor of the Main road from Steele's Creek to the Meeting House and that John Anderson Gent give him a list of tithables.

Ordered that Amos Eaton be surveyor of the Main Road from the Meeting House to Fort Patrick Henry and that John Anderson give him a list of tithables.

The congregation of this church was no doubt preached to by other ministers of the time besides Rev. Lake.

Samuel Doak owned a tract of three hundred acres of land near there and was associated in the establishing of churches in this county.

Following this church came two others—Upper Concord and New Bethel—the former near Vance's and the latter in the Forks. These two churches were organized by Samuel Doak, in 1780, and 1782, respectively. Upper Concord is now known as Weaver's—Frederick Weaver having given three acres of land, the ground around the church being used as a graveyard. Many of the first settlers are buried here—among them a soldier named Bean who was a victim of the accidental discharge of his gun, when returning home with the troops from King's Mountain.

At New Bethel is a graveyard wherein are buried ancestors of some of the best families of Sullivan County. The remains of William and Isaac McKinley, relatives of President McKinley, lie there.

In 1882, at the suggestion of Rev. R. F. King, a centennial was held, commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Forks church. The celebration lasted from August 23rd to 26th, and a histori-

cal sermon by Rev. Samuel Hodge was the feature. Many thousands, including the ablest men in this section gathered there, venerating the memory of the old pioneer preachers.

Kingsport has long been a home of the Presbyterian church—one feature alone would keep the memory of that church alive there—the sending out of four brothers as ministers, who have distinguished themselves in the work—Nathan, John, Robert and Lynn Bachman.

All the early churches were surrounded with graveyards.³ It was a part of the early religious life to appear solemn and anything that suggested death and “this world is not my home” was made as ever-present as possible. The songs were mournful and impressed one with the uncertainty of life and certainty of death. While attending church the sexes separated at the door and sat apart during the services. When musical instruments were suggested for the choir a wail of protest went up from some of the old line clergy. As recent as the organization of the Methodist church in Bristol, Bishop McTyeire, in giving his views about the introduction of a melodion in the church, declared, “When you brought that melodion in here you brought the devil in with it.” Still later a debate took place between Rev. William Robeson and Dr. David Sullins upon the same subject, Rev. Robeson opposing the introduction of the organ, which he defined “a box of whistles.”

The Presbyterian church had some of their strongest men in the field at the opening of this new country. Cummings, Doak and Rhea were educated men—learned in the classics. That church was demanding an educated clergy at a time when the frontier afforded no convenient way of supplying preachers of that kind. In this the Pres-

³In the Blountville graveyard there is erected a marble slab dedicated to the memory of Samuel Rhea—“Persia Sam,” as he was known, who died in Persia and is buried there. He was in that land as a missionary, sent out by the Presbyterian church.

byterians, while having a most liberal open door policy—the requirements for membership being a simple confession of faith—yielded an opportunity that in a way belonged to them by right of exploration. Other denominations were looking toward this field with the view of evangelization.

The Methodist and Baptist churches required no educational qualifications of their ministers—they simply wanted men of God and they pushed them into the byways of the western country with a rapidity and a disregard for sacrifice that well nigh stunned their religious contemporaries. The itineracy system of the Methodist church has been a power in the development and preservation of western civilization. Wherever there were three or more gathered together one of them was likely to be an itinerant preacher. They expected but little and got little for their services; they became the jest of the better provided men of the gospel; they went on unmindful of this and buried themselves in the wilderness, but their work made Tennessee the stronghold of Methodism in the South.

The Methodists became established in Sullivan County shortly after the Presbyterians. In 1774 Edward Cox came here from Maryland, where he had been converted under the ministry of Bishop Asbury, and settled near Bristol, a little later removing to the Holston river, near Bluff City. It was at his home the first Methodist society in the county and state was organized. Jeremiah Lambert was the first regularly appointed minister to take up work in the county, being appointed in 1783.

Acuff's chapel, named for Timothy Acuff, was the first Methodist church built on Tennessee soil. Acuff donated the land for the church and graveyard.

Much of the history of all church organizations is in dispute. Strange though it may be, legal and military records being better preserved than the proceedings of the church.

The first conference of the Methodist church was held at Keywood's or Cawood's, on the Holston river.⁴ Bishop Asbury, in his journal, speaks of this conference as follows:

APRIL 28, 1788.

We reached the head of the Watauga; came to Greer's. The people are in disorder about the Old and New State; two or three men have been killed. At Nelson's, I had a less audience than was expected; the people having been called away on an expedition against the new-state-men. Preached on Hebrews, vi. chapter, 11th and 12th verses. Shortly afterwards, he preached at "Owens", on Psalm 148, verses 17, 18, 19, with some fervour. Came to Huffacre's and Keywood's where we held Conference three days; and I preached each day. The weather was cold; the room without fire, and otherwise uncomfortable. We, nevertheless, made out to keep our seats until we had finished the essential part of our business."

The Baptist church was established in Tennessee by Rev. Tidance Lane, in 1779. It got a firm hold in Sullivan County in 1786. In that year Kendrick's creek church was organized by Jonathan Mulkey and in the same year an association was held at Double Springs—Rev. Lane was moderator. From 1792-94 Thomas Murrell was moderator. In 1795 a church was organized at Long Island by Abel Morgan and Richard Murrell. Reese Bayless was moderator in 1833. Rev. William Cate was in the same position at Muddy creek in 1853, and Rev. Elkanah Spurgeon at Muddy creek in 1865. The first association held at Blountville was in 1870, by Rev. W. A. Keen. Among the early pastors of Muddy creek church were Elders Peter Kuhn, William Cate and Noah Cate, also Elder W. A. Keen and Rev. Noah Baldwin—the last named had also preached at Kingsport.

Revs. P. J. Poindexter, Andrew McGary, N. N. Buckles and Asa Ruth⁵ were also among the early pastors.

⁴Price in his "Holston Methodism" claims this conference was held in Washington county, Virginia.

⁵Rev. Asa Ruth was one of the leading preachers of the Baptist church in Sullivan. He had the largest family in the county being the father of twenty-three children. An obituary notice shortly after his death announced this fact closely followed by the text of the minister, "Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble."

One of the greatest revivals ever held in Blountville was conducted by Rev. Ruth in 1869-70, the other preachers in the town co-operating. Over one hundred conversions resulted from this meeting, which lasted many weeks.

A Baptist church existed for years on the Holston river, above Bluff City, in charge of Rev. Edwards. There was also one in lower Kingsport with Rev. Noah Baldwin as its minister.

The Lutheran church was organized in Sullivan County between 1790 and 1795, on Reedy creek. The first ministers of this denomination in the county were Revs. Paul Henkel and John G. Butler. Revs. Adam Miller and Jacob Zink were first to reside here as regular pastors. The church in this section became connected with the Synod of North Carolina until 1820, at which time the Tennessee Synod was formed, the churches remaining in this connection until 1861 when the Evangelical Lutheran Holston Synod was organized at Zion's church, in Sullivan County. Among the ministers included were Abel J. Brown, William Hancher, J. M. Schaefer, J. K. Hancher, J. B. Emmert, J. Fleener, A. Fleener, J. A. Seneker, J. Clovinger and J. C. Barb. Dr. A. J. Brown was not only the ablest representative the Lutheran church had in this section, but was one of the ablest in the South. He contributed largely to the church papers and was a profound debater.

Emanuel has always been the home of this denomination in the county.

The Christian church was first organized at Concord (Weaver's) about 1842. David T. Wright was the minister in charge. Among those who were early officials in the church were the Millards, Hughes, Nelsons, Love, Hatchers, Blevins and Warrens. For many years the members of this denomination in Bristol were one congregation, worshipping at their church on Spencer street, (Virginia side) but the increasing membership and the inconven-

ience of the location made necessary the erection of a second church, which now stands on the corner of Sixth and Broad streets (Tennessee side) and is known as the Central Christian church. The Christian church from a small beginning has made a wonderful showing in the county within the last decade.

The Church of the Brethren has undergone more changes in name than any other denomination. It had a peculiar origin. In 1724, a German, for the purpose of religious contemplation, retired to a place of solitude some distance from Philadelphia, where he attracted many visitors and won followers to his belief and teachings. At various times they were known as the Brotherhood of Euphrates, Tunkers, Seventh Day Baptists, "Tumblers,"⁶ Dunkards and until recently German Baptists. In 1908, at their annual gathering in Des Moines, Iowa, they adopted the name of Church of the Brethren.

The annual meeting of this church in 1905 was held in Bristol during the month of June and attracted many thousands of visitors and church delegates from all parts of the country. The even tempered courtesy of the communicants and their unaffected devotion in daily life left an impression that will not soon be forgotten.

The organization of this church in the county was in 1850, three miles southwest of Blountville and was known as Pleasant Hill congregation. Elder John A. Bowman and M. M. Bowman were the first ministers and Henry Garst and Benjamin Wine were the first deacons. October 3, 1851, the church lot and burying-ground were donated by Elder John A. Bowman and Benjamin Wine and deeded to M. M. Bowman, Henry Garst and Jacob Lear, first trustees.

The Jewish church organization of Sullivan is of recent date. The B'Nai Sholon congregation, a religious society

⁶Nickname, given no doubt, on account of their way of immersion—face foremost.

to promote the cause of Judaism, was organized in Bristol in October, 1903, the membership including every male Israelite in the city, which at that time numbered six persons, and was the first institution of its kind here. The officers elected for the first year were as follows: A. S. Gump, president; Abe Morris, Vice-president and H. J. Simon, secretary and treasurer. The congregation has grown steadily in recent years, its membership now numbering over thirty-five. The Jewish population, including all ages, numbers at present about one hundred and seventy-five. The congregation in 1906 purchased its own cemetery site near the old fair grounds. No house of worship has been erected by the Jews of Bristol, although steps are now being taken to that end. Devotional services are conducted in a hall on Sixth street, under the direction of a minister, recently elected—Rev. Dr. Lesser. Sunday-school exercises are also held every Sunday morning.

The Episcopal and Catholic denominations, although having many communicants, have never had an organized church in the county.⁷ In Bristol the Tennessee members worship in churches of their respective faith on the Virginia side.

The Salvation Army was organized in Bristol during 1884 by Capt. Emma Westbrook and Lieut. Elva Baker. The first meeting was held in Burson's church. Capt. Westbrook was one of the original seven who with Moore, the leader, were sent over from England to organize the Army in America. Moore had not been here very long before he undertook to apostatize his following and organize a new Army. This caused a disruption in the ranks. Capt. Westbrook remained loyal to the Salvation Army, but there was a lapse

⁷It is remarkable that, while an Episcopalian was perhaps the first Protestant minister to set foot upon Tennessee soil, it took that church nearly three-quarters of a century to come back again. The early settlers here were uncompromising in their hatred of the established Church of England and they did not seem willing to differentiate between the religion of George Washington and that of George the Third.

of nearly ten years before interest was renewed in Bristol and active work was begun again.

Capt. Will H. Harper reorganized the Army in 1897, at Fairmount chapel.

The present structure on Seventh street, devoted exclusively to Army work, was erected in 1903, the lot being donated by Maj. A. D. Reynolds.

The first Sunday-school in the county was organized at New Bethel by Rev. L. G. Bell, in 1830.⁸ Samuel Hodge and James Gregg, Jr., were the first superintendents. Rev. Daniel Rogan organized the first Sunday-schools at Blountville and Kingsport about 1836.

"CHURCH MILITANT."

The spirit of the church militant hovered over Sullivan County exactly one hundred years. But these warrior hosts were not always fighting sin—they were fighting themselves. Church was arrayed against church and the smoldering fires of disputes about church dogmas found an outburst in boisterous debates which often degenerated into street swagger. Church debates became frequent. A public debate took place in the Forks church between Frederick Ross and W. B. Rogers. During the discussion William G. Brownlow, who was a spectator, becoming dissatisfied with the way Rogers was handling his side of the question, arose in the audience and said: "Rogers, if I couldn't do any better than you I'd sit down." This debate lasted five hours. The controversial storm was always centered at Blountville. Here, just prior to the war between the states, the Presbyterians and the Methodists got into a dispute about the management of the school at the Institute. Rev. W. W. Neal, a Methodist minister, was in charge with two assistants, the Misses Thomas, who were Presbyterians. One very cold morning the fire in the assist-

⁸Hodges' Historical Sermon, 1882.

ants' room was nearly out. The Misses Thomas, not lacking in warmth of feeling for their side of the dispute, went to the fireplace and sat upon the wood and no doubt would have sat upon the views of the Rev. Neal had he been within reach. They then dismissed their part of the school and went home. John R. Fain, at whose home the young women were boarding, remonstrated with Rev. Neal and this brought about a fight between the two men. Factions became more antagonistic. Rev. Neal withdrew his forces from the Institute and opened a school in the Methodist church. Sympathizers from the country about Blountville came in to strengthen and increase the number of the rebellious forces. The students of the two schools would have nothing to do with each other. This state of affairs continued until the end of the school.

The war between the states quieted for a while the war between the churches, but the disputes arose again and became acute in Blountville. The Methodist church was the object of attack and the best mode of baptism to wash out sins was the doctrine most discussed. The Baptists took up the fight. Not only did the older people dwell upon the differences, but following their example the youths of both sexes became involved. The latter knew little of church doctrines, and so their disputes resolved themselves into banters about which church bell was the biggest or which steeple reached nearest heaven and other material things, often ending in one or the other side being worsted in a fist fight.

A servant girl, living in a family opposite the Methodist parsonage, one day poised herself on the stile, arms akimbo, head tossing to and fro, and challenged the cook of the preacher's family. "Yes, she shouted, "you read in the good book about John the Baptist, but you never hear of John the Methodist," and with a triumphant sweep of her hand retired to her cloister in the kitchen, thankful she was not like other people she knew.

Proselytism became almost piratical in the town. A

young boarding-school girl was kept locked in her room and chaperoned to school by devotees of one church lest some one of an opposing faith should kidnap her. She had been persuaded that she would be damned in eternal perdition if she failed to be baptized according to the rites of the church which had her in charge. Her hysterical acceptance of this baptism brought on a controversy whose everness was almost intolerant.

Dr. J. T. Kincannon began discussing baptism in the pulpit from the Baptist standpoint. Three or four sermons followed. As would naturally result he criticised other modes of baptism. This drew a sermon from Rev. William Robeson, preacher in charge of the Blountville circuit, defending the Methodist mode of baptism. On hearing of it Kincannon challenged Robeson to a joint debate, which challenge was promptly accepted.

The debate was widely advertised in the church papers and drew able divines and laymen from many sections of the country. It took place in the Methodist church on June 10th, 11th and 12th, 1874. Press representatives were there from most of the church papers of Tennessee and Virginia. They placed their tables in front of the pulpit and made so much show in the shifting of paper and other bustling movements that one spectator, unused to such scenes in the staid old church, was led to remark that it reminded him of the money changers in the temple.

The Baptist divine placed a banner on the wall, back of the pulpit, with *baptidzo* in partial conjugation thereon; this, to the unlettered, was an alarming mystic that meant much in his favor. Piles of commentaries, text-books and reference books lay all about. The speakers were allowed fifteen minutes each and the discussion was continuous from the morning hour until noon—then a recess for dinner, after which the speaking was again begun, the same time being allowed during the afternoon. No meeting was held at night. The referees

in the debate were Dr. A. J. Brown, Lutheran, of Blountville, and Dr. W. A. Montgomery, Baptist, of Morristown.

Each debater presented his side ably and to the satisfaction of the side represented, but in other respects there was nothing to make the event remarkable except the length of it. However, the audience, which packed the church to the doors, even crowding the gallery and windows, did not diminish during the three days.

The effect of this discussion was wholesome and far reaching. It silenced, perhaps for all time, the petty church disputes that had become annoying, and brought together in more friendly relation the various church people. And if these worthy men had never done else in their lives worth recording, this event alone deserves to be remembered as having united the people of that town and vicinity in friendlier fellowship than ever before.

THE CAMP-MEETING.

The most popular and therefore the most numerous attended tent meetings in upper East Tennessee were at Bond's camp-ground, four miles southwest of Blountville. It was organized in 1842 by Rev. George Eakin, better known as "Father Eakin." The original tent holders at the time of its organization were John Barnes, John Fleming, John Denny, Benjamin Johnson, Moses Wright, Robert Easley, Noah Hull, Rev. Samuel Stevens, William Cole, William Hilton, Stephen Adams, William Lindamood, Looney Gammon, Alexander Standfield, William Snodgrass, David Snodgrass, William Barnes, Benjamin Yoakley, Rev. Blake Carlton, Rev. W. K. Cross, Peter Yoakley, John Hull, Rev. J. J. James, Joseph Spurgeon, Henry Yoakley, Jacob Snapp, Jacob Messick, William Deery, Rev. Thomas P. Ford, Frederick Carlton, Rev. Joseph McCrary and Martin Hawk.

The influence of these meetings went beyond the bounds of the camping places. They usually began on Friday and extended well into the following week—

sometimes a revival would carry them on for several days.

The camp-meetings were held until the Civil War and were not revived until 1867-70. The tenters who rebuilt then were J. C. Yoakley, Rev. W. K. Cross, Jonathan Morrell, Jonathan Hawk, David Akard, H. D. Hawk, Jessie Adams, James Barnes, Sr., James Barnes, Jr., G. R. Barnes, E. C. Barnes, J. S. Cartwright, R. S. Cartwright, John Roller, David Roller, Bettie Holt, Dod Cross, James H. Baird, W. F. Yoakley, W. A. Boy, S. S. Hall, "Aunt" Betsy Carlton, Ellen Yoakley, Polly Yoakley, Betsy Bond, Polly Hawk, all noted for their religious zeal and power in prayer.

The result of these meetings was felt in commercial as well as in religious life. It is of record, but without explanation, that land in the vicinity of Bond's camp-ground was worth ten dollars on the acre more than land outside of its influence.

The social life too was strengthening, elevating and spiritual. Those old women, who gathered and tented there year after year had no ambition but to please and entertain and worship. Their tents were open so long as there was any place to stay and their tables gave up in profusion the best of their farm products. Their cooking became as famous as their religion. Young women have gone there to learn the secret of those tempting dishes and today many a table that is spread in Sullivan County offers delicious evidence of an art learned around the kitchens at the old camp-ground.

The lives of those old women, like "Aunt" Betsy Carlton, have been a benediction. Whether in the kitchen preparing the food or at the table serving it and begging you to have more or at the altar bending in prayer or in the sick room nursing back to health the ebbing life of a neighbor, they have been missionaries of unpretentious tenderness and care. Too few have been the years allotted to them, for in such hearts rests the real religion of the world. "Aunt" Betsy Carlton, born during the

warring years of the seventeenth century and reaching far into the eighteenth, represents the type of Tennessee frontier women who played such a noble part in the struggle of our early days.

The ground upon which the tents of the old camp-ground stood still remains the property of the church, but the tents are gone and nothing remains but a memory to remind one of the scenes that transpired there.

The last sermon at Bond's was delivered by Rev. John E. Naff, a grandson of "Father" Eakin, who preached the first sermon there. The meetings were discontinued about 1895.

Ketron's camp-ground was established about the same time as Bond's—a year later perhaps. It was also known as Reedy creek camp-ground. Henry Ketron gave the land for the tents, church and burying-ground. The church was burned down in 1863 and the camp-meetings at that place abandoned. Among the early tenters were John Ketron, Wesley Ketron, Watson Ketron, Joseph Newland, William Newland, Abner Hughes, Lot O. Gott, Rev. S. D. Gaines and Philip Foust.

An exciting incident at this camp-ground was the fight that took place between Rev. W. G. Brownlow and Fayette McMullen. Brownlow had made some stinging criticisms of McMullen and the latter went to the camp-ground and proceeded to "cane" Brownlow, who drew his pistol, but was prevented from shooting by the intercession of friends.⁹

Rockhold's camp-ground was organized a few years after Bond's camp-ground. The following is the deed of conveyance:

This Indenture made this Fifteenth day of March 1847 Between Wm. Rockhold of the one part and Andrew Riley, Andrew Boy, Jacob Boy, Royston Boy, James B. Worley, Henry Kesler, Nathl Hix, Joseph

⁹Price says this fight took place at Brush creek camp-ground. The story was told me by a spectator of the difficulty, but reports varied as to Brownlow's part. One claimed Brownlow snapped his pistol at McMullen, another that he shot him and still another that McMullen was shot three times and was killed.

Merideth and Wm Rockhold all of the County of Sullivan & State of Tennessee Witnesseth that the said William Rockhold this day in consideration of his high regard for the Methodist Episcopal Church and in consideration of his promises heretofore made to said Church hath this —&c by these presence do convey in trust as trustees for said Church that tract or parcel of land whereon the Camp & Meeting house is situated on the river Holston in Sullivan County commonly called Rockholds Camp ground. Bounded as follows by Morrels line, Shells line & the river containing twelve acres—be the same more or less for them the said trustees to have and to hold in trust for said Church as long as said Church continue the same in the plan of their Circuit & to hold Camp Meeting on the said premises and it is further understood should it so happen at any time that either Andy Riley A. Boy, R. Boy, J. Boy, J. B. Worley, H. Kesler, N. Hix, J. Merideth or W. Rockhold the said trustees or any of them die, resign, leave said church or be expelled it shall be the duty of those in office to fill said vacancy & when filled their acts shall be as valid as the acts of those mentioned in this Deed and it is further understood & agreed should it so happen hereafter that said church desist—the use of said premises as a place of public worship or drop the same from the plan of same circuit in said Church then the said premises reverts back to said Rockhold his heirs &c.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name.

WM. ROCKHOLD

This camp-ground is the only one in the county that has continued its meetings annually.

At Acuff's camp-ground was the earliest camp-meeting held in the county. It was in the vicinity of Acuff's chapel. The tents were built of logs and covered with bark. But little is known of its history.

TEMPERANCE.

The history of temperance in Tennessee is as old as the history of the state. James Robertson, the "Father of Tennessee," declared that "the conversion of crops of grain into spirituous liquors is an unwarranted perversion, unservicable to white men and devilish for Indians," and expressed the hope "that there may never be any waste of grain by distillation, or waste of estates or ruin of soul by drinking liquor."¹⁰

¹⁰Blackmore's address at Bledsoe's memorial.

The early advocates of temperance were not practical. They could not realize the difference between ethics and ether. They depended upon prayer rather than upon politics, and in consequence the old Prohibition party was never in itself successful. When St. John was a candidate for president on the Prohibition ticket he received two¹¹ votes in Bristol and one¹² in Blountville. As early as 1785 a part of Tennessee declared for prohibition and later the entire state was in the prohibition column.

In the early years of the temperance movement great demonstrations were made and the organization of temperance societies was prevalent. The Washingtonian Society was the first introduced, its object being the same as those following, such as Good Templars and Band of Hope.

Doss Leedy, the old stage driver, once drove a temperance band wagon from Kingsport to Arcadia and Blountville, and along the way testimonials to the cause were prepared.

At Blountville temperance enthusiasts bought out the "groggery," with the bad will of the owner, and as there was only one barrel it was taken with its contents to a grove at the east end of town. Here a great concourse of people had assembled. A keg of powder was placed beneath the barrel and while the crowd stood in suspense a fuse attached to the keg was lighted—in a little while the flying staves and flames gave evidence that the liquor was no more.

The tenseness and religious severity of the scene was appeased by the put in of a local wit, who, surrounded by a company of fellow sympathisers, protested loud enough to be heard, "boys, that's a damned waste."

Temperance became a lively issue in a political cam-

11J. R. Anderson and Robert Watkins.

12Joel Millard. There were not over one dozen votes in the county for the ticket.

paign of 1853. James Odell and John Spurgeon were candidates for representative. Odell represented the anti-temperance sentiment. The real issue, however, was a row of cherry trees. These trees had been on Spurgeon's farm and grew along a roadside, the public each year helping themselves to the crop. This trespassing soon became a nuisance and the trees were cut down. This incident Odell used with telling effect, relating how Spurgeon deprived the poor people of his cherries—how he cut the trees down rather than let them have any. Odell was elected, but more on account of the cherry tree story than his anti-temperance platform.

The churches early began to take a hand in the regulation of the liquor traffic. At the Cold Spring church it was decided that the distilling and drinking of liquor was a growing evil and that the manufacture of it by the elders should cease. But this restriction was too sudden and absolute and less prohibitive measures were adopted. All members, but one, were to abandon the making of whiskey and he was to do the "stilling" for the congregation.¹³ Drunkenness was a rare thing in those days.

The business men of the nation came to the rescue of the temperance people. The railroads were the first to declare against drinking. Human lives depended upon the sobriety of their employees and abstinence became a qualification required by all employers. Other lines of business followed. The old political parties, that had year after year incorporated in their platforms, "we are opposed to sumptuary legislation," had their ears to the ground, and now abandoned "sumptuary," hurriedly espousing

¹³ This church is not given as an exception. The practice was prevalent if not legalized among the members of various churches of that day. The following story furnishes another picture of the times: One of the ministers who preached to the Cold Spring congregation was in the habit of taking a pack of hounds to church and announcing from the pulpit that all those who desired to join in the fox chase could meet him early Monday morning at his stopping place. One Sunday a favorite hound followed the minister into church, crawled up in a window and fell asleep. It was some distance to the ground and a worshipper seeing the dog there pushed him outside. The preacher saw the act and, although in the midst of his sermon, walked down from the pulpit and was about to strike the offender when friends interfered. The minister then went back and resumed his discourse.

the cause of temperance. This action was a partial solution of the question—there were plenty of men in both parties who were ready to align themselves with the cause, but when it came to a test they could not turn their backs on the party with which they had been so long associated.

The country people, when given an opportunity, have stood for temperance. The brewers and distillers, seeing the wave of public sentiment, tendered their services to help reform the saloon. But the saloon-keepers have never been able to control an opportunity; they have, by their excesses and ridicule and boasting, made once flouted prohibition a refuge and a respected issue, and they come each year within closer view of the saloon's inevitable end.

The temperance question is still an issue and as in all moral questions extremes meet extremes in often bitter antagonism.



EDMUND PENDLETON GAINES

EDMUND PENDLETON GAINES.

A BIOGRAPHY.

Sullivan County's most noted military man was Gen. Gaines. At one time he was considered for the place of commander-in-chief of the United States army.¹

He was a descendant of Edmund Pendleton, who at one time was president of the Virginia Court of Appeals. This Pendleton had purchased a large tract of land in Sullivan County—some five thousand acres—one of the first entries, and thither his nephew James Gaines, the father of Edmund, removed when the latter was in his thirteenth year. Here he was brought into association with influences, like the Indian depredations, that determined him upon a military career.

When eighteen he was chosen a lieutenant in a company of volunteers under command of J. Cloud.

Three years later he began to devote himself to the study of law, but about this time W. C. C. Claiborne, recognizing his work in a military way obtained an appointment for him in the regular army under Col. Butler. In 1801 he was selected to make a topographical survey from Nashville to Natchez.

In 1804 he was appointed collector of customs at Mobile. In addition he was appointed agent of the Postmaster-General, the duties of which office was to inspect the post-offices of his district and find out who were implicated in the plot with Aaron Burr. While stationed at Fort Stoddart it was reported to him that a person of distinction was seen traveling in the district and suspecting that it was Burr, for whose arrest a proclamation had recently been sent out by the President, he at once determined to intercept him.

¹President Adams is credited with having remarked once that he was afraid to appoint either Gaines or Scott commander-in-chief, as the appointment of either might result in a duel—they being irreconcilable enemies.

Gaines' arrest of Burr was quite dramatic. When the officers approached Burr he assumed a startled pose, demanding upon what authority a citizen was thus stopped upon the highway. The arrest was made with positiveness, but with a courtesy due the rank of the distinguished citizen. Burr was sent with escort to Richmond.

Although only carrying out orders, Gaines, all through his career, felt the effects of the Burr influence against him, and it invariably asserted itself when he stood for promotion.

Gaines shortly after this event decided to resign from government service and take up the practice of law, but the probability of war with England made it necessary to grant him only temporary leave. He began the practice of law in the counties of Washington and Baldwin, Mississippi. It was not long, however, before a summons came for him to assist his country against the advance of the British.

He was now thirty years of age. It was this war that brought him fame. In his memorable defense of Fort Erie he was made so conspicuous by his bravery that Congress voted him a gold medal, while the states of New York, Tennessee and Virginia presented him costly swords in token of their appreciation.

In this war he arose from rank to rank until he reached that of Major-General, the highest authorized by law. At the close of the war he was assigned to a command in the South, on the borders of Georgia and Florida, where the negroes and Indians were giving trouble and there he was associated with Gen. Andrew Jackson in the Seminole War.

Gen. Jackson appointed Gaines president of a court martial, to try Arbuthnot and Ambrister—the former being hung and the latter shot. These executions were strongly condemned by Jackson's enemies and called for a thorough investigation, in which the officers were exonerated.

During Gaines' military operations in Florida he had a fierce battle with the Seminoles, led by Chief Osceola, in February, 1836.

Gen. Gaines was relieved of his command in 1846 because, without authority, he was supposed to have summoned volunteers to aid Gen. Taylor in the Mexican War, but a court of inquiry, that had been convened at Fortress Monroe, on the 20th of July the same year, acquitted him.

He was then put in command of the Eastern Department.

He died at New Orleans,² June 6, 1849, seventy-two years of age. Gen. Gaines was married three times—his last wife being the widow Myra Clark Whitney, daughter of Daniel Clark.³

THE BATTLE OF ERIE.

The battle of Niagara had been fought and, while it was an American victory, the English disputed it, and to

²Jefferson Davis was once on Gen. Gaines' staff. Later when on a wedding journey to New Orleans he called upon the General. Gen. Winfield Scott had just published his book on military tactics and as he had recently returned from a visit to Europe his book was full of foreign phrases. On being asked by Davis what he thought of the book, Gaines replied: "The English language is sufficiently copious to explain any idea Gen. Scott ever had."

³Daniel Clark was a native of Ireland and came to New Orleans as Consul in 1766. Here he became entangled with a beautiful French woman named Zulime Carrier, by whom he had a daughter, born in 1806. Shortly before his death, in 1813, he left this daughter in the care of a Philadelphia family named Davis, who brought her up in ignorance of her parentage. In 1830 Davis, who was then a member of the Pennsylvania legislature sent home for certain papers and Myra, in searching for them, discovered letters that partially revealed the secret of her birth. In 1832 she married W. W. Whitney, of New York, who followed up the clue, discovered an old letter containing an account of a will made by Clark before his death giving all his estate to Myra and acknowledging her as his legitimate child. The will could not be found, but other testimony was found that disclosed the fact of its one time existence and of a secret marriage between Clark and Miss Carrier in Philadelphia in 1803.

Whitney brought suit against the city of New Orleans to recover property that had been willed to his wife. It was hotly contested, but Whitney died before a decision was reached.

In 1839 the widow married Gen. Edmund P. Gaines, of Sullivan County, who entered into the case as enthusiastically as his wife. It was carried through all the courts and dragged its slow tapeful length along, but was lost. Gen. Gaines died in 1852; his widow never gave up the suit. She had secured some new evidence and while losing in the lower court, the United States Supreme Court sustained her claim. The value of the property was \$35,000,000. The city appealed the case, and the breaking out of the war delayed judgment until 1867, when once more judgment was rendered in her favor. In her lifetime she secured more than \$6,000,000 and the suit became the sensation of the country.

such an extent did they regard it as their victory the soldiers wore the name "Niagara" on their caps.

The English now turned their attention to Fort Erie. Gen. Ripley was in charge of the fort, while Gen. Drummond was directing the English forces against it.

Gen. Gaines, in August, 1814, was sent to Fort Erie and at once took command. He began by acquainting himself with the condition of the defences and his efforts and interest put new life into the garrison.

On the 13th Drummond began a cannonade, which was continued until the next day. When this ceased, on account of the little damage done, it was clear that the British general would make a direct assault. Gaines therefore detailed two sets of men—one to be prepared against a surprise attack at night and the others on duty by day. A shell from the enemy, on the evening of the 14th, exploded in a small magazine and made a deafening noise. The British, thinking that they had destroyed the main magazine of the Americans, prepared to follow this up with another well directed blow.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 15th the American pickets announced the coming of the enemy, who expected to find the Americans asleep—but in this they were mistaken. When the advance columns came up a brilliant rocket was fired into their midst, disclosing their whereabouts and enabling the Americans to fire with more accuracy. The English did not lack for bravery and made five attempts to scale the walls, but each time were driven back with great loss—the grape and cannister doing deadly work. In one of these attacks Drummond, who was preparing to deal with the foe "showing no mercy," was himself the sufferer from his own rash order. After having denied Lieut. Macdonough quarter and killing him, the officer executing the order was slain in the same way. Having shown no quarter he received none. The battle raged all along the lines until dawn.

The British were preparing to make another desperate

attack when an explosion was heard and there was great confusion and retreat. The bastion, which had been filling up with soldiers, was exploded, sending bodies high into the air. At this the British broke ranks and left the field. When the enemy retreated there were found to be two hundred and twenty-one killed; one hundred and seventy-four wounded and one hundred and sixty-six prisoners. The American loss was seventeen killed; fifty-six wounded and eleven missing.

Both sides prepared to renew the struggle, both having received reinforcements. The British daily threw shells into the fort to the annoyance of the garrison and on the 28th a shell fell through Gen. Gaines' office and, exploding, destroyed his writing desk and wounded him so severely that he was forced to give up his command, and was sent to Buffalo. Gen. Jacob Brown, although in broken health, succeeded him. The fighting was desultory after the first victory and camp fever, brought on by heavy rains in the marshy camp of the British, aided the Americans in accomplishing the defeat of the enemy along the Canadian borders.

NATHAN GREGG.

A BIOGRAPHY.

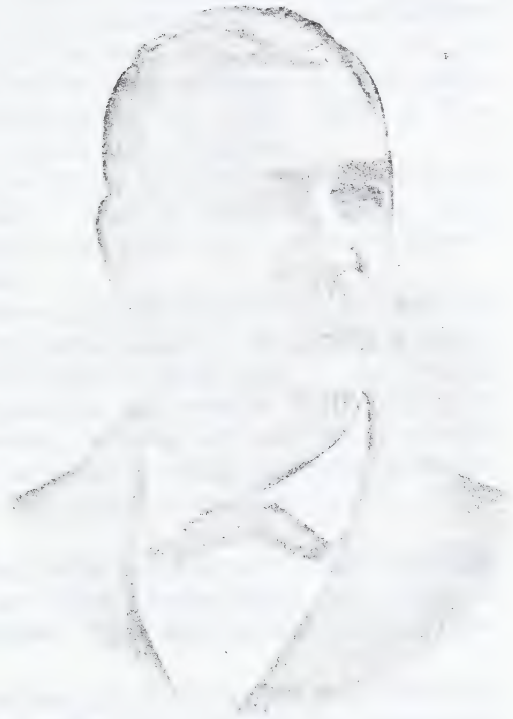
Nathan Gregg was born August 5, 1835, on the Watauga river, two miles below White Store. He spent the routine life of a country boy, working on the farm during the season, which usually extended from January 1st to December 31st. He, however, attended the district school and obtained a fairly good education. He then took up the carpenter's trade, which he followed until the beginning of the Civil War.

Coming from fighting ancestry—his grandfather being in the Revolution and his father an officer in the War of 1812—he early enlisted in the service of the Confederacy. He joined Capt. Willetts' company, made up mostly of Washington county (Tenn.) men, and was chosen lieutenant.

He was desperately wounded April 6, 1862, in the battle of Shiloh, where so many of the South's brave sons gave up their lives. His captain (Willetts) was killed in the battle.

During the following summer he enlisted again—this time in Col. John Crawford's regiment, and was elected lieutenant-colonel. This regiment was known as the Sixtieth Tennessee.

He was captured in the battle of Big Black River Bridge, near Vicksburg, Mississippi, on the 17th day of May, 1863, and was taken to Johnson's Island and held as a prisoner until near the close of the war, when he was exchanged, upon which he returned home. Col. Crawford resigned his command in 1864 and Col. Gregg was promoted to a full colonelcy and given charge of the regiment—remaining with it until the close of the war. His regiment was disbanded April 12, 1865, at Christiansburg, Virginia.



NATHAN GREGG

During his military career he had the reputation of being a humane and courageous officer. He returned to his home at the close of the war and in 1870 was elected sheriff of Sullivan County—was reelected in 1872 and again in 1874. He was elected three times to the legislature from Sullivan County, in 1876-78-82. He was a member of the legislature, which became historic for its settlement of the state debt, when such men as Butler, Gregg and others became famous in their efforts for a just settlement, as did the name "Smith of Fentress" become a byword and a reproach.

In the legislature Gregg became a leader, and in his political life, while a man of forceful nature—commanding in stature and style, he was more shrewd than statesmanlike.

Once, when anxious to get a bill passed, which he knew the speaker of the house did not favor, he had a dainty letter, written in a feminine hand, sent in to the presiding officer, requesting his presence in the lobby at once. The speaker, not divining any trick, excused himself, and his successor, being in sympathy with Col. Gregg, had the bill passed during the absence of the regular officer.

During the first administration of Grover Cleveland Col. Gregg was appointed Pension Agent, with offices at Knoxville, Tennessee. This was the last political office he held.

At one time he was urged to become a candidate for governor, but he rather discouraged the suggestion, modestly admitting his lack of educational qualifications—he having had only limited opportunities during his youth. He was gubernatorial timber nevertheless—his splendid moral character and honesty in handling public trusts making him valuable.

He had peculiar ideas about charity and would not subscribe even small amounts, always excusing himself by saying that one could never tell when it was deserving.

His motives were not understood until after his death, when it was found that he had willed all his fortune to the church.

Col. Gregg never fully recovered from the wound he received in battle and this no doubt hastened his death, which occurred at his country home July 15, 1894, in the sixtieth year of his age.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAR TIMES—TENNESSEE VALOR.

Tennessee rarely boasts about her battle men. The world's war language has linked the name of "volunteer" with the valor of all times. The part she has played in the military achievements of this nation has not been given due credit because not generally understood. But from the outset of our national existence her frontiersmen protected from invasion by the Indians those settlements that dared to spring up on her borders. She hurried her pickets far out beyond the firing line. Her Shelbys and her Seviars went at the first call when, at Point Pleasant, the outcome depended so much upon their skill and courage.

When the cause of American independence looked gloomiest; when the well disciplined troops of regulars were losing heart and faith and forsaking the cause; when Washington wrote "I have almost ceased to hope," these same sturdy pioneers formed a plan on Tennessee soil, left their homes almost unprotected and marched across the mountains to check the advance of the victorious British. The memorable and decisive battle of King's Mountain was the result.

When that same foe sought to invade our shores a second time Tennessee sent her Jackson to New Orleans, where he plowed through the red-gold ranks of the gallant Packenham, leaving seven hundred, with their leader, dead on the field.

At the same time she sent her Gaines to protect the northern boundary and his courageous defense heralded him the hero of Fort Erie.

When the independence of Texas was sought her Samuel Houston, badly wounded was born from the battlefield of San Jacinto, while the mangled remains of Davy Crockett

lay heaped in the Alamo. Her James Bowie, already dying of a fever from wounds unhealed, hearing the cry "no quarter", arose in his couch and with the knife that still bears his name dug his way to a welcome death.

When conflict with Mexico seemed inevitable, Tennessee was called upon to furnish two thousand, eight hundred men and, remembering the Alamo, thirty thousand responded to that call.

Her Maury mapped the ocean ways.

When the war of secession was declared and the martial spirit of the South was stirred as never before, the manhood, yes, and the boyhood of middle and west Tennessee followed in the tread of her intrepid Forrest. The greater portion of East Tennessee, still a part of that South, but thinking best to preserve the Union, stubbornly buried herself like a wedge in the heart of her own country while her Farragut swept the seas.

She gave Sam Davis as a sacrifice for her soldiers' honor.

In the still more recent Spanish-American War it seemed like a recognition of her victorious past that Tennessee's gunboat "Nashville" should fire the first gun that echoed the most destructive and triumphant naval conflict of modern times.

Missionaries were sent here—sent to the mountain homes to tame the sons of the men who tamed the wilds and made it possible for them to come. These mountain men, though rough of speech and always ready with rude song, have no ambition save to be hospitable and to fight when fought; these men will give their lives for any cause that disturbs the peace of our people, for in their veins still flows the blood that made the valor of our volunteers immortal.

Congress has voted thanks or a medal or sword to twenty-nine military men since the organization of the

army in 1789. Of this number two are Sullivan County men—no other county in the Union has received as many. One medal was presented to Maj.-Gen. Gaines in 1814, and one to Isaac Shelby in 1818.

That the thanks of Congress be, and they are hereby, presented to Major-General Gaines, and, through him, to the officers and men under his command, for their gallantry and good conduct in defeating the enemy at Erie on the fifteenth of August, repelling with great slaughter the attack of a British veteran army, superior in number; and that the President of the United States be requested to cause a gold medal to be struck, emblematical of this triumph, and presented to Major-General Gaines.

Approved November 3, 1814.

That the thanks of Congress be, and they are hereby, presented to Major-General William Henry Harrison, and Isaac Shelby, late governor of Kentucky, and, through them, to the officers and men under their command, for their gallantry and good conduct in defeating the combined British and Indian forces under Major-General Proctor, on the Thames, in Upper Canada, on the 5th day of October, 1813, capturing the British army, with their baggage, camp equipage, and artillery; and that the President of the United States be requested to cause two gold medals to be struck, emblematical of this triumph, and presented to General Harrison, and Isaac Shelby, late governor of Kentucky.

Approved, April 4, 1814.¹

In 1812 England again tried to conquer this nation, employing methods similar to those adopted before—inciting Indian allies. This brought on the Creek War, and the battle of Horseshoe, March 24, 1814.

Tennesseans under Jackson practically waged this war, the East Tennessee troops being under the command of Gen. John Cooke. Transportation was by boat and, in addition to the soldiers, this section was expected to furnish the supplies.² The rivers were low and not boatable, and in consequence of the delay this caused, Jackson became very irritable—placed the blame first on

¹Historical Register of U. S. Army, Vol. I, page 47.

²Loring's Field Book of the War of 1812.

Cooke, then the weather, the water and all mankind in general.³

Among the officers who accompanied Cooke from Sullivan County were William Snodgrass, ——— Cloud, William King, Jacob Snapp and Benjamin Beeler. Cloud was the first man to attempt to scale the breastworks at the Horseshoe, and was killed. He was closely followed by King who succeeded.⁴

Sam Houston, a young ensign, was also among the first to go over the breastworks—he was shot with a barbed arrow.

The Thirty-ninth United States infantry was strongly supported by Gen. James Doherty's East Tennessee brigade, making the van of a storming party, the forces behaving most gallantly as they pressed on in the face of a deadly fusilade of bullets and arrows. Soldiers and Indians fought hand to hand at the port-holes. The bayonet, dextrously used, at last broke the line of the Indians' defense and they fled in wild confusion to the woods and waters. The Creeks asked no quarter nor gave any; it was a fight to death. The defeated Indians refused to surrender, expecting no mercy.

When the battle was over, five hundred and fifty-seven Indian warriors lay dead in the bend of the river alone, and of the one thousand who went into the fight but two hundred survived. Jackson's loss was thirty-two killed and ninety-nine wounded, while his Cherokee allies lost eighteen killed and thirty-six wounded.

The Seminole War of 1817-18 followed and again Tennessee troops went to the front as if it was their fight also—Sullivan's leading representative being Gen. Gaines.

The Cherokee removal took place in 1838, and is fully described in Chapter XXX. Maj. John R. Delaney organized a company for that campaign as follows:

Muster Roll of Captain Abraham McClellan's Company of the 2nd Regiment, 2nd Brigade of Mounted Volunteer Militia, Commanded

³On account of this delay and the unfortunate massacre of the friendly Hillabee people, Jackson accused Cooke of rivalry, but was later convinced of his error.

⁴Losing, says L. P. Montgomery.

by Major John R. Delaney, ordered into service of the United States by the Requisition of the Secretary of War of 25th of May 1836, from the 1st day of March ----- to the 30th day of April, 1837.

Abraham McClellan, Captain	Elihu Messick, Private
Abraham Gregg, First Lieutenant	James Morton, Private
James B. Riley, Second Lieutenant	Joseph McPhatridge, Private
Henry Bullock, Ensign	Andrew J. Millborn, Private
Saml. Evans, First Sergeant	Thomas J. Newton, Private
Saml. E. Edwards, Second Sergeant	Timothy Nickols, Private
Maxwell Smith, Third Sergeant	David Pile, Private
Christian C. Elkins, First Corporal	Henry H. Pemberton, Private
James J. Angell, Second Corporal	John Page, Private
William P. Lacy, Third Corporal	John Peters, Private
William H. Snodgrass, Bugler	Edward C. Rutledge, Private
Uriah Acre, Private	Thomas T. Rockhold, Private
Royston Boy, Private	John Sanders, Private
Jno. G. Burnett, Private	John C. Sawyers, Private
John L. Burkhard, Private	Walter J. Snodgrass, Private
Jacob Bushong, Private	David D. Spivy, Private
Eli Cain, Private	Geo. L. Smith, Private
Thomas Cawood, Private	Benjamin Smith, Private
Jesse Craft, Private	John G. Scott, Private
Saml. L. Cross, Private	John I. Sroith
Jonathan J. Dryden, Private	Nathaniel N. Smith, Private
David A. Dryden, Private	Alexander H. Smith, Private
Hazel B. Davis, Private	David Steel, Private
Larkin Elkins, Private	John Steel, Private
Danl. Elkins, Private	Isaac Stoffe, Private
Abel Edwards, Private	Henry Smith, Private
John Flemming, Private	Clifford Tyler, Private
Allen Farmer, Private	William R. Tipton, Private
John M. Gifford, Private	John Torbitt, Private
George W. Goodman, Private	Jonathan E. Vance, Private
John Godsey, Private	John Webb, Private
Abraham J. Hicks, Private	Uriah Woods, Private
Hiram B. Hughes, Private	Owen M. White, Private
William Hobbs, Private	Jesse B. White, Private
Obed Hull, Private	James Hancher, Private
Henry Kingery, Private	William O. King, Private
Thomas McLane, Private	Elcanah Millard, Private
Timothy Millard, Private	

(Copied from original muster-roll)

The next call for troops was for the Mexican War. George R. McClellan was in command of a company from Sullivan County, which was taken in flat-boats to Memphis, whence they were transported to New Orleans and across the gulf of Mexico. The eagerness of Tennesseans to enlist for this war was so notable that the Secretary of War sent the following message to Gov. Brown: "We do not intend that Tennessee shall fight this war."

5 Reg. Tenn Vol.—G. R. McClellan Col Comdg—John Shaver Capt—Wm. King 1st Lieut—Saml. R. Anderson 2 and J. J. Odell 2-2 Lieut.

Sullivan County Volunteers mustered into service 10th day of Nov. 1847. Dischd. 20th July, 1848 at Memphis.

G. R. McClellan, Capt.	Endiman Hall
John S. Shaver, 1st Lieut.	----- Hensley
Saml R. Anderson, 2 Lieut.	Wm. H. Harkness
James Patton, O. S.	Elisha Harbor
Wm. King, 2d Lieut.	David S. Hilton
Jno. T. Snapp, S.	David Ingle
John Braden, S.	Joel Johnson
James Barnes, S.	James G. King
David Almaroad, C.	G. S. Love
David P. OBrian, C.	James Milhorn
Joel D. Millard, O.	John McCrary
Thos. Rodgers, O.	Walker McCrary
James Good, Mu.	William McKamy
Wm. H. Ahnaroad	Stephen H. Miller
Audley Anderson	John W. Malone
L. O. Byers	Saml. G. McClellan
Tho. L. Berry	James Minnick
David B. Bragg	Wm. R. Moore
Dillion D. Blevins	John Moore
Andrew Blevins	John McMinn
James Blevins	James J. Odell
John Bowling	Wm. D. Offield
Geo. W. Bookhamer	Benjm. Phillips
Johathan Bachman	Job Powell
Geo. L. Cariton	Calvin M. Prince
Thos. Carroll	Wm. O. B. Pile
Geo. Crudgington	Isaac Pearce

Jury Cathiman	Jesse Pullum
Elkana Cross	Jacob Rodgers
James Carden	William Rimmer
Thos. D. Carter	Josiah Smith
C. C. Cargale	Saml. W. Scott
Allen Dyer	Hugh R. Smith
James Dinsmore	Richard Shipley
Elkana D. Droke	Nathan H. Shipley
Enos Dinsmore	Elkana D. Shipley
John W. Emmert	John M. Smithson
Thos. O. Elkins	James K. Shaver
Nelson Elsey	Wm. Smith
Wm. D. Fulkner	Wm. L. Smithson
Gabriel Frye	A. W. M. Willoughby
Endemon Foster	Sol. H. Whitaker
John G. Gale	G. H. Whitaker
Wm. Gertman	Joseph P. Wilson
Wm. J. Gale	James H. Wilson
Wm. Graham	Joseph S. Pitman
W. W. Good	Jacob H. Latture

(Copied from original muster-roll)

The Civil War came on. The scenes that led up to the struggle were here more antagonistic than in most Southern localities, where the sentiment was not divided. In East Tennessee the supporters of the Confederate and Union sides waged a war of oratory before the battle of smoke and shell began. When the excitement was at its highest and companies were forming to join the Confederate forces, Andrew Johnson and Thomas A. R. Nelson, who were the champions of the Union cause, made an appointment to speak in Blountville.

Some of the leading citizens, fearful of the possible results of such a speaking, owing to the feverish state of the people, sent a delegation, headed by David Sullins—then a young minister in charge of the Blountville circuit—to meet the speakers on the approach to town and acquaint them with the feeling in the community. They were met at “Medical Grove” on the Jonesboro road, and the speakers agreed to be governed by the vote of the citizens, taken in open meeting.

Sullins returned, called the throng together in front of the court-house and explained the situation, asking those who desired the speakers to come to town to remain standing, while those who did not desire them were to "squat down."⁵ The majority was overwhelming in opposition to the speakers. Sullins went back, told Johnson and Nelson the result, then escorted them to town, as far as Sturm's hotel, where they had dinner. During this time a guard of soldiers was placed on the bridge to prevent any assembling of the people or undue excitement on account of the presence of the men. After dinner the speakers left town.

For this kindly act of precaution Sullins was compelled to leave Tennessee after the war and refugee in Virginia for two years.

The first company organized in Sullivan selected James P. Snapp, captain, and the young ladies of the town presented a flag. The occasion of the presentation was made thrilling by patriotic songs and the speech of acceptance delivered by C. J. St. John, Sr., first lieutenant of the company.

East Tennessee early became a battle-ground for the Northern and Southern forces. The railroad running through this section was the chief means of communication, travel and supply for the South. For this reason the bridges, telegraph lines and tracks had to be protected. They were practically in the possession of the Confederate forces for nearly three years of the war, but when Burnside⁶ was assigned to the command in East Tennessee, reaching Knoxville, September 3, 1863, he mapped out an aggressive campaign to be prosecuted all along the line

⁵David Sullins had early in his career established a reputation as a revivalist. The crowd at the court-house was so large, an old woman who was some distance away from the speaker could not hear what was going on, but seeing most of the people assuming the negative posture, said, "It's all right now, Davy's got 'em on their knees."

⁶Ambrose E. Burnside was born in Indiana. He was a West Point cadet, graduating, number twenty-eight, in the class of 1847. He became major-general March, 1862. Died September, 1881.

of railroad. He detached Gen. James Shackelford⁷ for service in upper East Tennessee.

On the Confederate side was Gen. Sam Jones,⁸ whose headquarters at the time were at Zollicoffer. Burnside had twenty thousand men, while Jones had between five and six thousand. These men were distributed up and down the railroad.

At Morristown Shackelford sent Col. John W. Foster on a flanking move. Gen. Jones sent out Col. James Carter, who met Foster and engaged him in desultory fighting, driving him back as far as the river at Shipley's ferry. This was on Sunday. Foster was reinforced at the river, returned and, on the morning of the 22nd of September, 1863, drove the Confederates back to Blountville.

On their return the Federals bombarded the Dulaney home, suspecting it harbored Confederate sharpshooters. No one was there but the women of the family, who managed to throw out a white cloth, which prevented a complete annihilation of the home and death of the occupants.

BATTLE OF BLOUNTVILLE.

Arriving at Blountville Col. Carter decided to engage the enemy and stationed his battery on the plateau east of town. Foster took a stand on the opposite side, near the graveyard—some of the remaining grave stones show the effects of the fight.

The non-combatants, women and children, accustomed to seeing uniformed men, were not aware that a battle was impending and were at dinner when the firing began. These retired with the sick and aged to the best protected

⁷James M. Shackelford was born in Kentucky. He enlisted in the Union army as colonel of the Eighteenth Kentucky Cavalry, September 13, 1861. He became brigadier-general March 2, 1863, resigned January 18, 1864.

⁸Sam Jones was by birth a Virginian. Cadet at West Point in 1837, graduating, number nineteen, in July, 1841. He reached the rank of captain in 1853. Resigned April 27, 1861, to enter the Confederate service. He became major-general and remained in the war from 1861 to 1865. He died July 31, 1887.

cellars—those of the Cate House and the St. John residence. The battle began at noon and lasted until four o'clock in the afternoon.⁹

The Confederate forces numbered twelve hundred and fifty-seven, while there were double that number on the Federal side.

Capt. Davidson's battery, that participated in this fight, had distinguished itself in the battle of Manassas. As an example of marksmanship for which the American soldier is renowned—Capt. Davidson was told that Federal sharpshooters were in the belfry of the Methodist church and he decided to fire upon it. He was asked not to hit the bell and its location was pointed out to him; he then sent one ball just above and one just below the bell although the church was a quarter of a mile away.

After the battle had been in progress some time the Federals decided upon a flank movement and made a charge toward the center of the opposing forces to divert their attention

In the meantime the besieged women and children and the helpless were notified that the town was burning and they must flee for their lives. A shell from the Federal guns had entered the court-house, setting it on fire, and as there was no means of relief the flames spread rapidly, destroying the best part of the town.¹⁰

In the thick of the fight and more dangerously exposed than the soldiers of either side were the fleeing women. In the confusion of such a hasty departure distracted mothers became separated from their children; cavalrymen dashed across their path, while bullets and bombs whistled above them. They went through Brown's

⁹Dr. J. J. Ensor, who acted as surgeon, timed the battle from the firing of the first gun and so reported it to me.

¹⁰Besides the court-house and jail many other houses were burned—the residence and store of Samuel Rhea; hotel and store of Rev. N. C. Baldwin; Lawrence Snapp's hotel; residence and shop of F. L. Baumgardner; residence and store of W. W. James; residence and store of Jack Powell; residence and store of Hugh and John Fain; residence and store of Dr. Wm. R. Dulahey.

meadow and finally found a safe retreat beyond the hills.¹¹

The Confederates, learning of the flank movement, began to retire in the direction of Zollicoffer; a few, however, went toward Bristol and were captured.

At Hamilton's hill Jones reinforced Carter and another stand was made. The Federals were driven back, retiring to Blountville, but later retreated further. The returning citizens of the town found that what homes were left had been looted and what was not taken had been destroyed. There was nothing to eat and the women were compelled to beg meal from the soldiers.

The casualties were not great on either side—the Confederates losing only three dead and eight or ten wounded, while the Federals had twelve killed and as many more wounded. The Institute and Methodist church were used as temporary hospitals and Dr. J. J. Ensor and Dr. Nat Dulaney, Sr., aided the Federal surgeons with the wounded.¹²

In October Burnside's forces again sought to secure control of the railroad, which resulted in a running fight through the county. A skirmish took place at Blountville on October 14th. There was also a fight at Bachman's ford. Gen. Jones drove the enemy as far as Big creek, in Hawkins county, where he surrounded and captured six hundred—among them two spies, who were court-martialed and shot, near David Wolford's.

¹¹Some of the escapes of women, during the war, were miraculous. Dr. M. M. Butler, who was surgeon of the Thirty-seventh Virginia regiment, tells of a woman whose residence was directly in the line of fire at the battle of Chancellorsville. She escaped unhurt with seventeen bullet holes in her dress.

¹²Dr. Ensor related the following: Among the wounded on the Federal side was an Irishman, who wanted to be relieved from service. Receiving a flesh wound on the head he feigned unconsciousness and was placed in the temporary hospital. When the surgeon went to examine him he was moaning in an delirious manner, "send for a praste, bring me a cand'l; send for a praste, bring me a cand'l." The surgeon, not wishing to operate on him in that condition, passed him by for the time, remarking, "the poor fellow is in a bad way." The wounded soldier confided to Dr. Ensor his desire to quit the army and the doctor told him he would not interfere with his plans.

The next day the patient was at breakfast with the Ensor family when a servant entered and said the Federal surgeon was coming. The Irishman on learning this jumped up from the table and broke through a window to get back in the hospital. When the surgeon made his rounds he found his patient stretched out, apparently weaker than the day before and still faintly and incoherently calling, "send for a praste, bring me a cand'l." The surgeon passed him by. The man, sure of being put on the dead-list, left for parts unknown.

The next military exploit of eventful outcome was Stoneman's¹³ raid in December, 1864. He left Knoxville December 10th with four thousand cavalry and was reinforced by Gillem with nearly two thousand more; also Gen. Burbridge's Kentucky troops. They overtook Duke's men, then under command of Col. R. C. Morgan¹⁴—Duke being on leave of absence—and drove them across the river at Rotherwood. Morgan had three hundred and fifty men, thirty-nine of which garrisoned themselves on a rocky and thicketed eminence on the banks of the river, to prevent the enemy from crossing. These men kept Stoneman back for several hours. During the afternoon of the 13th Gillem sent Col. S. K. N. Patton up the river—he crossed and, coming down, surrounded the men. When this was done the rout was complete. Several were killed and wounded and many others captured. Among the prisoners taken was Morgan, he had been drinking heavily during the day and danced with indifference when captured. His wagon train was also taken.

This work completed, Gen. Burbridge,¹⁵ the same afternoon, pushed on to Bristol. Passing through Blountville during the night his soldiers did a good deal of plundering. He reached Bristol on the morning of the 14th, in time to intercept Gen. Vaughn, who was trying to join Breckenridge at Saltville. At Bristol he destroyed the depots, all the rolling stock of the railroad and a great quantity of stores and ammunition. In the skirmish two hundred prisoners, which included non-combatants, were captured. This raid was for the purpose of destruction. A raiding party is not a pleasure

¹³George Stoneman was from New York. He entered West Point in 1842, and graduated, number thirty-three, in 1846. He became major-general of volunteers in 1862. He died September 5, 1864.

¹⁴After the death of General John Morgan, the fearless Confederate cavalryman, his command fell to Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Kentucky. In this regiment was Col. R. C. Morgan, a brother of Gen. Morgan.

¹⁵Stephen G. Burbridge was a Kentuckian by birth and entered the Union army as colonel of the Twenty-sixth Kentucky regiment, August, 1861. He was made brigadier-general July, 1864—died Nov. 30, 1894.

party, but there are rules that govern civilized warfare. The looting of homes, where none were left to protect them but the women; the destruction of a church and the demolition of the sacred relics of a masonic lodge did not leave a very exalted remembrance of the name Stoneman.

About this time the Fifteenth Pennsylvania regiment was quartered at Peltier. Afterwards they were driven down through Hawkins county by Maj. Frank Phipps. Among the incidents of the military maneuvers around Kingsport, one relates to a peculiar capture. P. S. Hale had hired a substitute known as "Tater" Dick Morris. Morris deserted and went into the Union army, and while refugeeing in Sullivan County captured Hale, the man who paid him to go into the army.

In the last two years of the war Sullivan County was the scene of a great many raids and skirmishes—Zollicoffer and Bristol being the points most desired by the Northern forces, on account of the railroad. Zollicoffer was the headquarters at various times of Gen. William E. Jones¹⁶ and Gen. Sam Jones and Cols. Williams and Lafferty.

The following is a partial list of the officers from Sullivan serving during the Civil War, who reached the rank of captain and higher. Colonel—Nathan Gregg; Lieutenant-Colonel—George R. McClellan, James P. Snapp, J. J. Odell, James A. Rhea; Major—Henry Geisler; Captain—John W. Bachman, Joe R. Crawford, L. H. Denny, A. L. Gammon, Polk Gammon, Jacob Geisler, Cyrus Ingles, Crockett Millard, Alvin Millard, John Morrell, George Mathews, ——— Trevett.

While no companies were organized in Sullivan for the Federal army some of the soldiers who joined that side became officers. Colonel—S. K. N. Patton; Captain—Thomas Easley, David B. Jenkins, Sam P. Snapp.

¹⁶William E. Jones was a Virginian—cadet at West Point, graduating, number ten, 1848. He entered the Confederate service as brigadier-general 1861, rising to the rank of major-general. He was killed at Mount Crawford, Virginia, June 5, 1864.

There were some heroic acts in defence of bridges, in East Tennessee. At Zollicoffer Susan Wood openly defied the burners. She lived near the county bridge and the Federals had already put the torch to the timbers and they were in flames. As a threat, to awe her, the soldiers shouted, "You put that fire out and we'll come back and burn the house over your head." They had hardly disappeared before she took some little boys, formed a bucket brigade, and succeeded in putting out the fire.^{17 & 18}

RECONSTRUCTION.

When the war was over and the crippled remnant of the once splendid army straggled back they found themselves discredited, disfranchised; found a slave race freed. Many who were able went in search of other homes, never to return. Those who remained picked up their broken fortunes and began again. They faced the horrors of reconstruction. The scenes of that time, the warnings, the dread, the sufferings are still too fresh in memory to be revived—they were acts of revenge, in retaliation for wrongs suffered when the war commenced. But in the condemnation of those deeds it is well to be reminded—what might have been the fate of the Union soldiers of East Tennessee had the South succeeded. The Tories of the Revolution were as sincere in their loyalty to the king as were the Union soldiers of East Tennessee in their loyalty to the United States.

¹⁷James Keelan was one of the heroes of the Civil War. He was a member of Thomas' Legion, a regiment originally composed of Cherokee Indians, which was guarding bridges in East Tennessee. While at Strawberry Plains in November, 1862, Keelan was stationed to guard the bridge. Forty Federal soldiers attacked him, but he stood his ground. He was shot in the side, in the left arm and in the hip. The men charged him several times, but he forced them to retire. His left hand was cut off; his right hand was split and he was cut with sabres on the head and body. Finally, the Federals retired, fearing on account of Keelan's fearless stand, that reinforcements were near. They left three dead and many wounded as a result of the fight. The bridge was saved. Keelan was cared for in the neighborhood, being laid up for twelve months. When he became able to get out he joined the army again—this time in Col. Love's command.

He lived in Bristol after the war, and died there February 12, 1895, aged seventy-two years.

¹⁸In addition to conversations with participants in the Civil War I had access to official reports in "Records of the Rebellion."

Virginia and Tennessee and Mississippi shed the tears of the Confederacy. The sepulchers of the South are there. The war clouds hung lowest there and from off scarred fields and desolated homes were the last to be lifted. For forty-four years a frail and bent-over figure in black has been journeying to a mound that does not measure the length of a man. In that boyhood grave is buried the hope of so many Southern homes. From Shiloh and from Gettysburg and from Chickamauga came the long dead-list of the budding chivalry of the South.

So long as the mourner stoops by the grave; so long as the old soldier hobbles to the reunion, there will be memories to remind us. There is much history that needs to be forgotten. The records of the years that followed the war can be written by the annalist of the years to come; it is no time to tell them now.

ELKANAH R. DULANEY.

A BIOGRAPHY.

When Elkanah Dulaney and Benjamin Dulaney came to Sullivan County with the early pioneers, the one carried a pair of saddle bags and the other a sword—the one a warrior, the other a healer of wounds.

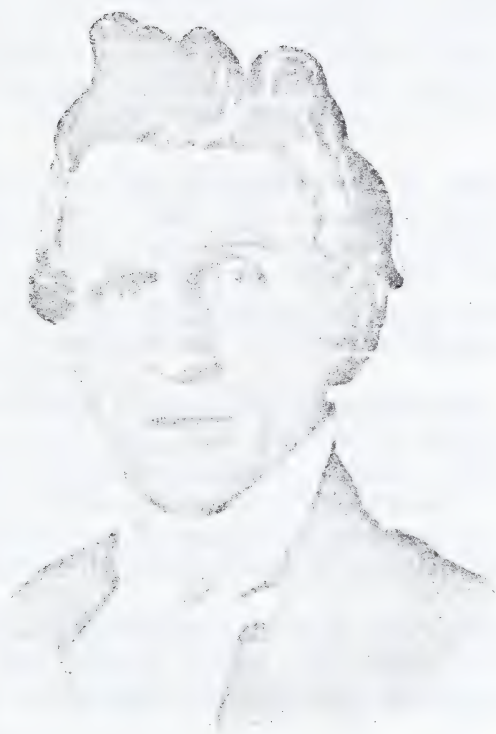
The military life of the Dulaney's is like that of most of the old settlers in Virginia, in the colony days. They were with Braddock in his ill-fated Indian campaigns and in the fierce border forays; joining Lord Dunmore's ranks when he issued his stirring address for resistance to the repeated ravages of the Ohio tribes; then enlisting with Gen. Andrew Lewis against his Lordship; then plunging into service of their country when it declared for freedom—a service full of peril because beset on the one hand with the annoying Indian surprises and on the other with strife engendered by political antagonism.

Then away from these scenes came Benjamin Dulaney, carrying a sword¹ that in his official capacity he had carried in the battle of Brandywine—and Elkanah Dulaney with his medicine chest that has been carried by four generations following, to the present time. Of those who remained in Virginia, Dr. William H. Dulaney became commandant of his county, with the rank of colonel, and Henry Dulaney, entering the War of 1812 as lieutenant, rose to the rank of captain.

The Dulaney's who came to Sullivan had disposed of their personal property as well as the lands which the government had granted them for military service, and with the proceeds bargained for land in and about Blountville.

They settled on tracts adjoining, one mile southwest of Blountville—the one becoming the home of Elkanah

¹This sword is of peculiar pattern and is now an heirloom in the St. John family.



WILLIAM R. DULANEY

Dulaney, called "Medical Grove," is still known by that name and is still in the possession of his descendants.

When one studies the formation of a county it is remarkable what near neighbors the families have been all along. That is the way Sullivan was peopled.

Beginning with a few emigrants from Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, who journeyed through Frederick, Maryland, picking up the Shelbys on the way; going thence through Fauquier and Culpepper counties, Virginia, the company was completed. They came over that same trail for a long time.

These emigrants were not all Scotch-Irish, as many claim. The Shelbys were Welch, and an analysis of our nationalities will disclose a good pay-streak of German metal that has to be accounted for—the Beelers, the Bachmans, the Beidleman, the Boohers were so German when coming to this section many could not, at first, sign their names in English.

It was a cosmopolitan company that journeyed here—some with the cavalier blood, it is true, but all became commoners in their mutual struggle and defense. They were sturdy men, stout limbed and accustomed to adventures—faces escutcheoned by endurance and toil, and they gave to Sullivan the military rank it won and still holds.

There was unusual quiet following the wars. The leaders who remained here became restless; the silence was too sudden and they sought the next best substitute for war—politics.

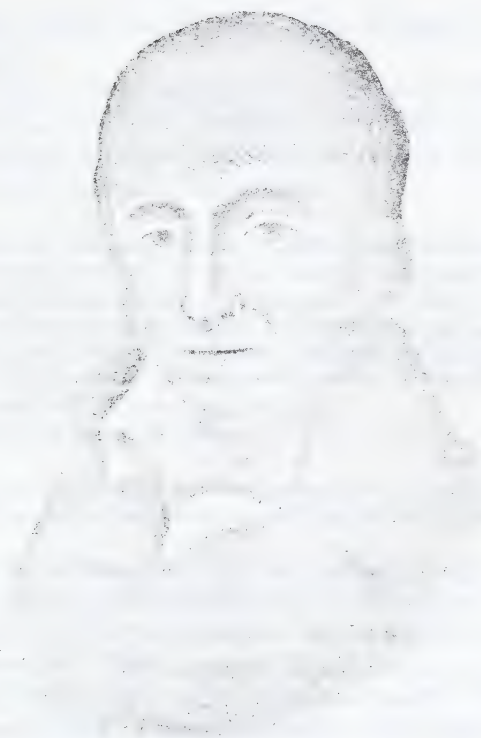
The early practice of medicine meant long rides in all kind of weather—and short pay, so Elkanah Dulaney, leaving the solitude of these long forest rides, entered politics and became a candidate for the legislature in 1819, though not altogether abandoning his practice. He was successively elected for four terms and after an intermission, was twice elected, in 1835-37. He died July 10, 1840, in his seventieth year.

Of the four sons of Elkanah Dulaney, two arrived at mature manhood—William R. Dulaney and Benjamin L. Dulaney, Sr. They received their education at Jefferson Academy—the former having been under the instruction of the first teacher we have record of at the Academy—John Jennings. Benjamin Dulaney became a farmer and his life is also closely interwoven with the political history of his day. In various ways he served the people in an official capacity, being at one time sheriff of the county. He died September 23, 1859.

Dr. William R. Dulaney was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, April 2, 1800. He followed in the footsteps of his father in the practice of medicine. He was the first physician of Sullivan county to attend lectures—in 1838 riding horseback to Lexington, Kentucky, where he spent several months in the lecture-room.

It is in the realm of medicine the name of Dulaney is best known in this county. Had those old doctors chosen a wider field for operations they would have become better known—certainly better paid. Joseph Dulaney rendered notable service as a surgeon in the Confederate army, being in the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment.

Unlike some practitioners, suffering did not harden their natures, but made them gentle—they gathered lessons of tenderness from the sick-room. They gave prescriptions and the money to buy the medicine. They gave nobly to the world's needs—a century of service from them meant a century of sacrifice. The call from the cabin on the hillside was to them a call to duty. They went at any hour of the night, braving any weather, and have passed much time in patient watch where ragged bedclothes and scant furnishings gave promise of no pay. And sometimes, when those old doctors found all earthly aid exhausted, they sought the divine and in the solemnity of the death-chamber, with no one near to minister to spiritual needs, they have solaced some departing soul with prayer.



JOHN RHEA

JOHN RHEA.

A BIOGRAPHY.

The Rhea family is the most akin to family in Sullivan County.

Joseph Rhea, the ancestor of the Rheas of Sullivan, was born in Londonderry, Ireland, 1715. He was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Fahn for twenty years and then sent in the following resignation:

As I received the congregation of Fahn from the Presbytery of Londonderry, I have labored in the work of the ministry above twenty years in that place and as the congregation has fallen into very long areas and has been very deficient in the original promise to me which was 24 pounds yearly I am unable to subsist any longer among them and I do hereby demit my charge of them and deliver them into the hand of them from whom I received them.

Subscribed this 16th Aug. 1769.

JOS. RHEA

P. S.—I have only this further to request of the Presbytery that they will see justice done me in that congregation in my absence.

He came to America in 1770 and settled in Maryland. He joined the Christian campaign in 1776 as one of the chaplains and in this way became acquainted with the Holston country. He decided to locate here and to that end secured land at the mouth of Beaver creek. Returning home he decided to bring his family, but shortly after reaching home he was taken sick and died.

The family came to Sullivan the following year.

John Rhea the most prominent of the name was a graduate of Princeton and took part in the Revolution—was in the battles of Brandywine and King's Mountain.

In 1785 he went to Ireland to bring back the widow Borden and her three daughters. He rode his white horse to Philadelphia. The ship in which he was to sail was about ready to leave, so he tied the horse to a stake at

the dock and hastily gave instructions to the hotel keeper about caring for the animal during his absence. It so happened the hotel man rode the horse down to the dock on the day of Rhea's return and tied him to the same stake. In that day it took several months to make a round trip across the ocean and on landing, Rhea, seeing his horse tied to the same stake at which he had left him, became furious and proceeded to punish the hotel man for his negligence in allowing the horse to remain there, but he was finally made to understand how it happened.

When Rhea arrived in Sullivan County with the widow and her three Irish girls his three brothers at once began to court them and in time "the three Rhea brothers married the three Borden sisters." This is what John Rhea had desired. He never married.

In 1789 he was licensed to practice law in Knoxville and was a member of the legislature of North Carolina in the same year.

In 1796 he was a member of the constitutional convention, which framed the first constitution of Tennessee, and in the same year became a member of the general assembly of the state.

In 1803 he was elected to congress from the first district and served in that body successively for twelve years, six years of which he was chairman of the committee on post-offices and post-roads,

In 1816 he was one of the commissioners to treat with the Choctaws. This concluded he again ran for congress in 1817, was elected and remained in that body six more years, making eighteen years in congress. During the last six years he was chairman of the committee on pensions and Revolutionary claims.

He declined to run any more at the expiration of his term in 1823. A tradition in the family has it that the old white horse—he was partial to white horses—which he had ridden so often to Washington, had become accustomed to making the trip and, not knowing that his

master would not go again, started alone about the time for the convening of the next congress and had gone as far as Glade Spring before he was overtaken.

Congressman or "Old John" Rhea, as his descendants usually speak of him, came into possession of vast tracts of land in Tennessee and also in other states and was counted a wealthy man in his day.

He died May 27, 1832, and is buried at Blountville.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TRAVELWAYS—TRANSMISSION OF MESSAGES.

When in 1760 the expedition known as the Byrd expedition cut its way to Long Island, opening a new highway that has always been known as the Island road, and when in 1775 Daniel Boone and his company cut out the Wilderness road—also called the Kentucke or Caintuck road and now known as the Reedy creek road—then was the beginning of bad roads in Sullivan county.

But over the one the great flow of southwest immigration has gone and over the other numberless cavalcades have passed, bound for the west. These two roads and one other served our ancestors many years. There were other paths, but these were the main travelways—the “great roads” as they were then called. It was not from a lack of the spirit of progress that our ancestors did not establish other good roads—the Indian wars and the war with Great Britain kept them busy for twenty-five years. But in the year 1795 a road building energy and enthusiasm seized the people; eight great roads were proposed and established in this year, and at the same time the county court appointed a jury of twenty-six prominent citizens “to view the great road from Sullivan court-house, leading to Abingdon, in Virginia, as far as the Virginia line and report to the next court.”

They were James Brigham, William Snodgrass, Capt. Webb, Gilbert Carr, David Steel, William Armstrong, Henry Smith, John Burk, John Shelby, Robert Rutledge, David Mahon, Stephen Hicks, Timothy Acuff, Samuel Caruthers, George Rutledge, Jeremiah Taylor, Edward Cox, James Arnold, Lewis Wolf, Walter James, Greenberry Cox, Job Foy, Richard Rodgers, Jobias Gifford, Solomon Jones and Jonathan Owens. The records of the court are meager and no report of this jury could be found, but

“viewing” meant to pass upon the condition and this generation believes itself capable of surmising what sort of report was made.

The orders of the court for the other roads ran as follows:

OLD ROAD BUILDERS.

Ordered by the court that the following persons review the great road from John Yanus’ to the North Fork of Holston river by way of Ross’ Furnace, also to fix a proper place for a bridge across Reedy Creek at the public expense of Sullivan County, viz: S. Porterfield, J. Lowry, J. Anderson, M. Rowler, Jr., R. Shipley, Capt. Childress, Eli Shipley, H. Mock, John Dean, Jacob Moyers, Jr., John Waddle, Sr., John Shoemaker, Sr., James Gaines, John Yancy, Walter Johnson, John Anderson, P. Foust, David Erwin and make their report to the next court.

Ordered that the great road be established from the Coaling Ground Beaver Creek Iron Works onwards to Jacob Thomas the nearest & best way & that the following persons be appointed to view the same, viz: James Harris, James Young, Jacob Thomas, John Bougher, Will Beaty, William Helbrick, John Cooper, Julius Hacker, Stephen Wallin, Henry Harkleroad, John Vance, Esq., Woolsey Beeler, John Beeler, and make their report to the next court.

Ordered by the court that the following jury be appointed to review the road leading from the Court house to Keywoods Creek the nearest and best way, viz: John Sharp, David Diddon, John Keywood, Jr., John Pemberton, John Shelby, Sr., Thomas Hughes, Jonathan Owen, Robert Rutledge, James Yerin,[?] James Hill, Will Rhea, Joseph Rhea, Robert Cowan, William Carr, Capt. McCormick, John Shelby, Jr., and make their report the the next court.

Ordered by the court that the following jury be appointed to view and lay off a great road the easiest and best way from Shoats ford on Holston river to the Virginia line leading to Abingdon, viz: Capt. Joseph Cole, Geo. ———, Elisha Cole, Jacob Boy, Abraham McClellan, Dill Blevins, ———, William Carr, Edmund Warrin, John Shelby, Sr., ———, ——— Beeler, John Bealer, Benjamin Ryston, ———, John Funkhouser and make their report to the next court.

Ordered by the court that the following persons be appointed to view and lay off a great road the nearest and best way from—Weavers line by Ryston's Ford on Holston River Indian Creek to Join the Washington line, viz: Solomen ———, Patrick Cregan, Arnold Schell, John Funkhouser, Jacob Weaver, Abeloid Edwards, Benjamin Ryston, John Richardson, Samuel Miller, William Carr, Frederick Weaver, William Morgau, John Miller, Harman Arrants, George ———, Jacob Boy, Thomas Price, Joseph Cole, Jr., Elisha Cole, William Cross and Aquilla Cross and make their reports to the next court.

Ordered by the Court that the following Jury of men view and lay off a great road from Sullivan Court house to John Keywoods Mill the nearest and best way, viz: James Brigham, John Burk, blacksmith, John Fagan, Stephen Taylor, William Gifford, Jos. Rhea, Andrew Crockett, Rob. Rutledge, Jonathan Owens, William Delaney, John Pemberton, John Sharpe, Robert Cowan, David Hughes, John Richardson and John Keywood, Sr., and make their report to next court.

Ordered by the Court that the following Jury of men view and lay off a great road the nearest and best way from Shoats ford on Holston River to the Virginia line to wit: John Beeler, Joseph Beeler, Edmund Warren, George ———, William Carr, Benjamin Ryston, Will Rhea, Julian Hacker, Sr., Jacob Thomas, Will Hedrick, Geo. Beeler, David Weeb, Leonard Hart, Jonathan Webb, Benjamin Webb, Sr., Mathias Little Nighdeon, Nathan Lewis, George Little, Thos. Price, Elisha Cole, and make their report to next Court.

Ordered by the Court that the following persons be appointed to view and lay off a great road from Sullivan court house to Roberts Mill on the Kentucky road the nearest and best way, to wit, John Tigan, John Burk, Jesse Cox, ——— Kee, Timothy Acuff, Abraham Brittain, Solomon Jones, Samuel Caruthers, Sr., Edmund Stephens, Stuart Anderson, John Bowman, Sr., James Brigham, Stephen Hicks, Greenberry Cox, Henry Roberts, John Anderson, Stephen Taylor and make their report to next court.

Ordered by the Court that all Roads Southeast of the road leading from Henry Mysengales and Crossing at Shoats ford on Holston River to Abingdon in this County be discontinued.¹

¹These "orders of the court" are selected from a scrap of the county records, for 1795, in some way preserved, and now in the possession of George T. Hammer, Bristol.

The descendants of the old road builders laughed at the way the roads were laid off and built—laughed for one hundred and thirty-five years, but kept on traveling over the same rough thoroughfares.

These roads were not established with a consideration for grade altogether. When the court order read, "the nearest and best way," it meant the safest way. They went over the hills because on the backbone of these hills was the best road-bed, the best drainage, and one other consideration which we lightly accept, the greatest safety from attack by highwaymen or Indians.

Our ancestors had enough to do in removing the massive growth from the thickly timbered land—trees centuries old; for they dug through the dense forests to get these roads, and to dig a way around hills to avoid steep grades meant more toil than was their portion.

Besides they had no machinery with which to make stone beds and the soft virgin soil was ill-suited for heavy rolling wagons. The early travelways of Sullivan followed the bison trail or the Indian trail. When these were cut out and changed the rumbling wagons rolled them and prepared them for the coming of the stage-coach. Of the various methods of travel that were once in use, all remain save one. The footman still gropes his way along the unfrequented forest paths; the horse is still carrying his burdens; the old style ox-wagons often move about our busiest streets, but the stage-coach is gone. With its departure went out the most romantic period of the business and social life of the interior of the county. There was a splendor attached to the stage life that showed itself in the farms and homes and villages along the route. Houses took on a new dress and the farms fronting on the stage-roads were kept in better condition. Whitewashed, or often painted plank fences bordered the stage-road; ornamental frames, flower beds and well kept lawns added to the rustic beauty—all these things were offered for the approbation of the stage passenger

or to shield the owner from unfavorable comment or comparison.

There was one main stage-route to Blountville from Abingdon. From Blountville there were three others—one going west by way of Kingsport and Rogersville; another branching off at the cemetery and going by way of Jonesboro, and the third going into Virginia by way of Estilville (now Gate City). The most important route was by way of Kingsport. Leaving Abingdon there were four relays on this route; the first at King's meadows, the second at Blountville, the third at Jack Shaver's and the fourth at Kingsport. The horses were changed at these points, which were about ten miles apart. The run of a driver was about twenty-five miles—the driver from Abingdon laid off at Blountville; another one, taking the stage there, went as far as Jonesboro. The run from Abingdon to Blountville required three and one-half hours and if nothing very serious occurred the stage-coach arrived nearer on scheduled time than do the railway trains of today.

The baggage on the stage-coach was carried behind in a leather covered rack, called a boot. The United States mail was carried under the seat of the driver.

A coach would accommodate nine passengers and when there were more they rode on top. The driver was rarely without company as many preferred an outside seat, especially in good weather.

If a breakdown occurred of such a nature that it could not be repaired with the tools carried along for the purpose the best conveyance that could be secured in the neighborhood transferred the passengers to the next stopping place. Blountville had an extensive repair-shop where there were workmen skilled enough to build a vehicle from tire to top. Long used to handling the lines the drivers became very deft.

DOSS LEEDY'S DRIVE.

Doss Leedy, an old time driver, offered to bet ten dollars he could turn a four-horse coach on a silver dollar without allowing the wheel to slip off the coin.

The entrance of a stage into Blountville was spectacular. The town was then in the heyday of its business and social life. With no nearer competitor than fourteen miles, it had gathered into its circle some of the most exclusive and proudest names of the county's population.

The driver, as the stage approached the town, announced his coming with a long horn and each driver had his peculiar alarum, much like locomotive engineers have today. This was repeated several times before coming to a stop. It was a cue to the horses who seemed to understand that the master of the lines would now make a wild dash through the streets. With a long sweep of his whip, cracked high above the horses heads—never intended to touch them—he came on at full speed, leaning back, his arms stretched their length, his body swaying from side to side with the motion of the coach, his hat brim turned up—the very summit of exciting life and hurling motion. Reaching the end of his journey he would toss his lines to a waiting groom and alight, sure of being surrounded by eager spectators, some in admiring curiosity, some inquiring the news, while the wondering small boy looked upon him as a living model of the heroes of his fiction world, and to these boys he often recounted "hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach."

While there was no telegraph or telephone by which the hotel keeper could be informed, he had a strange foreknowledge of the number of passengers that would want meals—and rarely miscalculated.

Among the old stage drivers were Doss and James Leedy, John Curry, Bill Bolinger, Bill Jenkins, Pete Montague and ——— Clark.

RIVER TRAFFIC.

Before the building of the railroads there was much shipping by boats. Boat-yards were strung along the river fronts through the county, the principal one being at Kingsport where there were also docks. When the timber suitable for gunwales became exhausted there or was too far inland for convenience in handling, contracts were made with builders to put boats together further up the river and start them down empty at the beginning of the tide, and by the time they were loaded at Kingsport the river was navigable and they could continue their journey.

These vessels were of the flat-boat pattern, with a small cabin. They were sixty to seventy feet long and sixteen to eighteen feet wide, and about five men were required to handle them. Each boat usually carried from one thousand to fourteen hundred bushels of grain. Large quantities of iron, salt and meat were also shipped. No accommodations or cabins were to be had for passengers except in special cases, as the boats made no return trips. Arriving at their destination and the cargo being disposed of the vessels were sold for whatever they would bring—from three to five dollars—the owner being at the mercy of the buyer.

Boating was begun with the spring tides and continued as long as the river was flush.

Among the old boatmen on the Holston were Jack Milhorn, W. K. Cross, Tom Craft, Abraham Sanders, John R. Spurgeon, E. S. Millard, Hezekiah Lewis, Jacob Harkle-road, John Lindamood, James Webb and John McCrary. The boatmen sometimes returned home from a trading trip by stage; frequently they would buy horses and ride back, but the return journey was more often made on foot. Hezekiah Lewis, after taking his breakfast in Knoxville one day, would breakfast at his home in Kingsport the next morning, making the trip on foot in twenty-four hours.

STEAMBOATS.

In the year 1850, when the building of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad was contemplated, some of the promoters—Thomas A. R. Nelson, Dr. Cunningham and others wanted the road to go the present route, by Jonesboro. The natural route was by Kingsport. The bison had gone that way; the Indian had his trading and war paths there, and the white man followed. Those interested in the other route approached the people of Kingsport with a proposition. They said to Netherland and O'Brien and Pierce and Ross, "You have a river for your transportation, give us the railroad and we will see that you get an appropriation for cleaning out a channel in the Holston that will make it navigable for steamboats."² They even went so far as to send two steamboats up there to prove the feasibility of the plan. The "Mary McKinney" and "Casandra" puffed into port. These were high-sounding names and were received with some ceremony and still more curiosity. The former was named for a member of one of the leading families of Hawkins county. The boats came in on a tide and as they had not counted upon the rapid ebb of this mountain river, the receding water left the boats grounded on a sand-bar.

The event was exciting and served the object of the promoters' efforts. The Netherland hotel in the enthusiasm of the prospect painted a few more words on its sign—"Head of Steamboat Navigation on the Tennessee River." The railroad went by Jonesboro, but the river appropriation never went anywhere.

During the building of the two roads, making the Virginia and Tennessee air line, there was, for a while, increased stage travel, in transferring from one temporary terminus to the other.

²Another version is that the engineers were bribed to make a false report as to the grades on both routes.

The completion³ of the two railroads in 1856-7 pushed the stage further west and the boat's occupation was gone.⁴ The abandonment and crippling of these two means of travel and transportation crushed for a time the social activity of the interior of the county. The absence of the busy scenes—bustle and rumble of heavy wheels and splash of oars created a lonesomeness and a longing to leave the country for the throngs that gathered in the cities.

Kingsport surrendered. It warped. So sleepful did it become that it reverted to the original owner—the unsought complacency of a quiet country life. The citizens planted corn patches where Oconostoto avenue might have gone. They did not seem to realize that the town was in the cycle of success and its turn must come.

It did come but it took fifty years to complete the orbit—in the completion of the Clinchfield road in 1908.

The bonding and building of railroads—The South Atlantic and Ohio in 1890 and the Holston Valley in 1891, together with the main trunk lines—discouraged the building of county dirt roads or even the improvement of them. The stage company had done much to keep their routes in good repair. The bond issue for the railroad had given trouble and the issuance of county road bonds seemed remote. But at no time since the act of John Adair have the people of Sullivan County feared the responsibility of an appropriation. They dreaded the responsibility of misappropriation; they were cautious.

In 1899 Hal H. Haynes, assisted by A. C. Keebler and J. H. Burrow, prepared a bill,⁵ which was passed by the

³When the two roads met in Bristol it was found that the grade of the Tennessee division was nearly two feet lower than the grade of the Virginia division.

When the first trains were run over the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad, the engines drawing them were named instead of numbered.

⁴The first—a work-train, laying track—was pulled by the engine "Washington," Capt. Underwood, engineer. The first passenger train was pulled by the "Greeneville," Henry Salts, engineer and Dr. John P. Hammer, conductor. Other engines used at the time were "Bristol," "Knoxville," "Jefferson" and "Tracklayer."

⁴One other attempt was made at steam navigation on the Holston. Maj. Henry Eakin, of Knoxville, ran a boat six miles above Rogersville.

⁵See Acts of 1899, Chapter 262, Page 598.

legislature, providing for the issuance of county road bonds to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars. The newspapers and their county correspondents did much to encourage the appropriation. In order to convince the county court a train was chartered by Hal. H. Haynes, John I. Cox and John H. Caldwell and the members were invited to go to Hamblen county and examine the new road construction.

Several accepted the invitation and, from Morristown, vehicles carried the party over the roads. Everyone was pleased with what they saw, but when the court met to consider the question it was lost by twenty votes.

In 1907 the act of 1899 was amended so as to submit the question to a vote of the people.⁶ In 1908 the county voted upon it and Bristol's vote gave a safe majority for the bond issue.

The court appointed a committee—John H. Caldwell, chairman, John W. Swadley, secretary, and John G. Preston. This committee won the favor of the public and made a record for financiering by selling the county bonds at a premium of five thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars. The first good road building began west of Bristol, on the main road through the county. When an additional appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars was asked for, the motion carried. The same committee was appointed for the handling of this appropriation, with an additional committee composed of John M. Fain, Joseph H. Burrow, Fred S. Thomas, James C. Brown and James S. Hawk, the duties of these men being only advisory—to suggest routes.

TRANSMISSION OF MESSAGES.

The improvement of travelways and the increased speed of travel in conveyance quickened the trans-

⁶See Acts of 1907, Chapter 336, Page 1134.

mission of messages. The system of sending letters and other messages in the early days was unsatisfactory—they were sent by hand and the writer was careful to note on the corner of the fold by whose hand—sometimes in words of courteous recognition. Isaac Shelby writing from Point Pleasant to his uncle directed—

“To Mr. John Shelby, Holstons River, Fincastle county, favr. by Mr. Benja. Gray.”

This was before the use of envelopes and the letters were folded so as to make a packet then a seal of wax was placed upon it to secure the contents. Even after the government took charge of the postal system there were no envelopes and stamps in use until 1847.

In 1802 the post-office at Blountville became very important as a distributing point—one of the most important in the South. This was due to John Rhea's influence—he later becoming chairman of post-roads and post-offices. James Rhea, the post-master, was directed to open all packets consigned to “Virginia State, Tennessee State, or Northern, Southern, Eastern or Western (except Kentucky) and extract and forward to their proper destination any letters from Virginia or Tennessee offices.”

Jonesboro registered a complaint against this office and on September 23, 1802, the following letter was received from the department:

[September 23, 1802.

John Rhea, Esq., Sullivan Court House, Tenn.:

Sir: I have just received a letter from Jonesboro, which states that letters from the northward arrive at your office and lie there one week before they are sent on to that office, owing, it is said, to there not being sufficient time to distribute the northern mail before the departure of the mail for Jonesboro. There is no fixed hour for the arrival of the northern mail at your office, but it ought to be there, provided it is carried regularly in proportion to time, and distributed at 10 a. m. on Thursday, and the departure of the mail by Jonesboro is fixed at 12 o'clock noon the same day. It is supposed that one hour would be fully sufficient for the distribution of the mails. I have now

written to the contractor requesting him to deliver the mail from New Dublin every Thursday at 10 a. m., and to wait for it until noon. This, I hope, will enable you to always distribute the mails before their departure.

A. B.

There were but three post-offices in the county at this time—Paperville, Blountville and Kingsport; George Burkhart, James Rhea and John Lynn being post-masters. These remained the only official post-offices in the county until 1850.

Some of the early post-masters received but little compensation for their labors and many offices were conducted for the convenience of the community. Dr. Andrew Shell was post-master at Piney Flats in 1855 and from October 1st of that year until March 31, 1860 the receipts were only twenty dollars and one cent. He got sixty per cent. of this for his salary.

In the early days government postage was high. The following address covers a good deal of the history of the postal service. It was written by Thomas Cawood, who was then (1840) at Kelley's Ferry, Meigs county, Tennessee, and was directed—

“Mr Campbell E Waren
Blountville Sullivan County

Kellys Ferry	}	E Ten	18 $\frac{3}{4}$ ”.
July 13			

The numerals were written on the corner of the folded and sealed sheet and indicated that the receiver was to pay that much postage before he could get the letter. It left Kelley's Ferry July 13th and arrived at Blountville August 4th, having been twenty-two days in transit. Letters then were accompanied by a way-bill, by which the government checked its post-masters. The prepayment of postage was made compulsory in 1855, when the rates were reduced to three cents for every half ounce. There have been many innovations from time to time,

and now it is one of the best regulated public services in the world.

But the public that had once been satisfied with a message that traveled across the state in twenty-two days and later still in twenty-two hours, demanded more—and got the same messages delivered in twenty-two seconds by the telegraph and telephone. The telegraph followed the railroads. The first telephone line in the county was from Bristol to Blountville, organized and built for convenience in consulting with the county authorities. This was in 1887 and the promoters were John I. Cox, Hal H. Haynes and John H. Caldwell.

In 1889 the East Tennessee Telephone Company installed a system here, but a telephone war grew out of an endeavor to charge the same price for physicians' residence 'phones as was charged for office 'phones. Out of this war grew the Bristol Telephone Company—J. A. Dickey, president, and Jere Bunting, secretary, which has since changed hands. This line absorbed the original line to Blountville.

The R. F. D. service was established in January, 1900, requiring twenty-four carriers and having nine distributing points. Fourteen offices were dropped upon the introduction of this service.



GEORGE R. McCLELLAN

GEORGE R. McCLELLAN.

A BIOGRAPHY.

George R. McClellan was a ready soldier—the veteran of three enlistments in the army.

He was born on Beaver creek in 1815—was brought up on a farm and attended the best schools of the county, acquiring a good education. At the age of twelve he entered Washington College with the intention of completing his education, but there was a call for troops to aid in the removal of the Cherokees from their eastern homes to the allotted lands in Indian Territory and he enlisted.

In 1847 there came another call for men and he mustered a company at Blountville. The best means of transportation in those days was by water, so he carried his company down the Mississippi to New Orleans, thence across the Gulf of Mexico. In this war he became colonel of the Fifth Tennessee volunteers and saw much hard service, being in the battle of Chapultapec, where so many were killed and captured. He entered Mexico with the victorious forces under Gen. Scott.

When this war was over he returned and his regiment was honorably discharged at Memphis, July 28, 1848. At the time of his death Col. McClellan bore the distinction of being the last field-officer of the war.

In 1857 he was appointed, with Judge Samuel Milligan, a commissioner on the part of Tennessee to re-mark the boundary line between Tennessee and Virginia.

In 1859 he was elected state senator, which office he was filling at the beginning of the Civil War.

He enlisted again, organized the Fourth Tennessee cavalry and was in the battle of Greasy Cove. He was with Bragg at Knoxville and with Zollicoffer when that officer was killed, rendering valuable service in restoring assurance among the men and escorting them to Nashville.

He then joined Gen. Forrest and took part in the battle of Shiloh, 1862. When this battle was over he went with a detail of soldiers to gather up his wounded men. Coming across Capt. Gage of the Fifteenth Mississippi, in a dying condition, he gave orders: "take this man over the hill and have him cared for by my surgeons." Upon examination it was found that a ball had struck a silk handkerchief which the captain carried in his pocket and had carried it entirely through one lung. Surgeons W. T. Delaney and ——— Cate pulled out the handkerchief; bringing the ball with it, and succeeded in saving his life.

At the close of the war he retired to his farm, east of Blountville, broken in spirit and fortune.

A few years later he was chosen a member of the county court and was afterward elected chairman of the court, occupying the office a number of years.

He was enthusiastic over good roads and when state senator offered his influence in getting convict labor to build them. The suggestion resulted in a newspaper controversy between him and Rev. William Robeson, the latter opposing the use of convicts on grounds that made the movement unpopular, and it was therefore abandoned.

Gov. Marks appointed him one of the railroad commissioners of the state. During Cleveland's first administration he was appointed deputy internal revenue collector.

While Col. McClellan cannot be ranked in the list of our greatest soldiers, he was a willing one. Whenever the country called for troops he answered, "here."

No man served longer or in more capacities in the public life of the county than he. He was born and reared—he lived and died a Sullivan County man.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BOUNDARY LINE.

When Frye and Jefferson undertook to survey the line between Virginia and North Carolina they abruptly ended their work at a place called Steep Rock in Johnson county. This sudden termination entailed litigation and other troubles upon the generations that followed. The line was run about 1749 and the location of the end has not been found.

Joshua Frye and Peter Jefferson were the commissioners on the part of Virginia, while Daniel Weldon and William Churton were the commissioners on the part of North Carolina.

There had been many minor difficulties over the line, but the first acute controversy grew out of a contested election for representatives of Washington county, Virginia between Anthony Bledsoe, William Cocke, Arthur Campbell and William Edmiston, the two latter claiming that Bledsoe and Cocke had secured their election through votes of citizens of North Carolina. The contest was not successful, however, as Virginia was declared to extend as far down as Long Island, now Kingsport.

A year later Bledsoe and Campbell were elected and the former offered and had passed a bill providing for the extension of the line between Virginia and North Carolina.

William Cocke, the many sided man, although he had previously been elected to the Virginia legislature and was supposedly a Virginian, now undertook to dispute with the Virginia tax collector, claiming his citizenship in North Carolina.

In 1779 the legislature of North Carolina passed an act similiar to that of Virginia and appointed as her commissioners Oroondates Davis, John Williams, James

Kerr, William Baily Smith and Richard Henderson, or any three of them, while Virginia appointed Thomas Walker and Daniel Smith as her representatives.

Thomas Sharp and Anthony Bledsoe, with a company of militia, acted as escort to the commissioners, who met at Steep Rock in the summer of 1779, and entered upon their duties.

Steep Rock, where Frye and Jefferson ended their survey, owing to the destruction of the timber, obliterating the markings,¹ could not be located.

After much calculation, assisted by astronomical observation, in order to get the sun's meridian, they began the line, which they extended forty-five miles to Carter's valley. Here the commissioners disagreed vigorously, the North Carolina party protesting that the line was running too far south and it was supposed the variation was caused by some iron ore influencing the needle of their instrument. It was suggested by the Virginia commissioners that two lines be run, the correct one to be determined later. This was at first agreed to, then declined, though two lines were run to the Cumberland mountains.

The "no man's land" lying between the Henderson and Walker lines was the cause of much trouble. Those people occupying it declined to do military duty or pay taxes to either state. This tract of land was about two miles in width.

When North Carolina ceded her land to the United States and the territorial government was established, the officers, William Blount and Col. Gilbert Christian, the county lieutenant, insisted upon the Henderson line as their boundary.

After the territory became the State of Tennessee the Virginia legislature passed a law authorizing the appointment of three commissioners to meet a corresponding

¹"Virginia vs. Tennessee," 1891.

number from Tennessee and settle the boundary line. The same was concurred in by the latter state in 1801 and their commissioners were Moses Fisk, Gen. John Sevier and Gen. George Rutledge, while Virginia was represented by Gen. Joseph Martin, Creed Taylor and Peter Johnson.

This commission decided to run a parallel line equidistant from the Henderson and Walker lines. Brice Martin, son of Gen. Joseph Martin, and Nat B. Markland were the surveyors. The result of this survey was agreed upon by both states, but by the year 1856 the line had, "by lapse of time, the improvement of the country, natural waste and destruction and other causes, become indistinct, uncertain and to some extent unknown, so that many inconveniences and difficulties occur between the citizens of the respective states and in the administration of the government of those states."

The two states thereupon agreed to appoint two commissioners each to represent them in a re-survey of the line—Tennessee appointing Col. George R. McClellan and Samuel Milligan—Virginia appointing Leonidas Baugh and James C. Black. The line was known as the Baugh and Black line. A clause in the report of the commissioners to Gov. Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, read: "We began the experimental work at the town of Bristol, a small village situated on the compromise line of 1802, at a point where there was no controversy² as to the locality of the line, and our first observation at that point showed the latitude to be $36^{\circ} 36'$."

Accompanying these commissioners were Prof. Revel Keith, an experienced astronomer, and Charles S. Williams, a practical engineer, with an efficient field party.

²It has been charged, as an explanation of the offset in the line between Bristol and Step Rock, that the commissioners at that point visited a still-house and instead of going back to where they left off, continued the survey from the still-house. But this explanation, which has been applied to other state line surveys, is too ridiculous to be considered and is only mentioned here because it is retold each year.

The General Assembly of Virginia did not approve of this survey and in 1860 made provisions for the appointment of another set of commissioners, asking Tennessee to do the same. The Civil War prevented the carrying out of these plans, but in 1871-2 Tennessee appointed another commission, which, after investigating, defended the compromise line of 1802.

On July 5, 1881, the mayor and council of Bristol, Tennessee—J. A. Dickey, mayor, and N. B. Hayes, G. C. Pile, John Slack, A. D. Reynolds, J. D. Thomas, N. M. Taylor and W. T. Sullivan passed a resolution, conceding the middle of Main street to be the dividing line.

The mayor and council of Goodson, Virginia—J. F. Terry, mayor, and Z. L. Burson, J. S. Good, W. W. James, S. L. Saul and E. H. Seneker passed the same resolution.

In 1886 Virginia made another effort to get a survey, which Tennessee would not accede to, claiming the compromise line was satisfactory. However, the uncertainty of the inhabitants as to which state they owed allegiance—the increase of land values—the building of thriving towns, all operated to bring about a settlement of the state-line question in the Supreme Court of the United States.

As the town of Bristol was no longer a little village a serious problem had to be solved.

A cherry tree and a sycamore tree stood for first honors. The cherry tree³ stood as a marker near the corner of Front street, within the pavement line, and the sycamore, which some claimed to be the state-line tree, stood in the middle of Main street, between Eighth street and the alley leading to the car barn. The post-office came in for its share of wrangling. The first post-office established,

³This cherry tree was cut down about 1853 and the lumber secured from it made into souvenir furniture which is still in the families of John C. Anderson and John H. Caldwell.

after the town was organized, was on the Tennessee side, Joseph R. Anderson being post-master. It later drifted to the Virginia side. Not being considered of enough importance in the early days to be worth a dispute, it made little difference where it was located. During the administration of Andrew Johnson the office was ordered returned to Tennessee, E. D. Rader being appointed post-master. Since that day it has been considered a Tennessee appointment, the building remaining on that side.⁴

On account of the prominence and convenience of its location the Tennessee side of Bristol, where the marriage laws are less stringent, became a Gretna Green for love-linked couples from Virginia and West Virginia who fell under the ban of age limit or parental objection. Rev. A. H. Burroughs, who took charge of the old Nickles House, was an accommodating annex to his hotel, which soon prospered as a widely advertised refuge for run-aways. These couples, fleeing from the wrath that frequently followed on the next train, found this convenient ally, with a lantern, awaiting them at the depot. The number of couples he has joined together reached, at

BRISTOL, TENN., March 23, 1909.

4Oliver J. Taylor, Esq.,
Bristol, Tenn.

Dear Sir:

In response to your enquiry as to any facts that I may remember relating to the establishment of the postoffice in Bristol, in the years immediately following the Civil War, I would say:

That in 1865, during the reconstruction era, a Mr. W. E. Cunningham, of Greene county, Tennessee, was appointed as postmaster in Bristol, with Rev. James K. Hatcher, now deceased, as assistant.

They located the office on the Virginia side of Main (now State) street in a small one-story frame building, at or near the present site of T. C. Kain's building.

In the year 1867, my father, the late E. D. Rader, was appointed to the position by President Johnson. My father was notified by the Postoffice Department, and by President Johnson personally; that as the position was a Tennessee appointment, he must make his official bond in Tennessee and establish the office in that state.

This was the sole cause of its removal. Personally, my father much preferred that the location remain where it was as the building then occupied was in every way more eligible and commodious than any place that he could secure in Tennessee.

The equipment and supplies of the office were principally removed at night—not by stealth, as has been insinuated, but from a desire not to interfere with the operations of the office during the business hours of the day.

Respectfully,

JAMES P. RADER.

the beginning of 1909, a few more than two thousand, nine hundred—nearly six thousand people.

For a while criminals found the town a safe temporary retreat. If a crime was committed on one side of town the offender could step across to the other side, tarry a while, and then get away before requisition papers could be secured.

Policemen were taunted and abused by some victims of arrest, who, being released, would take a stand on the opposite side—out of the officers' jurisdiction. These deficiencies were finally bridged with a fugitive law, making it lawful to seize at once any culprit, on either side, for offences committed against either state.

“THE WATER-WORKS WAR.”

The most serious difficulty that arose over the state-line issue, and one which threatened bloodshed, was what has been termed the “The Water-Works War.” In April, 1889, the Bristol-Goodson Water Company, then just completing their plant on the Tennessee side, desired to extend their water-mains to the Virginia side. This evoked a loud protest from the Virginia authorities and public. Sam L. King, president and principal owner of the water company, ordered his workmen to extend a pipe to Everett's restaurant, located near the corner of Main and Front streets. No sooner had the workmen reached the disputed territory than officers arrested them and they were fined for trespass. As a further test the president himself stepped into the ditch and began digging, when he was arrested by officer James Cox—taken to jail and afterwards fined. The Goodson council issued an injunction, restraining the water company from working beyond the middle of Main street. This injunction was respected. The Goodson authorities had engaged some of the leading lawyers on the Tennessee side as council—N. M. Taylor, C. J. St. John, Sr., and W. D. Haynes.

When the Bristol-Goodson Water Company desisted in their work the Goodson council ordered work to begin on a line of pipe down Main street. They had a large force of men and made considerable speed. King appealed to Gov. Taylor of Tennessee to prevent them from trespassing, claiming that the agreement between the two councils as to the location of the line had never been approved by the legislature of either state. The governor in answer referred him to his legal advisers, who were also representing the city of Goodson. Warrants were issued for E. H. Seneker, acting mayor—in the absence of Mayor Fanning Miles—and all his councilmen.

The matter being laid before Judge John P. Smith, chancellor of the first Tennessee division, an injunction was issued, restraining the Virginia authorities. N. M. Taylor withdrew from the case.

Sheriff R. S. Cartwright, with his deputies, was placed in charge. Sheriff Hughes, with his deputies, hastened to the scene to protect the interests of Washington county and the State of Virginia.

Gov. Taylor being notified of the injunction, immediately wired, "The laws of Tennessee must be upheld."

Cartwright hurried his deputies through Sullivan County and summoned a *posse comitatus*. Several hundred responded. They came with all kinds of weapons, as determined as their forefathers were, when called to defend their country.

King's forces seized the armory of the A. D. R. Rifles and appropriated all the guns. The hardware stores found eager buyers for all the weapons in stock.

On account of King's life having been threatened, Sheriff Cartwright made him a deputy sheriff so that he could go armed, to protect himself.

The Sullivan County forces rendezvoused on Alabama street—they marched out Fifth street to Main and lined up and down the street, facing the ditch on the Virginia side. The workmen in this ditch were armed,

as were the line of deputies put there to defend them.

Sheriff Cartwright, with a warrant for James Cox, stepped over to serve it, when Cox, in his effort to elude that officer, caught his foot on a water pipe and fell, with the sheriff on top of him.

Charles Worley came to Cox's rescue, when H. C. Caldwell, Chief-of-Police of Bristol, and Tip Powell, a deputy, rushed to Cartwright's assistance. It became a general scuffle and the tenseness of the scene was such that, had a cap exploded, it would have been followed by a fusillade of bullets, for the guns were not loaded with blanks that day.

Officer Worley, who had not taken the situation so seriously as had some of the others, said to Caldwell, "Oh, let's get out of this," and the two men got up and walked off together.

Mayor Seneker, acting under seasonable advice, withdrew his workmen from the ditch and placed them in another part of the town. Influential citizens addressed the assembling crowds and urged peace. After much persuasion the leaders agreed to settle the matter in court, and so the friction between the two states, that had threatened a bloody conflict, was tempered by the prospect of an amicable adjustment.

In 1890 the state-line controversy came up before the United States Supreme Court. The state of Virginia was represented by Rufus A. Ayers and William F. Rhea—Tennessee by A. S. Colyer, Abram L. Demoss, N. M. Taylor Thomas Curtin, Hal H. Haynes, C. J. St. John, Sr., and W. D. Haynes. Rhea for Virginia, and Curtin for Tennessee were the examiners. Many witnesses were introduced—among them the sole survivor of a former survey, Col. George R. McClellan. Gen. J. D. Imboden and Gen. James Greever were also witnesses. As usual the ridiculous side developed in the testimony of some of the witnesses. One confused the Henderson-Walker line with the Mason and Dixon line.

A complete history of the dispute was submitted and the Supreme Court decided in favor of Tennessee—that the compromise line of 1802 was the correct line.⁵

In April, 1900 a commission composed of William C. Hodgkins, of Massachusetts, James B. Baylor, of Virginia, and Andrew Buchanan, of Tennessee, was named to re-trace and re-mark the old compromise line of 1802. This was completed in 1901-02.

On January 28, 1903, the State of Tennessee ceded to Virginia the northern half of State street, thus ending a long and tedious controversy.

⁵See "Virginia vs. Tennessee" in Supreme Court, 1891.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HUNTERS OF THE HOLSTON.

The hunters of the Holston country were of two kinds. The transient hunters—men with sporting proclivities, who came in organized bands, staid for a little while and went back; and the resident hunters—those who took up their abode here and were among the first settlers. They left the plains because they loved the mountain haunts and the places least sought by the permanent settlers, and passed the greater part of their lives as hunters. They traded in furs and skins, exchanging the fruits of their hunt for meal and other food stuffs and wares carried by the traders, passing through on their way to the Indian nations. They did not always depend upon the loom to supply them with material for clothing; they wore buckskin trousers and sometimes coats of the same material, though the latter was more often made of linsey-wolsey.

These men, passing so much of their time in the woods, became skilled in the use of the rifle and learned in the lore of the forest. They knew the wild animal haunts, their ways and cries and calls, and were adroit in imitation of sounds made by them—especially that of wild turkeys, often enticing them a long distance. They were rugged nature students and understood the April ways of the weather, what a heavy or light mast meant; they consulted the goose bone, observed the “signs” and the “light” or “dark” of the moon—all the religion they had was enlightened superstition.

They wore moccasins of their own make and were stealthy in pursuit of game. Their patience was proverbial. They have passed the whole day or night at the deer “stand” or when “treeing” bears, wolves or foxes in caves and hollow trees. They wore their hair long

to taunt their Indian foes, not wishing to withhold privileges from them when their tuft was so invitingly offered for scalping purposes.

These were the "still" hunters and nearly always hunted alone.

There were also the "round-up" hunters and the "fire" hunters.

These two kinds went in organized bands and hunted only at stated intervals, doing so more for protection against the ravages of the wild beasts than for sport or for subsistence.

The hunts were especially directed against wolves. Sometimes more than one hundred men would engage in the round-up. They would encircle a large boundary of land and drive the animals toward the center, gradually closing in upon them and giving but little chance of escape. In this way Piney Flats got its name. For a long time that section was infested with packs of vicious and destructive wolves—which were made more bold by the veneration of the Indians for them—and the neighborhood hunters, agreeing upon a "meet," would name "the flats."

Many a wild animal was driven into timbered lands and killed or captured and then tortured and turned loose as a warning to the others. Singeing was one of the favorite remedies.

The neighborhood of Arcadia was also a favorite "meet" for the round-up. Sometimes pits were dug and skilfully covered over with light brush and leaves and then baited. The wolves, bears and other animals falling into them were unable to get out, but they soon became suspicious of these places, scenting the earth and avoiding them.

The "fire hunters" worked after the manner of the "round-ups" except, instead of using men, they fired the woods in a cirlee, sometimes for several miles. This way did not require so many men, but was not often re-

sorted to owing to the danger of the fire getting beyond control—then, too, the pitiful cries of distress from the helpless huddle of beasts restrained the ardor of the most determined hunter.

The trapper had even more success as a fur gatherer than the hunter with his gun. Sometimes a hunter would trap as well as hunt, but there were some who devoted their entire time to trapping. These trappers lived along the rivers and their creek tributaries. Mink, otter and beaver were plentiful in those days and their furs much in demand. They were considered more valuable than some of the currency and in consequence became a medium of exchange.

There are old hunters today who have preserved stories of many of the exploits of those old "still hunters," who lived here all their lives. A few of the names are here recorded, along with characteristic incidents.¹

DAN'L GERTMAN.

Gertman and some of his friends once "treed" a bear in the hollow trunk of a large poplar that had broken off about twelve feet from the ground. They tried to get him out by beating on the trunk, but with no success. The bear was preparing to "den up"² and could not so easily be forced to abandon his ease.

The hunter finally employed another device. He got a large rock and prepared it with powder so that when it was tumbled into the cavity it would spew, about the time it reached the bear. No sooner had the smoke and sulphur fumes penetrated the place than those outside heard a terrible scratching and scuffling on the inside. The bear was scrambling out. Gertman rushed to the tree, prepared to receive him and as the bear

¹These tales are not told on account of any remarkable prowess on the part of the hunters, but rather to show the type of men and the kind of animals that were once here.

²Hibernate.

tumbled to the ground the hunter leaped astride him. The animal, being the victim of a second shock, rushed for the thick undergrowth with the hunter clinging fast. Seeing no way to stop him and being unwilling to let go, Gertman drew his hunting knife and killed him.

THE BEAR CUBS.

On another occasion Gertman was going alone along a mountain path when his attention was attracted to two bear cubs engaged in play. "I'll just take you," thought the hunter and, slipping up, he secured one, but the other got away. He had gone quite a distance—all the time trying to pacify the cub, which was becoming very troublesome in its increasing efforts to escape—when suddenly he heard something coming behind him, making a terrible noise—blowing, growling and breaking limbs. Looking back he beheld the old mother bear hurrying after him at a furious rate and in a very threatening manner.

"By the Lord A'mighty," shouted Gertman and pitching the cub in one direction and the bundle he carried in another, fled. The bear pounced on his bundle, mistaking it for Gertman, and soon tore it into pieces. Her attention thus diverted the hunter slipped over a log and made his escape.

TOMMY ODELL.

This hunter once arranged a "blind" at a deer lick upon which he had placed some fresh salt. After secluding himself within his blind and waiting for a time a deer came up. As Odell drew a nice "bead" upon it he was suddenly made aware of a rival hunter in the forest, that had been lying in wait for the same prey. There was a loud crackling of bark and a huge panther sprang from a tree on the deer and soon disembowled

it. It was now Tommy's turn. He again leveled his gun and the panther was the victim. He secured both deer and panther, the panther measuring nine feet from "tip to tip."

WILLIAM BLEVINS.

There is no name on the hunter roll more familiar than the name of Blevins. Once William Blevins had to go through the mountains to salt his cattle. He came upon them in a small clearing and was just in time to see them stampeded by a panther that had just killed a small heifer. As soon as the panther saw Blevins it leaped for him and succeeded in reaching his belt, which it tore from him, but with a dextrous swing of his knife Blevins freed himself, the beast paying the penalty for its rash deed.

JIMMY TWIST.

Last as well as least of these old hunters was Jimmy Twist. He was a very small man—about five feet in height and weighing seventy-five pounds, but was as brave as the best of them. He would often spend the night alone in the mountain. One time night overtook him on the mountainside. He rolled up a bank of leaves near a large log and crawled in, prepared to spend the night. He had been asleep for some time when he was awakened by something pulling the leaves away, trying to get to him. Divining the cause he lay very still—as near motionless as he could, feigning death. The animal, which proved to be a wolf, after satisfying himself that Twist was asleep, departed. But Twist was too experienced a hunter to think the departure of the wolf was final or due to his deception. He crawled out and reaching the nearest tree, climbed up, and had hardly accommodated himself to a limb when he heard the wolf, not a great distance away, calling to its companions.

In a short while the barking, snarling pack came back. They leaped to the shelter only to find their coveted prey perched upon a limb, out of reach. At this disappointment they grew furious, fighting among themselves and gnawing the tree until morning, when all went their way.

At another time this hunter had taken up his abode for the night under the huge trunk of a tree which the storm had uprooted, but which was still leaning high enough above ground to furnish shelter. Here he built a small fire and prepared to sleep. When the embers were getting low Twist heard something creeping slyly along the top of the trunk above him, now looking and craning its neck down over one side then over the other, as if preparing to spring. At an opportune time this quiet little man quickly drew his knife and plunged it into the body of the animal—a wild cat—ending its life.

ABEL J. BROWN.

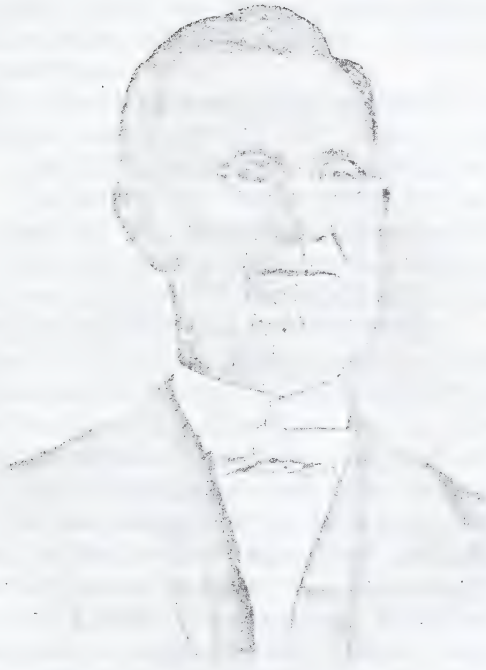
A BIOGRAPHY.

Abel J. Brown was born at Lincolnton, North Carolina, March 27, 1817, and died at Blountville, July 17, 1894. During his youth he received the benefits of the country schools of his home. He then went to Washington county, Virginia, where in 1842 he married Julia Teeter, who died a year later. He went to Emory and Henry College, where he graduated in 1847. The year following he married Emily Teeter, a sister of his first wife. The same year he went to Blountville and became principal of Jefferson Academy. With the exception of two years he taught at Greeneville College he spent the remainder of his life at Blountville.

He was connected with Jefferson Academy at intervals up to the Civil War and in addition did church work. He was elected pastor of Emanuel and Buehler's (Beeler) churches in 1858, and served these congregations up to the time of his death—a period of thirty-six years.

After the war he was again connected with Jefferson Academy. In addition to his church and school duties he became a contributor to the church papers, and was the literary defense of the Lutheran church in the Tennessee Synod. His ministry, beginning in 1835, covered a period of sixty-eight years. Some of his best remembered sermons, which were published, are "The Heavenly Country," "Portraiture of Lutheranism," "The Divine Formula for the Administration of the Lord's Supper," "The Importance of Divine Truth," "The Conflict and the Crown" and "Nightless Day in the Home of the Blest." The last named was a funeral sermon and while delivering it he fainted, was carried from the church to his home and never recovered.

Dr. Brown was a man of great mental energy. He read,



ABEL J. BROWN

he wrote, he talked, he taught. And, while recognized as one of the leading ministers of the Lutheran denomination, he is best remembered for his work as an educator. He was a great teacher and his influence for higher education was felt throughout this section.

This brief biography will deal with some of the characteristics of that part of his life and are recollections of a child's experience at the old academy. Others have told of the graver man.

His methods of teaching were simple enough to suit a child—his culture broad enough for maturer years. The leading traits of his character were gentleness and impartiality. He may have had favorites, but he did not let them know it. He caused no little fellow's head to bow with shame by making comparisons. His school room was a home, the students were his children and he was a father with a heart big enough for them all.

At one time of his life Dr. Brown was an incessant smoker. Sometimes he would fill his pipe and puff away during school hours. One day there was a lull—his head was slowly nodding—his pipe was held loosely in his fingers and his spectacles crept down to the end of his nose. He was asleep and the boys were slipping from the room. Outside they began their usual games. How long he slept he never knew, but the noise awoke him and he soon grasped the situation. Going to the back door he tried to appear harsh—"Boys!" said he, "what are you doing, march right in here." As they passed he gave each one a rap with his light willow switch, which did not hurt, although he pretended he was as angry as could be. When they were all in he lectured them on the sins of truancy and disobedience and then—gave recess. But the boys never stole out any more, for he quit smoking in school.

His manner of breaking a boy from carrying mischief too far was most successful. About the middle of one session a tall gawky fellow from the country entered

school. He was a stranger, but it was not long before every boy knew him. He had brought with him a very attractive weapon which he called a "fly-killer;" also he carried a "G. D." cap box wherein he placed the dead flies. He gladly exhibited the weapon and allowed anyone to gaze upon the dead who cared to do so. It was not long before every student had a fly-killer and a morgue. Fly killing became a fad. One boy had as many as two hundred flies lying in state at one time. Excitement ran high and the killing was engaged in during "books." One day a very expert marksman shot a fly on the wing and drove him against the doctor's face. As the little insect fell into his lap he looked at it a while, then pulling out his watch said, "Boys, I'll give you just ten minutes to kill every fly in the room." There was a hush, then an onslaught. Flies fell in great numbers. After it was all over the boys resumed their studies. No one cared to kill flies after that and the weapon fell into disuse. It was a great victory for the doctor. He never ruled by force. The students studied hard under him—studied and learned because they loved him.

Dr. Brown was a magnanimous man. It was the custom then to "bar the teacher out" when Christmas came round. One crisp winter morning as he came through the campus he saw several of the smaller boys huddled together on the front steps, shivering—more through fear than cold. They were too small and timid to be taken into the confidence of those who were in mutiny. Lee Balthis, the leader of the revolt, stood at an open window up stairs, ready to dictate terms. His henchmen were stationed at various places of exit, which were securely barred. The little fellows ran to meet the doctor and informed him that he was barred out. Going in front of the window he demanded:

"Lee, what are you doing up there?"

"Nothin'."

"What did you bar me out for?"

"To get a treat."

"What kind of a treat do you expect?"

"We want two bushel o' apples and five pounds o' candy."

The little fellows stood close to the teacher, shocked at Lee's audacity and, as they had never had enough money to buy more than half a dozen apples at one time, they thought his demands outrageous.

Turning to some one near him, his face showing no signs of anger, the doctor said: "Go down in town and get me two bushels of apples and ten pounds of candy." As the news spread on the inside there went up a great shout and the boys surrendered. He staid long enough to distribute the apples and candy, then—wishing the boys a merry Christmas—went home.

That same schoolhouse door has been battered with axes and the window-sash and panes have been crushed by irate teachers who forced an entrance on like occasions, and then compelled those who engaged in the innocent sport to submit to a severe whipping. But those men deservedly won and kept all their lives the contempt of the entire school.

The old academy and Dr. Brown fell about the same time. One became a crumbling mass of mortar and brick—while the other lay beneath a little mound of clay and climbing vines. But above the pyre of dead and gone years rises the venerable form of the kind hearted teacher and friend and all about him are structures of character imperishable.

JAMES D. TADLOCK.

A BIOGRAPHY.

James D. Tadlock was born at Mill Brook, Greene county, Tennessee, August 4, 1825, and died in Bristol, Tennessee, August, 1899.

In his youth he worked on his father's farm and attended school at Washington College, later completing his education at Princeton Seminary. He then became professor of mathematics in Washington College and afterwards conducted a school for girls at Jonesboro.

When King College was founded by James King in 1867, Tadlock became its first president. This school, however, was run as a high school the first year.

He remained president of King College for eighteen years. In 1885 he was called to the chair of ecclesiastical history and church government in Columbia (S. C.) Theological Seminary, where he remained thirteen years. In 1898 he returned to Bristol and again filled the chair of mathematics at King College until March the following year, when he was taken sick. He died in August of the same year.

Along with school duties he did ministerial work. Although at one time he preached regularly at the Cold Spring church and frequently in Bristol and other places it was always in connection with school work. His best remembered sermons are, "No Night There," "Let The Redeemed Say So," "Security of the Believer," "The Final Confirmation," "The Vision of Dry Bones," "Quit Ye Like Men." The latter was the subject of the first baccalaureate sermon preached at King College, he having been chosen by the graduating class to deliver it. That sermon followed those young men all through their lives.

His sermons combined the ornate and profound with



JAMES D. TADLOCK

such rare completeness that, despite a poor delivery, they were impressive and persuasive.

But he loved the schoolroom. He loved the society of young men. His knowledge of a young man's needs and ambitions and frailties was gained by his every-day labors with them. He took them aside and talked with them, and, while always frank and occasionally almost severe, there were other times when his criticisms took a whimsical turn.

One Friday afternoon, during chapel exercises an advanced student read an exhaustive treatise on a current topic. He dealt in rounded periods and hyperbole, and, at the conclusion, left the stage as though he had completed his work—left but little to be said. His thesis drew extended discussion from the faculty, but when it reached Dr. Tadlock he simply remarked, "Mr. ———, the portico was bigger than the house—call the next speaker."

On another afternoon one of the younger students read an essay on "Idleness". It closed with, "Idleness is the most indolent thing I know of." The only comment offered by Dr. Tadlock was, "Mr. ——— a hog is more like a hog than anything I know of—call the next speaker."

In his chosen field—mathematics—he had mastered all the difficult problems and made others. He worked out problems on the blackboard with a rapidity that amazed the students. Mathematics caused him to live much in the abstract—away from people, away from earth; and while in a domestic way he lived one of those old fashioned, happy, home lives, this abstraction often carried him far away from his family as it did from his associates. One of his little daughters, desiring to get something that she did not especially need, sought the aid of her mother, "Mama, you ask papa for the money, I'm not well acquainted with him."

His mind was a labyrinth of logarithms. Sometimes, when taking a stroll, he would pass a friend and never see him. He has been known to walk half a mile with a congenial companion and not say a word.

"Dr. Tadlock, if I treated people as you do, I wouldn't have a friend in the world," said one of his faculty in friendly rebuke, and yet that professor knew that every boy in school idolized Dr. Tadlock. Among them he was affectionately called "Old J. D."

It makes little difference whether a man seeks friends or not—if he be proficient in what he professes and lives up to what he teaches there will be no need of trenches for his defense. Napoleon, with all his austerity, found breastworks made of the dead bodies of the Old Guard, when his life was in danger.

Dr. Tadlock would not make debts. He would go without provisions—coffee or sugar or meat—before he would go in debt for them.

He was not understood by the poor people. They believed him to be aloof from them and yet no man had more consideration for them.

A newly married couple of moderate circumstances, living near the college, was once serenaded by the students. They used tin pans and horns and kept up a horrible noise. The next day Dr. Tadlock kindly admonished them—"Young men, don't do that. They are our neighbors; they are poor and your act may have hurt them. Their privileges are few, their wants are many; respect them, don't mistreat them."

The one great lesson he tried to teach young men was manliness.

A young man was once added to the faculty of King College, whose ability was never questioned, but whose youth invited censure because a portion of the students felt he was prejudiced and had gone beyond the bounds of the faculty privileges in taking sides with one literary society against the other. This feeling reached

a climax when the young professor declined to pass a member of the rebellious society on a senior examination.

The students mutinied. They would have the professor put out of the faculty, and circulated a petition to this effect. It reached Dr. Tadlock, and holding it up before the students at chapel exercises one morning he said, "I see on the petition the name of ————, a noisy little 'Prep,' who never recited a lesson to Prof. ———— in his life and yet he asks that this man be removed." Thus he presented the ridiculous side and shamed them. Then, in concluding, he arose to higher appeals—"Young men,"—and when he thus addressed them every listener knew he appealed to every bit of manliness there was in them—"Young men, this young man is just beginning his life-work as you will soon go out to begin yours. You will meet difficulties as he is meeting them here today; you will meet men who will try to drag you down as you are trying to drag this young man down. Don't throw obstacles in his way; you will regret it in the years to come. Young men, stand by this young man." The petition was withdrawn.

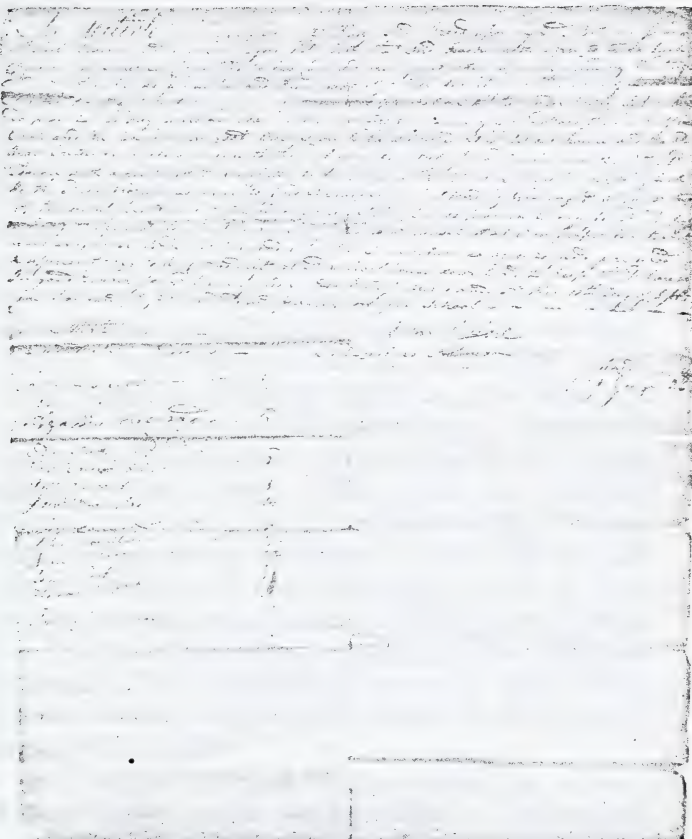
CHAPTER XXVII.

THE OLD FIELD SCHOOL.

Our first settlers were not enthusiastic on the subject of education. They brought their religion with them and the minister was always welcome, but they looked upon learning as little needed in the development of their forest homes. Woodcraft was more valuable to them than statecraft. There were some, however, like the Shelbys, Seviars and Bledsoes who had higher ideals than the every-day logic of the log cabin, and the teacher who finally straggled into the settlement found lodgement with them. The schoolhouse was the last building to be erected and often the meeting-house was pressed into service for school purposes—later, however, the separation of the school and the church was marked by the erection of separate buildings. The schoolhouse was left half finished; the spaces between the logs were not chinked, being left open to admit light—also they admitted the rain and snow.

A big fireplace, heaped with logs, tempered the cold within. The benches were made of riven trees, placed with the splintered side up, at the proper or perhaps rather improper height, with wooden pegs for legs—they had no backs. On these rude benches the smaller children would sit, bent over their tasks, their feet not touching the ground; there were no floors in the schoolhouses.

The salary of the teacher was paid in whatever currency the cabin could afford and such as the higher state officials did not refuse—cloth and skins and other products of the loom and farm. It was the time, too, when he “boarded round”—each patron taking his turn at “finding him.” A week was the length of time he was allowed at each home and according to his ability to help in the work about



OLD FIELD SCHOOL-TEACHER'S CONTRACT

John Russell agrees to teach the children of Holston Valley, at Cawood's plantation, for twelve months and is to receive fifty cents per month for each "scholar". Half of this salary is to be paid in "Good Bar Iron to be delivered at the school-house." Also, "We the sd. employers do agree to find sd. Teacher in his Boarding Washing &c." They also furnished firewood. He is to instruct in "first letters Spelling, Reading, Writing And Arithmetic so far as his and their Capacity Will admit of."

James George pays part of his subscription in advance. The other subscribers are John Booher (written in German), James Blevins, Agatha Cawood, Armisted Blevins, John Cawood, Sr., Sally Cawood, Sam L. Brownlow, John Cawood, Jr., John Morrell, John Blevins, John Russell, Thomas Majors, Robert Cowan, William Blevins, John Blevins, Peter Hugh, Walter Blevins.

The number of "scholars" sent to the school by each patron is shown opposite their names.

the farm or house was he popular and welcome in the community.

Among the young boys where the master boarded it was considered a great honor to "sleep with teacher," and they would perform extra tasks under promise of this privilege. It was an honor unsought by the teacher, however, who foresaw that he would toss the early hours away in bread-crumbs or perhaps awake and find himself imbedded in a full-grown sweet potato, as the boys always carried a meal to bed with them.

There were no text-books in the early schools. Whatever book "come handy" to the young student was used, and many a youth has received his rudimentary training from Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, the Bible and other works familiar to all households. Sometimes the teacher would make his own text-books and teach therefrom.¹ These were often made in splendid imitation of print—easy to read and serviceable. In consequence of the various number of books used and the lack of uniformity, each pupil composed a class by himself and the same rule governing the service at our tavern tables—first come, first served—applied to the wilderness schoolhouse. The pupil first to arrive in the morning was the first to receive attention whether he be a student of Bunyan or the Bible.

As the years advanced so did the school life advance and a more regular system was introduced. The increase in the scholastic population made necessary the adoption of uniform text-books and the organization of classes. However, educational facilities of that period were still far behind those of today.

A degree of advancement was not reached by grades, but a student's progress, beginning at his abecedarian days, advanced to words of two syllables like "b-a—ba-

¹At the Johnson home on the Reedy creek road I was shown a copy of a text-book (used by George Wilhelm, an old pioneer teacher. It was an arithmetic. In the family Bibles during his visits, "boarding round" among his patrons, he made some attempt at rhyming verse, usually of a religious nature.

k-c-r—ker, baker," until the reading period began, then he was promoted to "readers" first, second, third and on to the sixth. When these were completed the Latin and the Greek classics were taken up provided the teacher was himself advanced far enough to teach them.

Then, too, there were the sciences, but at times these met with some protest. One mother objected seriously and wrote the teacher that she did not want her daughter to "ingage in fizziology" because she did not want her to "talk about her bones right before the boys."

"FRIDAY EVENING."

On Friday afternoons all recitations were abandoned and the time given over to composition and "speeches" or declamation. Each student alternated, offering a composition one week and a declamation the next. Among the girls these compositions usually took up some domestic economy or morals. The boys' discourses usually dwelt upon the sports, the seasons and now and then a deep theological thesis, which of course was copied. The declamations among the girls were tender selections like "Mary's Lamb," and "Death of the Sparrow," while the already "Busy Bee" put in some overtime.

The boys exposed the hero, Casabianca, on the deck early in the year and had weekly conflagrations with him until the close of school. The "benighted boy" was delivered in such a rambling sort of way one could hardly tell which was Harry and which was the guide-post. The deaf old sexton might not have heard the curfew, but it split the ears of the groundlings at the old field school and no doubt is ringing in memories yet. The barque, the prince, the sad old king who "never smiled again" and Bingen had their devotees. In their oratory they had little regard for the season. "Young Norvell" was kept on the Grampian hills with his flocks without

regard to temperature. "Come, come, the summer now is here" was often delivered in January, while "Old winter, alack, how icy and cold is he" was kept in a state of congelment during the warmest weeks of May.

The more advanced students delivered selections of more ambitious range like Hayne's spirited defense of South Carolina, but rarely ever attempted Webster's studied and stately diction in reply. Some of the efforts were not altogether without merit and, "When the beams of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes of Carthage" was attempted—no matter how indifferently delivered—Regulus was sure of a respectful hearing. It was the inherited war spirit of the wilderness schoolboy that charged him with sympathetic listening interest.

GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS.

During the long school hours, which began at eight o'clock in the morning and continued until four in the afternoon, there were three intermissions—one, an hour at noon and two called recesses. The noon hour was for dinner—the recess in the morning was at half past ten for fifteen minutes and the recess in the afternoon was at three and for the same length of time. During these intermissions the old time games were played—marbles, quoits, prisoner's base, bull-pen, town-ball, cat-ball, fox and hounds and antne-over.

Prisoner's base was a running game. Two sides were chosen, each selecting a base—the distance between them varying according to the space convenient, usually from thirty to fifty feet. To run around a base without being caught won a game. To be caught or tagged away from a base made a prisoner of the one caught, who was immediately taken to a place of detention² near the side

²For some reason the place of detention in prisoner's base was called the "stink." "That's not fair, he's on the stink" and other complaints were heard throughout the games. It was one of those words that belonged to a boy's vocabulary, whose etymology is best left unsolved.

capturing him. He could be retaken by his own side or exchanged as a prisoner of war.

Bull-pen was a sort of four-cornered ball game. The lucky ones on the four corners had the privilege of handling the ball. They tossed it to and fro and at an opportune time hit one of the boys in the pen. The corner men then retreated to a stand and the one who had been hit by the ball had a chance to secure a base by hitting one of the boys that occupied them.

Antne-over,³ a corruption perhaps of ante-over, was played over a building—usually the schoolhouse. The sides took positions opposite each other—the building between. The party holding the ball would shout "antne"—the ones opposite would respond, "over," and the other again, "over she comes." If one of the party to whom the ball was thrown caught it the crowd then rushed around and captured, by hitting with the ball, one or more of the opposition.

Town-ball was the forerunner of baseball. There were three bases and a home plate. Instead of tagging out a runner with the ball he was crossed out, the ball being thrown between him and the base. In other respects it was similar to the present popular and national game.

Cat-ball was a timid game usually played by girls or small boys. It was a three-cornered game and a paddle instead of a bat was used to strike the ball.

3BOARD OF EDUCATION
OF
SULLIVAN COUNTY, TENNESSEE
J. E. L. Seneker, Supt.

Blountville, Tenn., December 14, 1908.

Mr. Oliver Taylor,
Bristol, Tenn.

Dear Sir—

Yes, I remember well that years ago children at school in the country played "Antne Over," "bull pen," "prisoner's base," "black man,"—"What will you do when you see the black man coming?" (Answer.) "Kill him and eat him."

As to the etymology of the "Antne Over" I must say, I don't know. Perhaps it had its origin from the old verb ante which meant—"deposit your stake." This, you know, is required in games of chance. When ready to play the one holding the ball called out, "ante" or "antne" and they on the other side answered "over." Now this is only guessing on my part.

Very truly,

J. E. L. SENEKER.

There were other games that did not require so much activity, such as "mumbly-peg" (mumble the peg) and others.

The games of the social life of the old field school were innocent, consisting of Tennessee Snap, Old Sister Phoebe, Twistification, Who's Got the Key, Weavely Wheat, London Bridge, Moll Brooks Come Out of My Orchard and others. Most of the games had a kissing penalty which rendered them very popular.

The older people contented themselves with the old-fashioned dances and the shifting of feet was accompanied by a squeaky duet on the fiddles, painfully drawing out "Old Jimmy Sutton," "Sourwood Mountain," "Arkansaw Traveler," "Rosin the Bow," "Liza Jane" and "Cripple Creek."

JOSEPH H. KETRON.

A BIOGRAPHY.

Every little boy has an ambition of some kind and it follows him all through life, however much he may be diverted from it. Joseph Ketron, when a little boy, longed to have Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. It was the biggest book he knew of and contained much wisdom. That yearning represented Ketron's life—he wanted a library and he wanted learning, and more, he wanted to impart that learning to others. He got his dictionary and imposed upon himself the task of memorizing one hundred words a day. He got a library—one of the choicest private libraries in the state. He got learning and became one of the pioneer educators in this section.

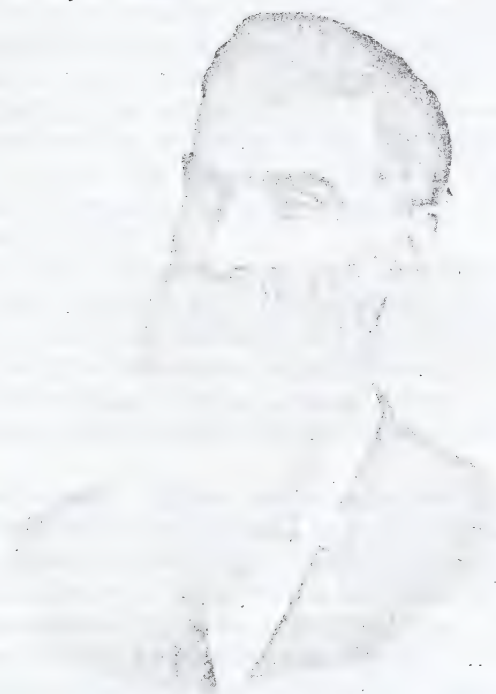
But to attain these things he snuffed the candle at two o'clock in the morning, and he snuffed out many years of his life.

Joseph H. Ketron was born near Bloomingdale, November 12, 1837, and died there November 1, 1901, lacking but eleven days of reaching his sixty-fourth year.

With the little extra money he earned at the plow and with the hoe he attended the short sessions of an occasional school conducted near his home. But in the midst of his studies he was called to serve in the army during the Civil War. In the battle of Big Black River Bridge, near Vicksburg, May 17, 1862, he was shot in the thigh, which wound caused him much suffering at the time, his life being despaired of, and from which he suffered at times all his life.

After the war he took up school work again, becoming principal of Reedy Creek Academy, at Arcadia, in August, 1864. There he taught nine years.

Then, deciding to attend school again, he went to Wesleyan University, at Athens, Tennessee, where he remained



JOSEPH H. KETRON

a year and a half, studying and tutoring. In 1875-76 he attended the Illinois Wesleyan University, at Bloomington, Illinois, where he graduated with highest honors in his thirty-ninth year. After his graduation he spent one year teaching at New Market, Tennessee.

Then he faced the temptation of good salaries—salaries big enough to have furnished a substantial living without much responsibility—but he chose to go back to his old home, where he built a school and endowed it with best endeavors that a good education and a willingness and love for work and the memories of the old place could inspire. He named the school after the best man he knew, Bishop Kingsley—Kingsley Seminary. It was dedicated August 6, 1877.

He taught there for twenty-five years; until the end of his life. One thousand and four students attended the seminary during that time, and in his forty-one years of teaching he gave instructions to two thousand and ten boys and girls—young men and young women. Sixty young men prepared themselves for the ministry under his tutelage.

First of all Joseph Ketron was a scholarly teacher. "You may be called to preach, but I was called to teach," said he to a young man one day. He slept in his library; he lived in his library. Being such a hard close student he was not considered by some a practical man, but a close study of his life and habits will disprove this. In botany he could explain the morphological and phanerogamic and then go out into his yard and intelligently cultivate his flowers; he trimmed the wicks of the lamps of architecture, and with a saw and a hammer and a jack-plane helped to build the house his parents lived in; he could write a song and sing it himself; he could teach the science of agriculture, the chemistry of the soil—how much potash, phosphoric acid or nitrogen was needed, and he could raise a good crop of potatoes and beans.

He believed in few acres and intense culture and once made a test of an acre of corn, raising one hundred and five bushels.

He could teach higher mathematics then go out and survey a tract of land—he was the surveyor of the neighborhood; he could tell you about metallurgy and then go into a blacksmith shop and make a horseshoe.

As a versatile teacher Sullivan County has never had his superior. He would have made an efficient head of an industrial school.

If you were to ask the students who were under his instruction at the seminary, what particular study Ketron excelled in, they would tell you all of them. He was a student all his life—he went to school to himself.

He was a man of careful habits and taught his students how to save time. As an example—he always laid down his pen or pencil with the point toward him so it could be picked up again, ready for use, without being turned around.

He was more than a teacher in the schoolroom—he was a living example.

When twelve years old he professed religion at the Reedy creek camp-ground, and his was a devotional life. While always loyal to the denomination to which he belonged his Christianity was never crinkled by sectarian prejudice.

When but a youth he was chosen superintendent of the Sunday-school at his home, which position he held all his life with the exception of the four years spent at college. He opened and closed the day's work at the seminary with religious lessons.

When his body was borne to the grave it was followed by a procession of school-children, each carrying a bunch of flowers.

One of his favorite songs was "Work for the Night is Coming."

On the day of the night of his death he worked—disposing of his mail—he worked himself to death.

For thirty years he kept a diary; a few days are given here:

January 1, 1868: Snow six or eight inches deep.—Brother John married to-day to Miss Mary J. Agee.—I feel impressed with the shortness of time; if spared this year, I intend to try to improve it.—Lord help me.

January 1, 1870: Surveyed a lot of land for Papa, planted some fruit trees, did a few other little jobs of work.—Read in the Bible and other books.—Drizzled rain a part of the day.

January 1, 1871: Conducted a Sunday School Concert at Oak Grove—had a nice time—house was crowded—I gave a talk.—Completed our "Twelve Lessons About Jesus."—Resolved to try to improve in knowledge and try to do right—Lord help me.

January 26, 1887: To-day we celebrate my father and mother's 'Golden Wedding'—We had a pleasant time.—Cold day.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SLAVERY DAYS.

The contention of the negro that he has arrived at his present state of development during the last forty years is absurd—it has been nearer four hundred years. It must be remembered slaves did not remain savages in bondage. The length of time slavery has existed in any community of the South marks the time of the negro's translation from savagery to civilization and enlightenment. Being a race of imitators with good-natured endowments and diplomacy they soon absorbed the customs of the people among whom fate had cast them.

Slavery is coexistent with the first settlements of Sullivan County. The earliest records we have—dating back to the last quarter of the seventeenth century—mention the purchase and exchange of slaves and more often the presence or possession of them. This, then, is evidence of their having had the benefit of over one hundred and twenty-five years in developing in this county alone over what they would have received had they remained in their original state.

The Island road, named for Long Island, from Kingsport through Virginia, was one of the great thoroughfares of slave-trade, as was the Blountville road, to Jonesboro and back through Virginia. This explains why there were more slave-owners along these two roads than there were along the Reedy creek road, running between and parallel with them. Being thus brought into contact with the trade the temptation to buy slaves was greater. This also created rivalry of ownership among the buyers. Where one man owned ten slaves his neighbor would soon be in possession of twelve or fourteen.

Literature controlling public sentiment has stamped the slave-trader with a stigma that would be hard to re-

move and the ban reaches all of them alike, even to-day. To these men more than any other cause is due the reputed bad treatment of slaves.

The slave trader usually had guaranty of the sale of a good many of his slaves before starting on a journey. Sometimes they were sold at auction—the age, temperament, experience and strength governing the price. Buyers would examine the mouth and teeth of a slave as they would a horse. The price ranged from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. The number in a “drove” varied from six to twenty-five. The unruly ones and those likely to attempt escape were handcuffed in pairs while the females were carried in wagons.

Next to the slave trader the negro boss of the plantation was the most dreaded and despised by the slaves. He was usually very tyrannical in the exercise of his brief authority and was harder on the laborers than his white owner might have been.

A man's wealth was often estimated by the number of slaves he owned rather than by his acreage of land. The Cobb family at one time owned more than one hundred slaves, but this high mark of possession usually preceded a division. When the young people of the family married and went to their new homes they were given their favorite servants. There have been instances where a favorite daughter of the family would find it hard to make a selection, all of the old slaves wishing to accompany her. These separations were very affecting.

The son of an owner of slaves was always provided with a body-servant who was considered his property. This servant was usually much older than his master. The selection for this position, in most cases, was the one who took the most interest in the young man and pleased him most, and the attachment between the two was very marked. The young master relied greatly on “uncle's” judgment and confided most of his affairs to him. He

would often discard a hat or garment if the old negro coveted it. On many of his rambles "Uncle Jim" was his companion and, be it said to his memory, there are rare instances where these old servants exercised any baleful influence over the young men of the South.

Many of those who enlisted for the war took their servants with them. They wanted to go and their presence did much to cheer the Southern soldier—the young men knowing that should they be wounded they would be looked after, and if killed would not be left on the field of battle, but would be carried back and laid to rest in the shadow of the old home.

The attachment between the "young missus" and her old black "mammy" was even more marked and cordial, she always looking after the girl's every want. Nothing made her prouder than to be keeper of the keys of the family larders; and while the old servant performed the work of a menial she was the real "boss" of the household. The children knew her permission was equivalent to the consent of the rest of the family.

This vesting of authority in her was simply an expression of the love and confidence that all bore her. Should the young mistress make a journey of any length, her salutations, on her return, were not complete until "Aunt Mariah" had been greeted. In the sick chamber the old negro woman sat through the long night vigil, watching for any movement or sound that would indicate the condition of the patient. If death perchance occurred her grief was as uncontrollable as had been her joy over some pleasant surprise.

And that feeling that once existed between the two races is sometimes in evidence today. The descendant of a slave owner will greet an old remnant of bondage days with a smile and frequently a donation. Not a great while ago, in Sullivan County, an old ex-slave lay dying. A descendant of his former master, hearing of his illness, hastened to his bedside. As his life was ebbing away

he expressed great concern lest there should be no place to bury him. "Don't worry Uncle Jake," said the young man, "don't worry, if your own race can't find a place for you there's a little vacant spot in the cemetery by the side of father and mother—we'll bury you there."

The race is not without its quaint humor and philosophy. An old street preacher touring through Sullivan took his stand on a street corner in Bristol. He had but recently arrived from Alabama. "I was preachin' in Birmingham de otha day," said he, "when dey axes me did I b'lieve a niggah was as good as a white man. I looks 'bout me kind o' slant wise an' I sees a passel of white folks an' I says no—but I b'lieves, gem'men, dat a good niggah is better'n a bad white man."

Indian slaves¹ worked side by side with negro slaves and in this way the latter absorbed much of the humor and quaint folk lore of the Indian, but the Indian being a conservator would have none of the negro.

Slaves were often paid wages and were allowed a certain portion of time each week and a plot of ground to cultivate for their own profit. In this way many bought their freedom.

While perhaps there were no manumission societies, slaves were accorded humane treatment in Sullivan County and a few owners liberated a portion of their slaves and sent them to Liberia.

The reputed cruel treatment of slaves has been much magnified as far as this county is concerned, but of course we may have had a milder form of slavery than the corn and cotton countries. Some owners never even whipped their servants, while others did chastise the unruly ones when occasion demanded.

A slave owner, living near the mouth of Beaver creek, once ordered a slave up a tree to saw off one of the limbs. After the slave had climbed the tree he realized the

¹Indians often sold themselves into slavery to pay gambling debts. Indian prisoners of war were also frequently made slaves.

predicament he would be placed in by sawing the limb off between himself and the trunk of the tree, and protested: "Why, massa, the limb will fall on me and break my neck." "Whose loss is it, suh!" replied the master. However, had a fatality been the result no one would have bemoaned the accident more than the master. From a commercial, if not a humane standpoint, great care was taken to guard the health of a slave and as no owner would care to cause the death of a thousand dollar horse neither would he indulge in projects that would imperil the life of a fifteen hundred dollar slave.

In most cases the negro, with his talent for mimicry, would assume the style and speech, as near as possible, of the family to whom he belonged, always taking the name of his last owner. If the family laid great stress upon ancestry, the slave believed the ancestry was his own also and thereupon assumed, often ridiculously, a dignified air in dress and in the use of words.

If the family was inclined to bluntness or combativeness the negro was often offensive or even dangerous. If the family was in but moderate circumstances and lacked prestige, the negro reflected it in a subdued look and did not care to discuss his family history.

Prior to the war a traveler, passing through Blountville, accosted a spry and lofty-aired negro and inquired: "Who do you belong to uncle?" "I's a Rutledge, suh," with a toss of the head indicating his surprise that anyone should be in ignorance of his family identity. On meeting another the same inquiry was put and was answered with: "I b'longs to de ——— fambly, knows e'm?" in a tone that plainly showed he was ashamed of his master.

Society had its factions and cliques, and the line of social intercourse was as distinctly drawn among the blacks as among the whites. A "corn field coon" could not keep pace with the coach driver—the "gem'man" groom in waiting.

Outside of Sullivan and one or two other counties the greater portion of East Tennessee fought for the Union. The influence of Johnson, Nelson, Brownlow and Maynard was supreme. But those men were not anti-slavery in sentiment—they were opposed to fighting under any other flag than that of the Union. Many of their followers—the mountain whites—did not despise slavery as an institution, but they opposed the bringing of slave labor into competition with their own, and they despised the aristocracy of the slave-owner. It was the desire of the poor whites to throw the slave upon his own resources and thereby diminish free labor and withdraw privileges from the servant that even the savant was not permitted to enjoy. On the other hand Sullivan had, with perhaps the exception of Greene county, the smallest number of slaves of any county in East Tennessee, in proportion to its population. In 1795 it had seven hundred and seventy-seven while Hawkins county, which had been made out of Sullivan, had two thousand, four hundred and seventy-two,² more than three times as many.

The songs of slavery have become a part of our lyric literature. But no one save the old time negro, when awakened by the inspiring memories of cabin days, can sing them as they should be sung, with their weird appealing melodies. They are the songs of captivity and have a melancholy that is peculiarly and characteristically their own. Some of these songs became blended with the Indian chants and can now be heard where there are groups of negro laborers—especially on public works—using the pick and hammer. The strokes of these implements measure time for them.

In a great majority of cases slaves belonged not only to the wealth but the culture of the land and in such homes they were taught to read and write and what is more—reverence. No people were, apparently, more reverential or more moved by spiritual influences. The negro had

²Tennessee Gazetteer.

more opportunities than the poor white and reached higher social privileges during slavery days than has ever been permitted him since, because then he never abused those privileges. This social phase did not mean familiar contact, but there was a friendly understanding between master and servant.

On Sundays these slaves were expected to put on their best garments and attend church—a place being set apart for them, or in the more wealthy communities galleries were arranged for them.

As in the slave days when the greatest bugbear to the negro and his greatest dread, next to the trader, was the boss of his own color who was in charge of a number of hands, so today the greatest menace to his advancement has been the bad advice coming from some of the leaders of his race, or, what is perhaps worse, from evil designing whites. This is more pronounced in the press of the Northwest where the race problem is alarmingly discussed.

The authorities of Chicago undertook to control the anarchistic spirit, then creating disturbances there, and which resulted in the Haymarket riot, by dealing with the leading instigators, and the subsequent quiet that prevailed proved the wisdom of the procedure.

That legislation intended to reach the "low and vicious" will find upon investigation that that element gives forth only the irresponsible echo of some sentiment expressed by others more intelligent.

The race problem is agitating the minds of those who have to deal with it far less than it is the lookers on, and, while the country is sometimes racked with dread and shocked at the perpetration of crimes, the South holds herself in check by the recollection that the faithful old slave, in times that tried him, was the greatest safeguard of the sanctity of the Southern homes—and remembers, with increasing regard as the years go by, that the old "black mammy" rocked the cradle and helped to rear the courtliest race of white men and the proudest and purest race of white women the world has ever known.

JAMES P. SNAPP.

A BIOGRAPHY.

James P. Snapp was born August 3, 1823, west of Blountville on the old Snapp place. His early youth was spent on the farm. During that time, however, he lost no opportunity to get an education and in consequence was, at the close of his school life, one of the best educated men in the county. He attended Jefferson Academy at Blountville and finished a college course at Emory and Henry, graduating in the class with Dr. A. J. Brown, 1847.

Col. Snapp, after finishing school, taught for several years, between 1850-55, at the academy where his school life began. He then took up the study of law, which he finished, and, having an analytic, legal mind, would have made an able jurist but for the war diverting him from his chosen work.

In April, 1861 he was made captain of Company C, organized at Blountville, which became a part of the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment, under Col. Pitts. Snapp's company was in the battle of Shiloh and during that engagement occurred one of those incidents which appear ludicrous, even through the awfulness of battle. Two regiments of Federals, in the confusion, were taken by Col. Pitts' regiment, but he did not have enough men to hold them, and the enemy, recovering themselves and realizing the helplessness of the victor, were in turn preparing for a capture, when Pitts and his men saved themselves by slipping away.

In the fall of 1862 Snapp was made a major. Col. Pitts afterward resigned and James G. Rose succeeded him as colonel while Maj. Snapp became lieutenant-colonel.

He was in the siege of Vicksburg, the battles of Fishing Creek, Wild Cat, Kentucky and others of less severity.

He attained the full rank of colonel before the end of the war.

At the close of the war he returned to his farm, but later engaged in the mercantile business at Union, now Bluff City, and sold goods successfully for a number of years.

Always well posted on current events he was often importuned to run for office, but he never entered actively into politics.

Although never wounded in battle his bravery was of the daring type and he made an efficient officer.

He was a man of high moral character and his integrity tallied to a penny. Being a very candid man his outspoken views engaged him in controversies that were not always amicably settled.

Col. Snapp was a close Bible student and took great interest in Sunday-school work. The young men who were fortunate enough to be in his class received that instruction which can only be obtained from a discerning mind and a conscientious student.

He was never married. During the last years of his life he retired to his farm west of Blountville and was much concerned in building up the farm interests of the county.

He died June 30, 1901.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AGRICULTURE.

Sullivan County wheat took first prize over the world at the Vienna Exposition in 1872¹ and the bones of the swiftest horse of the racing days between 1845 and 1860 mouldered on a field at the old Fain farm, east of Blountville. Yet this is not a wheat county nor is it the habitat of the horse.

Nature has always indicated in advance what her climate and her soil are best suited for. In consequence the bison with its bifurcated hoof made a path to the salt-licks and from under the cover of cliffs cropped the grass along beaten trails that led even to our mountain tops. But the horse with his flat hoof did not belong to our rugged, stony highways. He was running his wild life out over the spongy turf of some western prairie.²

Likewise the wheat that was sown on our mountain-sides showed in every breeze that stirred its rivery ripples that it belonged to level culture—its original home being the rich bottoms of the river Nile. By the effect of these same breezes on the cornstalk and the shaggy growth of our trees we see that they are native and firmly rooted in the rocks and clay.

Tennesseans are a race of destroyers. This destructive spirit has been inherited through generations from our forefathers, who indulged their inclination in battle. Being denied any other means of satisfying this craving to destroy, we of later days lay waste the land.

When the first settlers cleared a piece of ground they

¹Allison's Historical Map.

²There is a tradition in the neighborhood of Kingsport that a wild horse found its way as far east as Bay's mountain. This horse in struggling for a foothold above the stream that ran along the mountain fell in and was drowned. It was a bay horse and in consequence of this incident the mountain was called Bay's mountain and the stream, Horse creek.

worked it until its producing quality was well-nigh exhausted. They made no effort to restore the humus to the soil; they cleared and tilled a new piece while the old tract rested and reacted. But they left here and there in these clearings sugar maples and nut-bearing trees. The former with their succulent sap, had they been spared, would have furnished a forest of wealth in the products of maple-sugar and syrup, as they do in Vermont and Ohio today.

The generations that followed, with a better knowledge of the chemistry of the soil, but ignorant of forestry, found a readier and more remunerative profit in saw logs, and they cut the maple for its bird's-eye finish while the walnut found its way into the cabinet-shop and the wagon maker used the hickory. They little thought to replace this growth with its cultivated congener, such as the hardy pecan and English walnut.

We have so abused the provident foresight of our ancestors that legislative bodies are seeking the best way to preserve from wholesale destruction the forests of the Appalachian range, of which we form a part, while the government sends out a commission to study the social conditions and needs of farmers. Nature in this section is in the hands of a receiver. Then, too, our forefathers saw, in the tree growth of the fragrant wild crab-apple and the twining vines, a fruit country—and they planted orchards, and the vines with purple clusters climbed along the door of every cabin while the wild strawberry that grew on some far away hillside was served in delicious abundance. The orchards planted by that generation lasted one hundred years, and when they, in the natural course of their lifetime, gave out, the people gave up; they acted as though they believed that nature was traveling along with some political party and demanded a change.

As time went by and the people became safe from surprise attacks there was much work to do, in reconstructing.

But the toil of those years was tempered by the neighborly interest each felt in the other. "I'll help you hoe today and you help me hay tomorrow."

They communitised themselves. The work of the slow, plodding and laborious flail that bursted the heads of wheat, and the cloth which, shaken across the pile, winnowed it, did not dishearten them, for they saw jolly times ahead. The apple butter stirrings, corn shuckings and quiltings all found company and content.

The wooden plow mould, with its iron point, tore up the earth for sixty years.³ Then came the steel plow, and the flail was followed by the ground-hog thresher.

As the implements became more labor-saving, new ideas sprang up and were advanced as to what method should be adopted to increase the yield and enlarge the profits. This was the beginning of the fair and grange.

The first fair in the county was held at Blountville a few years before the Civil War. It was begun in a domestic way in the court-house and was conducted more in the nature of a bazaar. Products of the farm were exhibited, while the young women of the neighborhood, to whose interest was largely due the origin, brought their needle-work and dainty cooking, which no age has improved upon.

The merchants, seeing wider commercial possibilities, enlarged upon this, organized a company and held the fair at the east end of the town, where a race track of oval shape was provided.⁴ A pavilion sheltered the farm exhibits. These fairs continued up to the Civil War, when, like many other diversions, they yielded to the

³When we are inclined to laugh at the primitive methods of plowing employed by other countries, compare them with the plows used as late as 1840, when the steel plow was introduced here.

⁴The horse mentioned in the first of this chapter was the property of Gen. Stokes and was called Ariel. It ran the races from Richmond to New Orleans. So successful was it that through lack of competition it was ruled off the track. Not to be outdone Stokes had it dyed and entered it under a new name. Again it was successful and passed at many fairs without being detected. When the time came to remove the dye the hostler's instructions were to remove but half at a time, but, disregarding this, he removed it all, from the effects of which the horse died.

stern demand of living. To this day the old field where the fairs were held is called the fair-ground.

The next fair to be held was the Border Fair of Bristol, supposedly on the state line, and was the joint interest of Sullivan County, Tennessee, and Washington county, Virginia. Its first president was I. B. Dunn.⁵ It was an enterprise that was much appreciated by the county folk, both of the town and country—the best medium of agricultural social life we have had. It drew large crowds—usually lasted three days and the patronage both of entry and attendance made it successful in every way for a number of years. But these fairs can not be conducted successfully without the sympathy and cooperation of the farming element and attempts to revive them without their aid has proven unsuccessful.

A fair was organized at Thomas' bridge, on Beaver creek, in 1891, by Jacob and Marshall Thomas. The fair consisted chiefly of horse-racing and was conducted for two years with varying success.

The abandonment of the county fair, the camp-meetings and other assemblings—the bad roads, the withdrawal of the court from Blountville, the lack of the old time community spirit has done much to discourage farm life in Sullivan, and has driven much of its best energy to the thickly settled cities, while the lonesome day laborers strayed away to public works. The newspapers, that reached the people of the interior, told of great achievements and progress beyond them while they remained the same, and the unknownness of places and people made country life only tolerable while the temptations to leave it were great.

The old time swapping spirit is gone—swapping of good nature, swapping of labor, swapping of visits, swapping of products, and swapping of horses.

⁵I. B. Dunn was president of the Border Fair for three years, from 1875-78. He was followed by J. M. Barker, 1879-82; George W. Kuhnert, 1882, for one year. There has been some racing since, but no organized fair.

Sullivan County in its physical formation is one beautiful park. There is enough level land for culture; there are enough slopes, if carefully turfed, for grazing herds of cattle and flocks of sheep,⁶ and enough broad limbed trees to shade them; there are enough clear cool springs for dairying, to make us famous for the products of this pursuit. Then, instead of the great loads of wheat wagon-hauled by the Dicksons and Rollers and Thomases, it would be more natural to see great herds of cattle and sheep—a better grade—driven by the Cartwrights and Hamiltons—not driven to slaughter, but to stock other sections not so favored as ours.

The farmer of Sullivan county has never given agriculture the dignity it deserves.

The good roads, just beginning to reach these possibilities, will bring into the neglected farms new interests and carry out of them new products.

Sullivan County is just putting on its agricultural overalls.

⁶Secretary Wilson said East Tennessee was the finest country for sheep raising he had ever seen.

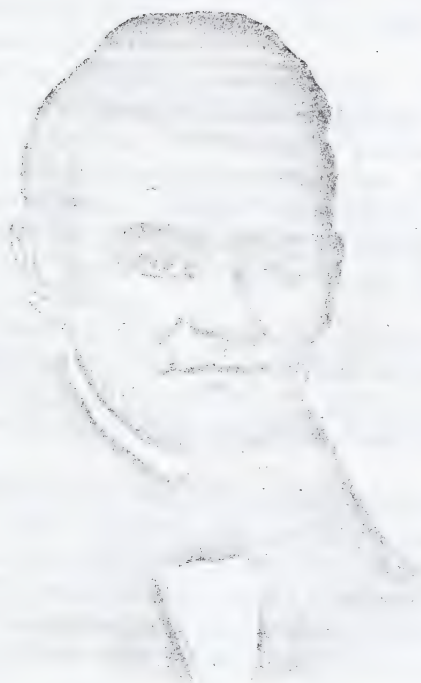
CHAPTER XXX.

THE REMOVAL.

The history of the Cherokee Indians is so interwoven with the history of the first settlers of our State that anything concerning that tribe interests our people.

The removal, in 1838, of these Indians from their lifelong homes surpasses in pathos any page of our national history. It is the blot on the Escutcheon. The cause of this removal was covetousness on the part of the white race—a longing for more land. The Indians were slowly, and almost for a song, ceding away their chosen land. Although the government in a treaty (1793) agreed to “continue the guarantee of the remainder of their country forever” the whites did not cease making inroads and encroaching upon the tribe’s land. By a treaty made January 7, 1806 the Cherokees ceded the large tract between Duck river and the Tennessee, which included Long Island in Sullivan County and embraced nearly seven thousand square miles. For this immense tract they received two thousand dollars per year for five years, a grist mill, a cotton gin and a life pension of one hundred dollars per year for the aged chief Black Fox. After another treaty, made on March 22, 1816, they declared they would never give up any more land.

Gov. McMinn, of Tennessee, under instructions from Washington, was using his efforts to have the Indians removed. At a council in November, 1818, he represented to the chiefs it was no longer possible to protect them from the encroachments of the whites, that their lands would be taken, their stock stolen, their women abused, and their men made drunkards unless they removed to the allotted territory in the West. He concluded by offering them one hundred thousand dollars for their



JOHN ROSS (Gu wisguwi)
Last Chief of the Eastern Cherokees

lands. They indignantly refused. He then doubled the sum, but the negotiations failed.

A new civilization and a new form of government now sprung up—principally through the influence of John Ross, the last chief of the Eastern Cherokees. It became treason, punishable by death, for any one to sell lands without the consent of the council.

Another Cherokee—Sequoya—distinguished himself about this time by inventing the Cherokee alphabet. He was the Cadmus of his race. It was easily learned and even without the aid of schools communication became more rapid and intelligent. Sequoya was granted a pension by the government and was the only literary pensioner in the United States. The Sequoya trees of California are named in his honor.

John Ross was made chief in 1828 and is the principal author of a constitution which was the first to govern an Indian tribe. He held the position of chief up to his death in 1866, being thirty-eight years the head of the nation.

Their acquirements in the way of enlightenment seemed to avail them little. Georgia was pressing them for their lands and was resorting to all kinds of strategy—to secret schemes and open overtures, but all were met with firm refusal. "It is the final and unalterable determination of this nation never again to cede one foot more of land."

When, in 1827, the Cherokees adopted a constitution, the Georgia legislature passed a resolution affirming that the State "had the power and right to possess herself, by any means she might choose, of the lands in dispute and to extend over them her authority and laws."

CAUSE OF REMOVAL.

Up to 1815 all negotiations had been for land only. In this year a little Indian boy in his rambles along the Chestatee river brought a shining pebble, about the size of a small marble, to his mother. She carried it to the

nearest settlement and sold it to a white man. It proved to be gold. The news spread and in four years this section was overrun with white prospectors.

In 1828 gold was found on Ward creek—the end of Cherokee possession was near.

In this same year Andrew Jackson was elected President. He was an Indian fighter and an Indian hater. Although the Cherokees, six hundred strong, were among his greatest allies in his battle against the Creeks, he now turned against them and would offer them no sympathy nor aid.

Junaluska, one of the bravest of the chiefs who accompanied him, was heard to say, "If I had known that Jackson would drive us from our homes I would have killed him that day at the Horseshoe." When it was known the sympathy of Jackson was not enlisted for the Indian, depredations by the whites became general. Armed men went through the tribe, pillaging and burning. Laws were passed dispossessing the Indians of their homes without redress. Life became almost intolerable and property valueless to the Cherokee. He was not allowed to dig gold on his own land nor was his testimony permitted against any white man. He was helpless. The Supreme Court and the laws of Georgia conflicted. Georgia defied the courts. The issue became a national one and party lines were drawn.¹ Such men as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Wise of Virginia and Davy Crockett defended the Indian. Through all these trials Chief John Ross was very active in behalf of his people; so much so, he had, under threat, to seek refuge in Tennessee. He was later captured by the Georgia guard along with John Howard Payne, who was then stopping with Ross for the purpose of studying the Indian life. They were taken across the line into Georgia where Ross was held a prisoner for some time, but was finally released without explanation.

¹It is worthy of note that the two races, the Indian and the negro, have caused the bitterest controversies in our government.

The treaty of 1835, wherein about four hundred out of seventeen thousand Cherokees ceded all their lands west of the Mississippi to the United States for five million dollars, and a portion of land in Indian Territory was ratified at New Echota. A man named Schermerhorn was the government representative. He purported to be a minister of the gospel, but, on account of his underhand dealing, had to be warned that nothing but "fair and open terms" would be acceptable. The removal was to take place two years from the date of the treaty.

At the expiration of this time, however, only about two thousand of the Indians had left and it became evident that the removal would only be accomplished by force. Gen. Winfield Scott was given charge of these affairs with about seven thousand soldiers, four thousand of whom were volunteers. Sullivan County furnished her share and more wanted to go.

Troops were sent to various points in the Cherokee country, where they erected stockades in which to hold the Indians after they were corralled. From these stockades squads of soldiers armed with rifles and bayonets were sent through the mountains to bring in all Indians that could be found. Men going along the road or found in their fields were seized, and squaws engaged in their domestic duties were taken, while children, all unmindful of the approaching seizure, were often caught at play and forced to go. There were instances when a family, on being taken, looked back and saw their old home burning—set on fire by rowdy camp-followers; some on mischief bent, some for purposes of theft, some out of revenge. These ruffians were so ruthless in their thefts they even dug into the graves of the dead to rob them of metal ornaments.

One old gray-haired Indian, when told he must go, called his family, including his grandchildren, about him and all knelt down and prayed in their own language.

Even the hardened hearts of the soldiers softened at this sight. Concluding the prayer they silently followed the soldiers.

At one house which the soldiers surrounded, as was their custom to prevent escape, the woman of the home went to the door, called up the chickens to be fed for the last time, then, with her infant on her back and leading two other children, followed the men to her exile.

All the Indians were not so submissive. An aged man called Tsali (Charley) was taken with his family and the families of his three sons. His wife, being too old to walk as fast as the soldiers desired, was prodded with bayonets to hurry her along. The old man could not control himself. Talking in Cherokee to the others he quickly formed a plan to attack the soldiers at a given signal. This was done and each Indian grabbed the soldier nearest him—their guns were taken and one soldier was killed. The rest fled while the Indians escaped into the mountains. Many also escaped from the stockades and seeing it impossible to secure all, Gen. Scott made a proposition through Col. Thomas, agreeing that if they would surrender Charley and his party for punishment he would let the others alone until the courts could adjust the matter. Charley on hearing this came in of his own accord, accompanied by his brother and sons. He offered himself a sacrifice for his nation. All were shot.

Those fugitives that remained at large, unmolested, were the ancestors of the present tribe of the eastern Cherokees.

After having collected nearly seventeen thousand of the Cherokees the long journey began. Some went by river, but the great majority went overland. A delay of several months was occasioned by the extreme hot weather. The march was resumed in October and continued through the entire winter.

It was a great cavalcade, requiring six hundred and forty-five wagons besides horses for riding. The course

of the exiles was a trail of death—from ten to twenty dying each day. Among them was the devoted wife of Chief Ross who had to be buried by the roadside. When the end came in March, 1839, over four thousand had died from the effects of the removal.

It is hard for us now to harmonize our convictions with the events that transpired at this period, but the act recalls that of William the Conqueror, who, to satisfy his passion for outdoor sport, demolished the homes and churches of the peasantry for thirty miles in New Forest, and offered no return for the loss. It befell that in a short while three of his house met violent accidental deaths in this forest.

JOHN NETHERLAND.

A BIOGRAPHY.

John Netherland was born in Powhatan county, Virginia, September 20, 1808, but his parents removed to Sullivan County when he was an infant and settled at Kingsport.

He had the advantage of a good education, being a pupil of Doak, under whom his academic course was completed in his fourteenth year—after this he had home training under Henry Hoss, an excellent scholar.

He began the study of law in 1828 and was practising in 1829. Early in life he became interested in politics, and in 1833, when but twenty-five years old, was elected to the state senate from the district composed of Sullivan, Hawkins and Carter counties. While in this body he attained high rank among his colleagues.

While he was a member, one of the leading questions of the day came up—that pertaining to the removal of the Indians from their eastern homes to the territory set apart for them beyond the Mississippi. In an eloquent speech, in which he appealed to the humane side, he took a stand against the removal.

A revision of the state constitution in 1834, by which the eligible age of a state senator was placed at thirty, threw him out of the race. In 1835, however, he was elected to represent Sullivan County in the legislature. It was while serving as representative that he furnishes an example of high integrity in office. He refused to vote for a resolution, asking our senators to vote for the expunging clause, which referred to an act of censure passed upon Andrew Jackson. Sullivan County endorsed it in a primary and asked Netherland to vote for it, but rather than go against his principles he resigned his commission and returned to private life.



JOHN NETHERLAND

In 1848 he was elector for the state at large on the Taylor-Filmore ticket.

In 1851 he was elected representative from Hawkins county.

When in 1859 the Whig or what was then known as the "Opposition" party wanted a candidate for governor, Netherland was unanimously the choice of the convention at Nashville. He accepted although he knew he had little chance of success. Isham G. Harris was his opponent and defeated him—Netherland, however, ran far ahead of his ticket. Along with Thomas A. R. Nelson and Andrew Johnson, Netherland took sides with the Union during the Civil War and while he suffered, as many others on both sides, he did not harbor hatred, but advised tolerance and good feeling when the battles were over.

His last official act was as a member of the constitutional convention of 1870, although he was afterwards tendered a foreign mission by President Johnson, which he declined.

It is more as a lawyer than as a politician that his memory will be preserved. He was one of the strongest advocates in this or any other state.

During John Netherland's last days as a practitioner at the Blountville bar the venerable appearance of the man seemed to add weight to all said. Besides his legal knowledge he knew human nature. He was a well informed man, reading much and committing to memory—his favorite writings were the Bible and Robert Burns, from which he would often quote. No jury could resist his style of delivering a message to them. He would often make personal appeals to a jurymen—"Bob ——, I remember, sir, when your father was cut to pieces in that sawmill ——" And while such methods may not conform to legal ethics, they influenced.

He was especially forceful in criminal practise and the prisoner was well favored who secured him as counsel. When he was acting in a murder case—defending a prisoner

—groups of men could be seen entering the court-house. The farmer found it possible to postpone his work, the business man left his counter, the carpenter his bench and even the school boy, always ready to rebel against listening to discourses of any kind, hurried to the courtroom—all drawn thither by the report that “John Netherland closes for the defense.”

He was once engaged to defend a young man charged with murder. There are two periods of life that appeal to any jury—youth and old age. He would often say, “I quote from the good book—the greatest of all books—the book upon which all human law is founded.” This time he plead for mercy. He told the story of Absalom, the young man who mutinied, and how, despite the grave charge, the king plead for his life on account of his youth. “And David,” said he in concluding, “‘numbered the people that were with him and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them. And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab and a third part under the hand of Abishai and a third part under the hand of Ittai. And the king stood by the gate side and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands. And the king commanded Joab and Abishai and Ittai, saying, deal gently for my sake with the young man Absalom’—gentlemen of the jury, deal gently with the young man.”

But for his cheerful spirit, that never forsook him, his last days might have gone out in gloom. Himself a great sufferer from bodily affliction, his cup of sorrow was filled by the unhappy fate of his household. His favorite kinsman had passed from earth; his son and namesake, John, had died from pneumonia, the result of exposure in rescuing his father from drowning; his wife, the companion of his long life, was dead and his daughter, Molly, had been killed by being thrown from a runaway horse. And as the old jurist sat on his sunny porch one afternoon, his long stem pipe held in a palsied

hand, which, with his increasing emotion, tossed the ashes in his lap, he thus sorrowed. "Sam," he said to his companion, "old John's gone—and young John's gone—and Sarah's gone—and Molly's gone ——"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE NEWSPAPER—POLITICS.

John Slack was the Nestor of the press of upper East Tennessee.

He was born in McMinn county, Tennessee, December 19, 1835, his family having removed from Fauquier county, Virginia. Orphaned during his infancy he and his two elder brothers were reared by a bachelor uncle.

When seventeen years of age he was apprenticed to Sam. P. Ivans of the Athens, Tennessee, Post—remained with him for four years and then became a journeyman printer, working at various places in the South.

In 1859 he went to Jonesboro and in partnership with Charles Byars established the Whig, which later became the Express, Byars selling out to Slack.

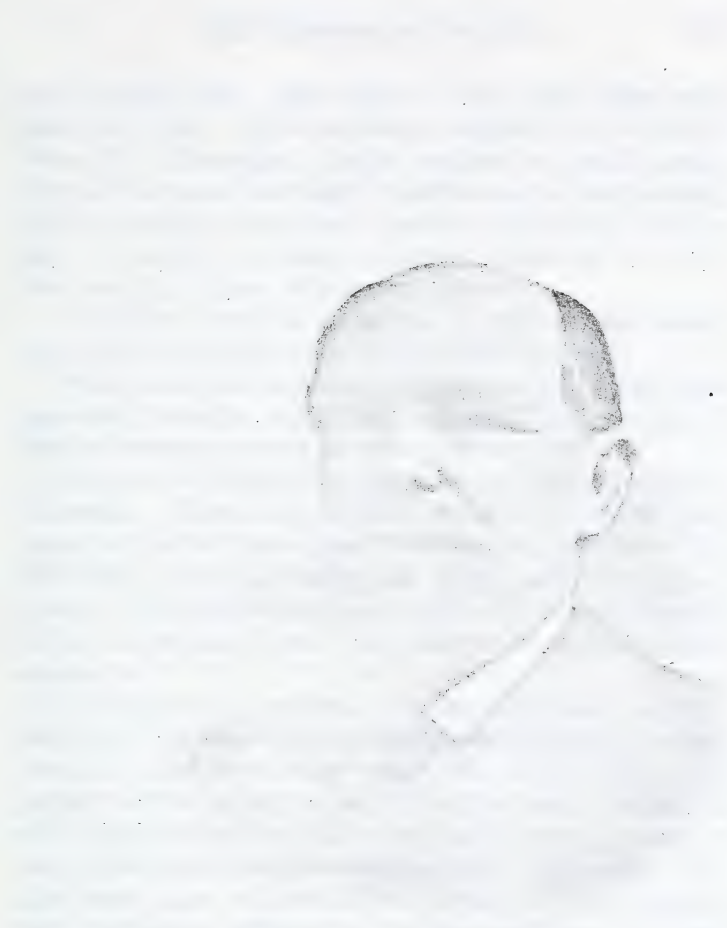
While there he met Julia P. Holston, who was attending school, and was married to her in September, 1862.

He moved to Bristol in 1865, bought out and revived the Bristol News. He was appointed post-master by Andrew Johnson, later going to Greeneville to manage and publish a paper in Johnson's interest. It was Union in politics.

He was elected to the legislature from Sullivan County in 1869—started the Bristol Courier in 1870. A more extended account of his newspaper connection is given later in this chapter.

In 1885 he was appointed, by Cleveland, post-master at Bristol—was elected trustee of Sullivan County in 1894 and re-elected in 1896. In 1898 he was elected state senator, being in this office when he died, October 13, 1900.

It would be hard to measure the influence and the worth to East Tennessee of a man like John Slack. He was a commoner and he came at a time when the times



JOHN SLACK

most needed him. The war was over, but there were wounds to heal. He was always conservative. Had he been of a discordant, jarring nature he could easily, through his paper, have kept alive the coals of controversy, which some one was always ready to fan into a blaze. But he sought to smooth down dissension and he tempered the times with sound advice.

He differed from his associates in political sentiment, but he did not differ from them in their sorrow.

Frank in the outward show of the inner self, he at times appeared brusque and rude in manner, but he was of kindly heart and envied no man a betterment.

He craved no honor that carried with it only the glitter of parade. When Gen. William B. Bate was elected governor he invited the editor to become a member of his staff, the position adorning the holder with the title of colonel. His reply was characteristic—"I am too homely to be an ornament and too poor to be useful—please excuse me."

In church work he was a balancing force. He was especially interested in the Sunday-school and the class-meeting—that love feast where the faithful old souls gather and wring the heart of religion and sympathize with one another and sob away their sorrow. Here he was to be found and his best epitaph is the memory the survivors have of him. The secret of his influence with his fellow citizens lay in his confidence in them, which they rewarded with unquestioned confidence in him.

One day a tall, swaying figure brushed into his office—his trousers stuffed into his boot tops. Slack was standing at a case, setting up an editorial. "John," said the man, "I got your dun. Look-a-here John, I paid you that subscription last fall, don't you mind?"

"Well," replied the editor, "if you say you paid it I'll take your word for it and scratch it off the books," and he did.

He kept his accounts with his fellow men as he kept

his accounts with his conscience. He was honest in purse and purpose. And standing on the rim of his rounded life and looking back over the circle of his years the path he left is not hard to find, and there are not so many divergences but that it may be safely followed.

NEWSPAPERS.

In the early days of the publishing business of Sullivan County the newspaper had a varied existence. The office generally occupied space not suited for any other active industry. The usual force consisted of two typesetters and the devil, who was general utility boy. In the event of breakdowns and delays the editor, who was nearly always a practical printer, set his editorials from memory. The old Washington hand press was then in use. The office towel was also in use and was never clean.

The editor's sanctum was the loafing place of political students and those who wanted to read the dailies—it was a time when individuality was stamped upon the editorial columns. The query was not "what does the Tribune have to say," but "what does Horace have to say?"—meaning Horace Greeley.

The editor, too, was supposed to be a general information bureau and was expected to know everything from how to plant cucumbers in the sign to expounding international law. For many years the county was content with the four-page weekly paper, and, while the business corner announced the subscription price "one dollar per annum, invariably in advance," few there were who—mindful that the editor was mortal, had wants and must eat—heeded the rule, and at the end of the year this sway of public opinion was glad to accept wood or vegetables or any kind of farm products in payment of delinquent subscriptions. One paper, in good-natured desperation, offered to take spring greens.

With the advent of the railroads came the newspapers. In May, 1857, a stock company bought a press and A. K. Moore, a real estate agent, was made the first editor of the Bristol News. J. Austin Speery succeeded him in a short while and is still considered the pioneer editor of this section. Speery remained with the paper until 1862, when he went to Knoxville to take charge of the Knoxville Register. This paper refuged in Bristol during the Civil War. The News press also printed the Presbyterian Witness, which was edited by Revs. A. Blackburn, J. M. McClain and James King.

The Southern Advocate succeeded the News with Rev. W. W. Neal, editor, and at the close of its brief career the State Line Gazette was started. W. L. Rice had recently sold some land with a view of going west when he was persuaded by Martin Coman to invest here and the result was the launching of the border paper. The Gazette began business with all the promise of prosperity. Coman made a soliciting trip through Wise, Russell and Lee counties, Virginia, securing five hundred dollars worth of subscriptions and job work. Rice made a business trip to Baltimore immediately after the war, when the East was seeking to renew trade with the South, and the way merchants took advertising space made his heart glad. He thereupon spent several hundred dollars for additional material to accommodate the visions of abundance that were heaping up.

At the end of the first year Rice thought it was time some remittances were coming in to reimburse him for the money he was paying out to keep the paper alive. Statements were sent to Wise, Russell and Lee counties and in return counter statements were received of debts Coman had made before associating himself with the newspaper. To complete his experience the editor got into a controversy with George Gresham, of the Jonesboro Flag, and the bitter personalities threatened to bring the two men together; however, after Gresham

and a party of friends came to Bristol with the intention of whipping Rice, they suddenly changed their minds and returned home without making any explanations. Rice sold out to W. W. Neal and not before he was ready to sell. He had sunk three thousand dollars in the enterprise.

In 1865 John Slack restored the old News, and in 1866 leased it to D. F. Bailey, who ran it for a year. It was then purchased by I. C. and Elbert Fowler, remaining the property of the former until his appointment as clerk of the Federal Court, at Abingdon, Virginia. A. C. Smith and M. T. Harrison then had charge of the paper until 1890, when it became a daily and Sam. C. W. Smith succeeded Harrison—the father and son ran it for eighteen years. It then became the property of a stock company with N. B. Remine, editor.

John Slack founded the Bristol Courier in 1870. W. M. Burrow purchased it in 1876, but retained the editor, who a year later took charge again. It enjoyed a large job printing patronage, issuing college papers and the Holston Methodist. In 1880 an attempt was made to publish the Daily Courier but it was ephemeral—lasting only three weeks.

In 1888 Charles H. Slack became connected with the business and the first permanent daily paper established in the county was launched September 15th of that year. The editorials were characterized by an independence of thought, expressed in such terse style that they were quoted all over the state and the paper became an iconoclast in Tennessee journalism. With the exception of about one year, during which publication was suspended, it existed as the Daily Courier until merged with the Herald in February, 1907, becoming the Herald-Courier. C. H. Slack, John Slack, Munsey Slack, Jack Faw, Nat Dulaney, Jr., N. B. Remine and Herschel Dove have successively been managing editors of this paper.

In 1896 the Daily Times was launched by Faw and Underwood. In 1898 this paper bought the Daily Courier and became the Times-Courier—John Slack, however, retaining the Weekly Courier. In September, 1898, the Daily Tribune was started as a campaign paper, James A. Stone and John W. Price being the promoters, with Herschel Dove as associate editor. [This paper was merged into the Times-Courier in December, same year. In 1900 a company bought the Tribune-Times-Courier and the paper again became the Daily Courier.

The first daily paper published in the county was called the Daily Argus, the first copy appearing November 17, 1879. George T. Hammer and John T. Barnes were the proprietors, with W. F. Rhea, John Caldwell and Will Pepper editors at different times. It lived for three months and was the first penny daily ever printed in Tennessee. It declared in its first issue, "our aim shall be to live and let live and in order to live up to it or rather down to it we must run our business strictly on a cash and pay-down system." The subscription price was five cents per week.

In 1873 William Burrow published the Souvenir, a literary journal, which for a time had the phenomenal circulation of five thousand, covering many states. It was run for two years.

In 1879 William and Robert Burrow began the publication of the Reporter, a weekly paper. In 1885 Thomas J. and Joseph H. Burrow took charge. This paper ran for two years and enjoyed the distinction of being the best condenser of news in the state.

The Landmark was a Bluff City product, appearing in 1872—W. D. Pendleton, proprietor, and Maj. B. G. McDowell, editor. R. M. Dickey and Will V. Vance were also editors, the former in 1873 and the latter in 1874.

This paper was moved to Blountville in 1878 and was the first paper to be published at the county capital.

The Central Star followed it a few years later, fostered

by Ben. L. Dulaney and N. J. Phillips. Phillips, coming into full possession, removed the paper to Newport, Tennessee. After sinking a discouraging amount of money the editor one day opined that he would as soon as not sink the whole outfit in the river, which ran back of the office. And such, sometimes, is the vexatious and uncertain existence of this kind of enterprise.

Between the closing of 1906 and the beginning of 1907 there was an interregnum in the newspaper business of Sullivan. But this lapse was partly covered by the issuance, at Kingsport, of a weekly paper called *The Zephyr*, William Peltier being the promoter.

The Sullivan County Developer is the latest offering from the press and began its existence at Bluff City in 1908, with W. D. Lyon, editor.

With all the drawbacks in the way of office accommodations and the meager support the early editor derived from his paper there is no doubt of its influence. As a fashioner of sentiment it was most powerful because of extensive circulation. The men who conducted these old-time weekly papers uniformly gave sound advice and were conservative. Whatever radical opinions they may have had they did not find it expedient, in the face of limited means, to assert such views, and in all instances were builders of prosperity as well as of public opinion.

POLITICS.

Most of the newspapers of Sullivan have been political and the politics of the county has been democratic. The influence of Andrew Jackson still lives.

The most exciting campaign was during the Polk and Clay candidacy for President. Polk being a Tennessean made the fight local as well as national. It was a color campaign—pokeberries and clay mud being the party emblems. One side would stain a fence or house with pokeberries and the other would cover it with a

daub of clay mud. In those days candidates always engaged in joint debate. It was not necessary to challenge—it was understood. These joint discussions drew immense audiences and were consequently conducted in a grove or open-air pavilion. There being no great number of newspapers the people sought information from the political speakers and they usually obtained it, for these speakers, accustomed to public appearances and never knowing what inquiries might be made, became well informed men.

During the Know-nothing campaign of 1855, in a speech at the Institute grove in Blountville, Andrew Johnson, for the edification and enlightenment of his audience as well as to the discomfiture of his opponent—Meredith P. Gentry—defined know-nothingism as “the little end of nothing whittled to a point.”

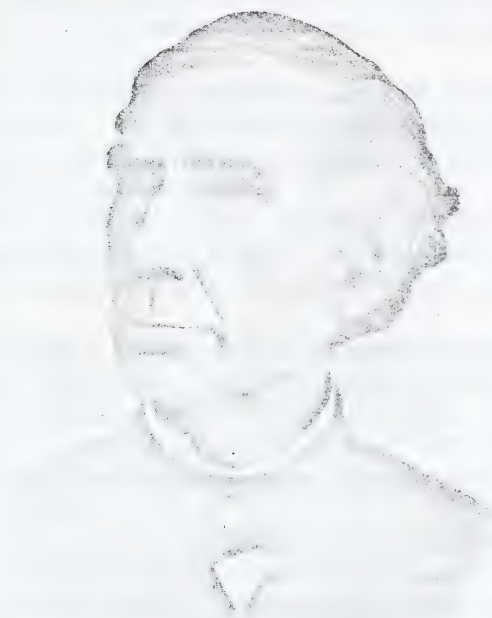
These speakers, too, often appealed to the sentiment of the audience and when lacking for a more suitable plea imposed upon prejudice.

When Gen. Stokes and DeWitt Senter were opposing each other for governor they engaged in a discussion at Blountville. Stokes was the owner of Ariel, the famous race-horse. He appealed to the horse-breeding and agricultural spirit of his countrymen, “the bones of Ariel,” said he, “are mouldering on Sullivan County soil.”

Replying to this Senter said: “I grant you it is a great honor to have the resting place of the fastest horse of the times, but gentlemen the bones of an ancestor of mine, who fought in the battle of King’s Mountain, are sleeping in Sullivan, and what are the bones of the fastest horse in the world compared with the sacred dust of a man who fought for your liberties.”

That politics makes strange bedfellows is demonstrated in the following: When John Blair and John Tipton were running for congress in 1825 they had an engagement to speak in Blountville. After they had completed their discussion they went to the hotel and the proprietor

unthoughtedly assigned both men to the same room. However opposed to each other's political views men in that day may have been they could accommodate personal inconveniences with singular inconsistency. When the two men retired Tipton described how he had been to Hawkins and fixed things to suit himself and thus, secure in his own contemplation, laughed himself to sleep. Blair then quietly dressed himself, slipped down stairs, ordered his horse, and when his antagonist awoke next morning the Hawkins affair was being fixed the other way.



JOSEPH R. ANDERSON

JOSEPH R. ANDERSON.

A BIOGRAPHY.

The true measurement of a man is not the much he amounts to while living, but more of the much he amounts to when dead.

The name of Joseph R. Anderson grows in strength as the years go by. He had the elements of greatness. A man who can found a city can found a republic—the only difference—opportunity.

He was born in Scott county, Virginia, October 25, 1819, and spent his youth on a farm. He went to school at the country log schoolhouse—his favorite study being mathematics.

One day he sold a bushel of Irish potatoes, which he had raised, for fifty cents. This fifty cents was the first money he ever made and he kept it for three years. This act may indicate a miserly nature, but a miser he was not as his wealth was accumulated more through economy than selfish hoarding.

In his fifteenth year he went to Blountville and became a clerk in the store of his uncle, Samuel Rhea, who paid him fifty dollars a year and board. He remained in this capacity for eight years, until 1842, part of the time being deputy post-master.

During this time he had saved seven hundred and fifty dollars, and, borrowing one thousand dollars from his father and uncle, engaged in merchandising on his own account at Eden's Ridge. Here he remained until March, 1844, paid back the five hundred dollars to his uncle and offered to return to his father the five hundred dollars he had borrowed from him, but his father would not take the money. Thirty years later he paid the note with interest and the money was divided among the heirs.

In March, 1844, he bought a half interest in his uncle's store and remained at Blountville until 1853.

He married Malinda King, daughter of Rev. James King, June 3, 1845. In September, 1853 he removed to Bristol and began selling goods in a brick store on the corner of Fourth and State streets. This store he conducted until 1860, when he also went into the banking business.

The Civil War interfered with his plans and disjointed his business, but after the war he resumed both the mercantile and banking business. Later he disposed of his store to his son, John C. Anderson and his nephew, A. B. Carr and devoted himself to the banking business exclusively.

Joseph R. Anderson was not a great banker nor was he a great financier. His methods lacked policy. He did not live in a day when captains of industry were co-evil with existing contradictions. A man who deposited his money in the old Anderson bank deposited his morals with it. In all sincerity the banker reached out with a fatherly concern to his depositors. One day a patron of his bank went to the cashier and told him he wished to draw out some money—several hundred dollars. Seeing him there and knowing that he was dealing in futures, Anderson told him he could not have the money.

"Do you mean to tell me that I can't draw out my own money?"

"That's what I mean," said the banker, "you can't have it—you are gambling in futures."

The man threatened the banker, but the banker stood firm, until finally convinced that, although he would be doing the depositor a great service in refusing, he had no legal right to do so.

It is not for the money Anderson accumulated that he will be remembered. His fortune was small

beside some that have been made by others since his time. And besides wealth is not worth.

It was for his moral strength—his high standard of excellent, irreproachable, clean, every-day life. He was clean of person and clean of character. He was a healthy man and he had a healthy, wholesome religion.

Early he espoused the cause of temperance and he never wavered. He believed that the preventive was better than the cure—that the best one could do with the man in the gutter was to reclaim him, and so he organized the Band of Hope—took little boys by the hand and led them away from temptation. It is significant of his foresight that a member of one of his boy bands led the forces in the temperance fight in Bristol in 1907.

He was nominated for governor by the Prohibition party in 1888, but the news never reached him until too late—he was dying and his family never told him.

When posterity sums up the work of the toilers who have struggled through the years, sometimes with little hope to cheer them; when they carry their riband wreaths to adorn the deserving, there will be a steady pilgrimage to his tomb.

GEORGE A. CALDWELL.

A BIOGRAPHY.

By the time a man deserves a title he does not have much need of one.

In East Tennessee Dr. Caldwell was not near as big a man as George A. Caldwell. Gen. Washington was no greater than Washington—and as for Mr. Napoleon——

George A. Caldwell was born near New Market, Jefferson county, Tennessee, February 10, 1825, and died in Bristol, July 2, 1896, aged seventy-one years.

He was educated at Maryville College and Union Theological Seminary, New York. His college life was not one of ease.

He began his ministry at Athens, Tennessee, in 1852, and in April of that year married Margaret Brooks, daughter of Gen. Joseph A. Brooks, of Knoxville.

At the beginning of the Civil War the Southern Presbyterian church selected two missionaries. A church organization in the army is not practicable on account of the uncertain movements of the men, and it was the duty of these missionaries to visit the various camps and have supervision over the chaplains. The church appointed Caldwell and B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans. The former was engaged chiefly with the armies of Johnson and Bragg and there was such a call upon his time that he did not get to see his family for four years.

The section where Caldwell was living became strongly Union in sentiment and when he returned after the war was waited upon by sympathizers with the Union and warned to leave town before morning or he would be whipped. He went to the gun-rack, whereon an old gun had rested and rusted during the years of his absence; this he took down, cleaned up, fired two or three times to see if in good condition, and awaited his persecutors. They did not



GEORGE A. CALDWELL

come—they knew too well the meaning of these preparations. He had perfect reliance on divine protection, but during these times it often took a gun to convince others.

He left Athens and came to Bristol, arriving on a section hand-car with his gun across his knee. At Watauga, on this trip, he met some stragglers coming back from the war. They were returning to their homes, but had been met by bushwhackers. One wretched fellow, who had been beaten, escaped from his pursuers and fell exhausted at the feet of Caldwell, imploring him to save his life. He was helped into a box car, where the minister had his household goods, just as the men who were after him arrived. They demanded the escaped soldier, but Caldwell stood in the doorway, protecting him. The mob threatened his life if he did not give up the man, but he stood firm and told them calmly the man should not be molested. His firmness whipped them—they skulked away.

Not long after he had taken charge of a Bristol church he had an appointment to preach in Hawkins county. The Sizemore band of outlaws sent him word that if he preached there he would be dealt with violently. Despite the threat he went and filled his engagement.

He was a fearless man. He barely touched the raiment of the disappearing wilderness preacher and brought down to the present many of his characteristics—his bravery; his enthusiasm for a cause and his way of telling about it, with fervid eloquence—an orator with tears in his voice.

There is one side of a preacher's life that is seldom seen by the general public—the cheerfulest part of him—his comradeship. It seems a mission of his to hide this, except when on jaunts or when in the company of his own cloth. There used to gather at the old Courier office, when it was lodged in the little checker-board front on Fourth street, a group of men consisting of Caldwell, Sullins, Munsey and Neal. That was the raconteur hour

with them and they employed it to their content. Caldwell entering would often salute in rhyme: "Good morning, Brother Neal, how do you feel?" "Not so well, sorry to tell, Brother Caldwell" came the rhyming reply. Munsey, gawky and green and hunting for words, would sweep the group with a broad grin—the same man who in after years swept vast audiences with his ethereal eloquence. And Sullins told tales.

If there was any one trait in Caldwell's life that stood apart from the others it was his fearlessness. Once satisfied that he was on the right side no power could move him; it mattered not if he stood alone—he would stand by his convictions. He italicized sin when he told about it, either from the pulpit or on the pavement, and, being outspoken in his beliefs, he made enemies, but no man ever disputed his power as an eloquent preacher.

In 1874 he was a commissioner to the General Assembly at Columbus, Mississippi. This is the highest court of the Presbyterian church. The students of the theological seminary of Columbia, South Carolina, were protesting against an order issued by the faculty of that institution, compelling attendance upon Sunday services. Caldwell, as a member of the standing committee on theological seminaries, brought in a minority report together with Rev. L. H. Wilson. In the debate that followed, by his impassioned oratory and earnest pleadings in defense of the students, he won the distinction of being called "the Ajax of the Assembly." As a result two of the professors and some of the directors of the seminary resigned, while the students were vindicated in their stand for "liberty of conscience and right of private judgment", for it was decided that compulsory attendance was inexpedient if not unconstitutional.

Caldwell said he preferred to preach to congregations in the country—that they were the more receptive and responsive.

He dedicated many churches, among them Arcadia in 1872.

He was sought all over East Tennessee as an evangelist and was a leading worker in the great revival in Knoxville in 1874, when there were many hundreds of conversions.

He was liberal in his views with regard to other denominations and was often accused by his own members as being "half Methodist."

He served the church in Bristol actively for twenty-seven years—resigned in 1892, and was then chosen pastor *emeritus*, until his death four years later, making thirty-one years that he was connected with one church.

He grew up with Bristol and was one of its best guides. He knew the citizens of all denominations; he spoke to them; he treated them as one family and his genial sociable nature made him not only the pastor of the Presbyterian church, but the pastor of the people.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BRISTOL.

In the Sapling Grove tract there were, originally, nineteen hundred and forty-six acres. It was surveyed and sold in 1749 to James Patten "in consideration of the ancient composition of 9£, 7s and 6d."

It later became the property of John Buchanan, having been sold to him by William Campbell and William Preston, executors of James Patten, deceased.

On February 11, 1773, Isaac Barker and Evan Shelby bought the tract for "608£ current money of Virginia." Anthony Bledsoe, who had been living on the land, bought an adjoining piece, to which, on May 18, 1789, he added twelve hundred acres in three separate conveyances—one tract being located on the Island road.

In the winter of 1809 James Shelby, the son of Isaac Shelby, visited Sapling Grove. His visit was for the purpose of seeing the home of his ancestors and making a trade. For some time James King had been in communication with the Shelby heirs with a view to purchasing this section. James Shelby went from the home of King, with whom he had lodged, to visit friends and relatives in Abingdon, and while there wrote his father, urging him to dispose of the "distant property"—not to let the opportunity to sell go by. The Shelbys were anxious to sell and showed it, and James King was as anxious to buy, but assumed indifference, which made the young man more insistent that his father sell.

The tract was finally sold to King for ten thousand dollars and thereafter was known as King's Meadows until it took the name of Bristol, nearly half a century later.

The odor of fresh mortar and brick and building material impresses one that Bristol's history is now being

made rather than has been made. But history begins where memory fails—twenty years makes history.

When the news reached Blountville that a railroad was in contemplation, whose terminus would be King's Meadows, Joseph R. Anderson, with a business foresight that always went far ahead of his time, bought one hundred acres of land from his father-in-law, James King, and employed Henry Anderson, the county surveyor, to lay the tract off into lots and streets. This was in 1852. And that foresight reached still further when he viewed the ore-beds all about the place—he foresaw smoke rising from furnace stacks; he heard the rumbling of heavy trains carrying away the products of this section; and he called the new town Bristol,¹ after the manufacturing city of the same name in England.

This tract of one hundred acres was bounded by a line following Beaver creek, from the railroad culvert to Main street; then running diagonally across the country to the railroad, about where King College now is; then along the railroad, back to the culvert. It also included a little plot lying east of the railroad, on both sides of Main street, embracing a portion of Second and Third streets.

¹While Bristol has undergone three changes in name, Bluff City not only takes first rank in the county but in the state for the number of names it has borne. It was first known as Shoate's Ford, named no doubt for Emanuel Shoate, whose name correctly spelled would perhaps be Choate. At the beginning of the eighteenth century it took the name of Middletown and really became a town—the name was given because of its location between Abingdon and Jonesboro and between Blountville and Elizabethton. Lots were selling at a good price as early as 1805—in that year one quarter-acre lot brought eighty-two dollars. Later the town took the name of Union—then at the beginning of the Civil War the citizens hurried from one extreme to honor the product of another, and called it Zolliecoffer. When the war was over the town resumed life as best it could under the name of Union. Then in 1876 when prosperity began to filter through the clogged sieve of past misfortunes it took the name of Bluff City.

Kingsport holds next place for changes of name in the county. It began its career as the Island—then Big Island, Great Island and Long Island. Then when it became known as a good starting point for boatmen, a large number of boats were built there, and it took the name of Boatyard. When Gilbert Christian purchased a large tract of land there and plotted it for a town it took the name of Christianville. When the lots were put on sale the first two purchasers were William King, of King's Iron-Works, and William King, of Abingdon, owner of the salt-works. These two men shipped such large quantities of the output of their forge and salt-wells that it was called Kings' Port. The fusion of the words by usage made Kingsport.

Paperville on the other hand, one of the oldest towns in the state, has always held to one name—this originated from the manufacture of paper there by the Burkhardts.

Originally the streets were only numbered, no names being used, and extended through both sides of the town. Nine was the highest number reached. Anderson street was then Ninth street and Cumberland street was then Seventh street. Of the old streets only three remain with the original names and location—Second, Third and Fourth. Sixth street was where Fifth street now is and Fifth was where Olive now is. Sixth street ran into a graveyard at the Presbyterian church and had to go through an alley to get around the church. There was no other cross street between the then Sixth street and the bridge. There was no Fairmount addition nor Piedmont avenue, and the citizens cut down big trees on Solar hill and in the Blountville addition to make their winter fires. There were two hundred and sixteen lots in the plot of the town—among the first purchasers were Robert L. Owen, Robert Bibb, John N. Bosang, Francis McCrosky and John G. Simpson. Lots were sold for one hundred dollars each.

Circulars were sent out announcing the sale of these lots. One clause of the announcement read—"Reservation will be made in all conveyances to prohibit the occupant or his agent from making or selling intoxicating liquors upon the premises. This regulation is deemed indispensable to the peace and prosperity of the town."

The first group of buildings was constructed along the railroad. The old brick house on the corner of Fourth and State streets—the home of the Anderson family for a number of years—is the only remaining one of the original group.

The town was chartered February 22, 1856. Joseph R. Anderson became its first mayor, 1856-59. Those who have filled this office since are L. F. Johnson,² 1859-65;

²While Bristol people have been givers to educational, charitable and other causes—gifts that have sometimes been beyond the portion of the giver, yet it is notable that Bristol's first two mayors have been the only ones who have given to the public at large. Each gave resting places—one for the living—one for the dead. Anderson gave the city park and Johnson gave the cemetery.

A. P. Campbell, 1865-66; Jacob R. Crumley, 1866-70; E. C. McClanahan, 1870-72; T. L. Nelms, 1872-73; George B. Smith, 1873-74; J. M. Barker, 1874-78; J. A. Dickey, 1878-85; J. W. Norvell, 1885-89; John H. Caldwell, 1889-91; S. W. Rhea, 1891-93; John C. Anderson, 1893-1901; Charles J. St. John, Jr., 1901-02; J. A. Dickey, 1902-09; L. H. Gammon, 1909.

The Virginia side was incorporated in the same year under the name of Goodson, being named for Samuel Goodson. The First mayor was W. L. Rice. The mayors who followed were I. C. Fowler, John F. Terry, A. F. Miles, W. A. Rader, J. H. Winston, Jr., Charles F. Gauthier and W. L. Rice.

In 1879 Bristol, Tennessee, was recognized by an act of the legislature establishing chancery and common law courts, which privilege was extended to the First, Second, Seventeenth and Nineteenth districts. Accordingly Judge H. C. Smith organized the chancery court June 9, 1879, and E. A. Warren was appointed clerk. Others who have served as clerks are George T. Hammer, A. C. Smith, R. L. Torbett, M. M. Pearson and James Wood.

The law court was organized June 28, 1879, by Judge Newton Hacker, with W. M. Burrow, clerk. Others who served in this capacity were W. P. Brewer, John Alf Brewer, Dr. John P. Hammer, Grey Childers, W. R. Page, W. M. Burrow, George T. Hammer, J. F. Childress.

Although rich in industrial possibilities, Bristol's boast has been of her schools. Seeing the need of a more advanced school than the ones then being conducted, L. F. Johnson³ brought Mme. Henriquez from Lynch-

³L. F. Johnson died in 1904, in his ninety-first year. He lived in Bristol nearly half a century. He came here with the railroad—he helped to bring the road here. He helped to bring many other useful things to the town. His was the most unselfish useful life lived in Bristol. He could have left behind him

burg, and accompanying her were Prof. Bartlett and Prof. Greenleaf and her adopted daughter, Amelia. This school was very successful, but at the beginning of the Civil War it was discontinued. In 1866, W. W. James, who took great interest in education, induced Mrs. B. L. Chancelaume to open a school in the Episcopal church. This was the beginning of Sullins College. The following year James visited Philadelphia and opened negotiations with Joseph Johnson for the purchase of the lot now occupied by the college, the deal being consummated in 1869. The school was first known as Sullins Institute, but when, by an act of the legislature in 1873, it was incorporated it was called Sullins College. David Sullins was its first president.

Virginia Institute began its existence in 1884 at Glade Spring, but in 1893 it was removed to its present quarters in Bristol, with Samuel D. Jones as president. The Baptists, however, had a college in Bristol many years previous to this. It was located on the south side of Anderson street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, and was managed by D. C. Wester.

King College was the first school in Sullivan to introduce a college curriculum. Since Tadlock, those who have been president of this institution are J. Albert Wallace, H. W. Naff, A. G. Buckner, George J. Ramsey, George D. Booth, F. P. Ramsey and B. R. Smith. In 1909 this college erected a hall at the south end of the main building which was dedicated to the memory of George A. Caldwell and James D. Tadlock and called the Caldwell-Tadlock Memorial Hall.

The Y. M. C. A., an institution for the upbuilding of young men and boys in a religious, educational and physi-

a fortune in wealth—he left a fortune in a name. And when he was buried, business Bristol closed its doors and bowed its head while the great throng followed him to his grave.

Johnson Commandery, Knights Templar, and Johnson street are named for him, and it is of special significance that this recognition was given during his lifetime.

cal way, was organized in Bristol in 1871-72. The first meeting was held in the old Methodist church, then on the corner of Scott and Lee streets. After the first meeting it was transferred to a room on Fourth street. Its first organizers were G. B. Smith, J. M. Barker, B. G. Maynard, M. L. Blackley, Clint Craft, A. S. Dead-erick and Fitz Coman. The organization was abandoned for a while, but was revived in 1884. Those most active in its reorganization were A. D. Reynolds, John Slack, E. W. King, C. E. Dilworth and Charles Slack. For the first few years the Y. M. C. A. depended upon local management and occupied various buildings. When D. D. Taylor was employed as secretary a movement was started to secure permanent quarters, resulting in the erection of a building on Fifth street in 1888. The secretaries following Taylor were W. D. Lyon, Taylor McCoy, B. W. Godfrey, H. O. Pattison and V. T. Grizzard. In 1903, during the administration of the latter, a plan for the erection of a new building was adopted, which resulted in the completion in 1908 of the present structure, on the corner of Fifth and Shelby streets. It was dedicated by Gov. A. J. Montague, January 23, 1908.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Jacob and Ann Cretsinger¹ were the heads of a German family who lived southeast of Blountville and became known throughout the country for their ginger-cakes. On muster days or at public speakings, races or shooting-matches they could be found dispensing their cakes—invariably charging ten cents a piece for them. What recommended them most was their delicious ginger flavor and the fact that they remained fresh for a long time.

On court days they could be seen coming into Blountville in a little one-horse wagon, and the children, with their dimes in their hands, waited on top of fences to get the first peep at them as they appeared in the town.

Their coming was always greeted by the crowd with "here comes the Cretsingers" and there would be a rush for the wagon.

How these cakes were made no one but the originators seemed to know. It is known they sweetened them with honey and made their own soda out of popular bark ashes, while, jestingly, they were accused of kneading the dough with their feet.

They professed to have given the recipe to others, but those familiar with the original insist that the making of the old time Cretsinger ginger-cake has become a lost art.

"OLD SHUTT."

There once resided northeast of Blountville an eccentric character who was called "Old Shutt." The court docket often contained his name and he was often sent to jail.

¹Cretsinger has been erroneously spelled Crutsinger and Krutsinger.

After an unusually long period of freedom he went one day to the jail and inquired why it had been so long since he was taken up.

He always had on ill-fitting clothes, much worn; his hair and beard were touseled and in need of a comb. One time when in need of a new coat, he had some cloth spread out upon the floor—then, lying down upon the cloth, his outline was marked with chalk.

Children looked upon him with dread and no worse censure could be visited upon the head of a child than, "You are just like 'Old Shutt'" or "You're worse than 'Old Shutt.'" No youth of knight-errantry days was ever more frightened by the apparition of Black Douglass than those children who knew him could be with, "'Old Shutt' will get you if you don't behave."

In some way he had saved money and finally, forlorn and forsaken he returned to his former home in Pennsylvania.

WEATHER FREAKS.

Sullivan County has been visited by some disastrous floods.

There are no figures or details concerning the flood of 1790. In 1817 Holston river reached a height of seventeen feet above low water-mark, and in 1835 it was fifteen feet above low water-mark.

About 1840 a hurricane swept over a portion of the county. In 1847-48-51 there were destructive tides. These were occasioned by rains, which lasted three or four days.

September 15, 1861, the water reached almost as high as the county bridge at Zollicoffer. February 21, 1862, this was repeated. This tide was general throughout the Southern Confederacy and as it destroyed some Federal boats the superstitious hailed it as a sign of divine approbation.

The "flood of '67" surpassed all others within recollection. Observations were made at the mouth of Beaver

creek—it commenced raining February 26, 1867, and continued throughout that night, the next day and during the following night until daylight on the 28th, which was a clear day, but during the following night it commenced raining again and continued without intermission until March 1st.

On Monday, March 4th, the river reached a height of eighteen feet above low water-mark—it then receded. The rain began again and kept up intermittently until about five o'clock Wednesday afternoon, then rained continuously until seven o'clock Thursday morning.

This tide was followed by four other tides, averaging twelve days apart, when, on May 20th, it reached the greatest height recorded—twenty-seven feet above low water-mark. Great damage was done. Farm houses, mills and rich bottoms were washed out. The washing away of the land exposed many Indian burying-places and apparently ancient towns—some of the weapons found, such as axes, hatchets, and arrow-heads had the appearance of the prehistoric.²

In the winter of 1874-75 there was another great tide reaching within four feet of the tide of 1867.

During the summer of 1893 a cyclone passed over a portion of Bristol, doing great damage. It came from the southwest; demolished the new market-house on Shelby street and unroofed houses in various parts of the city.

LEGEND OF LINVILLE CAVE.

About three miles south of Blountville is Linville cave. It was named for two brothers who took up their residence here during the early settling of the county. They were

²From Fickles' scrapbook. Robert P. Fickle and Robert Deery were enthusiastic over preserving the history of Sullivan County. In the summer of 1876 they organized a historical society, appointing committees composed of prominent citizens all over the county. No record could be found of the work, if any was accomplished by this society. Fickle and Deery made some efforts in research and a few sheets of manuscript have been found. Wherever quoted from, due credit has been given.



HISTORIC SPOTS

hunters, which occupation furnished them a living. They often made long journeys which exposed them to the Indians and while out one day, not far from the cave, they suddenly came upon a band of Indians. One of the brothers was wounded and the other carried him into the cave, where he died and was buried. Guides still point to the rock whereon he lay when dying. The other brother, after this, returned to Fort Chiswell.³

Another tradition in regard to John Linville is that he became enamored of an Indian maiden and she encouraged his attentions to such an extent that he frequently ventured where it was not safe, his devotion finally costing him his life.

HISTORIC SPOTS.

The first, beginning at the top of the page, is a picture of the home of William Cobb, in the "Forks." This is the original log house, weather-boarded. The place was once known as "Rocky Mount" and mail still comes to Piney Flats bearing that address. Here William Blount resided as governor of the Territory south of the Ohio, and here was made the first attempt at organized government west of the Alleghanies.

Second picture—DeVault's ford, which many claim was the crossing place of the King's Mountain men—some going so far as to claim it is Sycamore Shoals. Shelby, in his autobiography, says he rode fifty miles to see John Sevier, which would indicate he went to the ford and then up the river. From the Cobb residence is a beautiful view over the "Old Fields" and the mountains.

Third picture—New Bethel church in the "Forks"—one of the first organized in the county. The site of the original church is just in front of the new one. The

graveyard is beyond the church—some of the old grave-stones can be seen in the picture.

Fourth picture—The Netherland hotel, Kingsport. This house sheltered and entertained many noted persons before the Civil War. The walls of the first story are built of stone and are very thick.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LAST LEAF—PASSING OF OLD FAMILIES.

The passing of old families is a pathetic chapter in the history of our county. There are many names that once took a place among those who helped to make Sullivan, but are no longer heard in the roll-call of the council-chamber. Where are the Shelbys? Where are the Blounts? Where are the Donelsons? They did so much in the making of this historic county. Where are the Bledsoes, the Looneys, the Gambles, the Dunlaps and others who took the lead in our first forming? Once in a while a scion of some illustrious ancestry is found clinging to a little strip of land, the piece of a once vast estate; willing to be let alone—almost ashamed to own his lineage, his life being such a waste.

"Like the last leaf on the tree in the spring," a favoring wind tosses him about, rattling the remains of an armorial past against the withered branch of an old family tree and he is heard for a little while, but, by and by, the gust of some great endeavor blows up and, unable to hold on any longer, he drops down to mingle in the mould of those gone before.

The gentler names are here. They planted no unpeaceful ambitions—sowed no seeds of disturbance. They delved deep for brighter substance than alluvial soil, and out of that metal made plows and hoes and domestic usables. From an iron ancestry came an iron posterity that time's wearing has polished, and they do and they adorn.

But the war-gods are gone—the proud restless spirits lifted up their eyes and looked beyond. They too used the iron, but they wrought it into blades and shards and bellowing steel. They found no enduring solace in the friendly glow of the hearthstone, but, gathering

around the fagot fire on the edge of a forest, saw in the smoke the symbol of battle and, in the weird somberness of the deep wood, the war-dance in the flickering shadows. The love of conquest lured them on and they left us to fight and win for others what they found and won for us.

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